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Memoirs of Charles Macklin, comedian

William Cook

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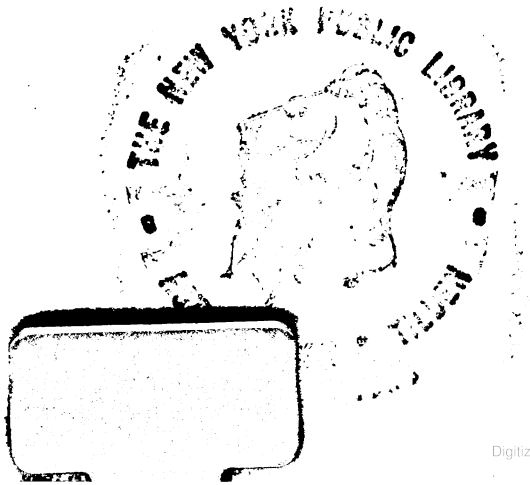
90. **Macklin (Charles).** Memoirs of Charles Macklin, Comedian, with the Dramatic Characters, Manners, Anecdotes, etc., of the Age In Which He Lived: forming an History of the Stage during almost the Whole of the Last Century, and a Chronological List of all Parts Played by Him. 8vo, half calf, (hinges repaired). Portrait. London, 1804. $12.50

At the end of the book is: Case. Mr. Macklin Late of Covent-Garden Theatre, against Messrs. Clarke, Aldys, Lee, James, and Miles. This action was brought by Mr. Macklin against the above named men for hissing him during a performance and causing him to be dismissed from the theatre.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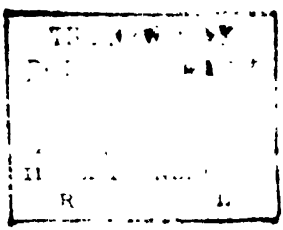

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Ridley sculp.

Charles Macklin Esqr.

Published by J. Asperne at the Bible, Crown & Constitution, Cornhill. 5. Nov. 1804.

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[W. Cook]

MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES MACKLIN,

COMEDIAN,

WITH THE

DRAMATIC CHARACTERS, MANNERS, ANECDOTES, &c.

OF THE

AGE IN WHICH HE LIVED:

FORMING

An History of the Stage during almost the Whole of the last Century.

AND

A Chronological List of all the Parts played by him.

By William Cook, d. 1824

———The Players will shew all;
For they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time.
SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JAMES ASPERNE,
At the Bible, Crown, and Constitution,
Cornhill;
By Thomas Maiden, Sherbourn-Lane.

1804.

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INTRODUCTION.

PUBLIC curiosity, almost ever since the first establishment of a Theatre in this country, has demanded some account of the lives and characters of its eminent professors. Men, who have been so much "the brief abstract and chronicles of the times," acquire popular favour, both from the entertainment and utility they afford; for, as they are generally not inattentive observers of mankind, and represent them under all their several designations, their own characters are supposed to bear some distinguished impression. Our affections often keep pace with our curiosity; and the person who has improved and amused us for a great number of years, we respect whilst living, and remember with a melancholy pleasure when he is no more.

Upon this principle it is we introduce to the public, Memoirs of the late Charles Macklin, and

Macklin 24 Oct 1928

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and of the age in which he lived; a man who is not only entitled to our notice from his being in the first line of theatrical eminence, but from his being, for many years before his death, the *Nestor* of the Stage. His character still gains on our curiosity, when we consider, that this man raised himself to the top of his profession from almost the bottom of society, with little aid from parental protection, without the ordinary means of support, and almost without any other instruction, than what the native energies of his mind stimulated him to obtain.

We have, however, to regret, that a complete life of this value, and this extent, was not given by himself. A regular history of the Stage has long been a *desideratum* amongst all those who are scientific *amateurs* of the profession; and though this could not have been fully expected from Macklin, much assistance towards a work of this kind might have been given by him. A man who had touched the extremities of two centuries, and was very nearly entering on his third, must have possessed a volume of events, rarely the lot of an individual; and as his acquaintance

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quaintance with the Stage had just preceded the retirement of Cibber, he could have, from tradition, informed us of its usages and customs since the beginning of the last century; the professional and private characters of the principal performers; the talents and estimation in which the dramatic writers were held, with their characters, &c. the number, temper, and acumen, of the several audiences; together with the progressive manners of the age operating on the whole.

Such a history would have been entertaining and serviceable; and such (in a great degree) could have been given by Macklin, had he begun to lay in materials in time. He was often instigated to it by his friends, under all the temptations of the first literary assistance, and the offer of a liberal subscription; and he as often promised he would undertake it; but, from a long continuance of life and good health, he calculated too much on the permanency of both: his answer generally was, somewhat like the excuses of the old man to Charon in Lucian's Dialogues; "That he had a law-suit to get rid of, a Comedy to finish, or some things to set in order, before he could bring

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bring his mind composedly to such a work.—"But then, (said he, raising his voice,) when these are accomplished, by G—, I'll set about it."

He at the same time would lament the want of manuscripts which he once had for this undertaking, and which were unfortunately lost in his passage from Holyhead to Dublin many years back: but then he added, "Even this loss shall not prevent me: it is the wish of my friends; it is my own wish; and I have materials enough left to shew the world, that if I have lived long, I have not lived altogether idly, or unprofitably." But those who know the human heart, know that such resolutions only shewed he was the dupe of his own irresolution. He had not courage sufficient to undertake a work of so much labour and retrospection; he therefore deceived himself, by putting off to the next year, what he found a difficulty in doing then. This procrastination, therefore, annually continued, till his memory began to fail him; and then it was in vain to solicit for what Nature said "could not be obtained."

The

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The Anecdotes, &c. here offered to the public, are the gleanings of many years intimacy with the subject of these Memoirs, whose *best* conversation was in this line; yet even drawing from this source, (particularly in the latter part of his life, when his memory gave way,) much caution and comparison were necessary, in order to ascertain the authenticity of the facts. These have been as much attended to as was in the Editor's power; and as such, he trusts, will not be found unentertaining to the general observers on life and manners.

To these observations it may be necessary to add, that the anecdotes, &c. which are included in this work, were first introduced to the world in that respectable publication, the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE. The avidity with which they were perused, and the very favorable, nay flattering, reception which they met with, from an extensive and increasing circle of subscribers, induced the compiler to put them into the form in which they now appear, and consequently gave rise to this volume, which he has carefully revised, corrected, altered, and enlarged.

He

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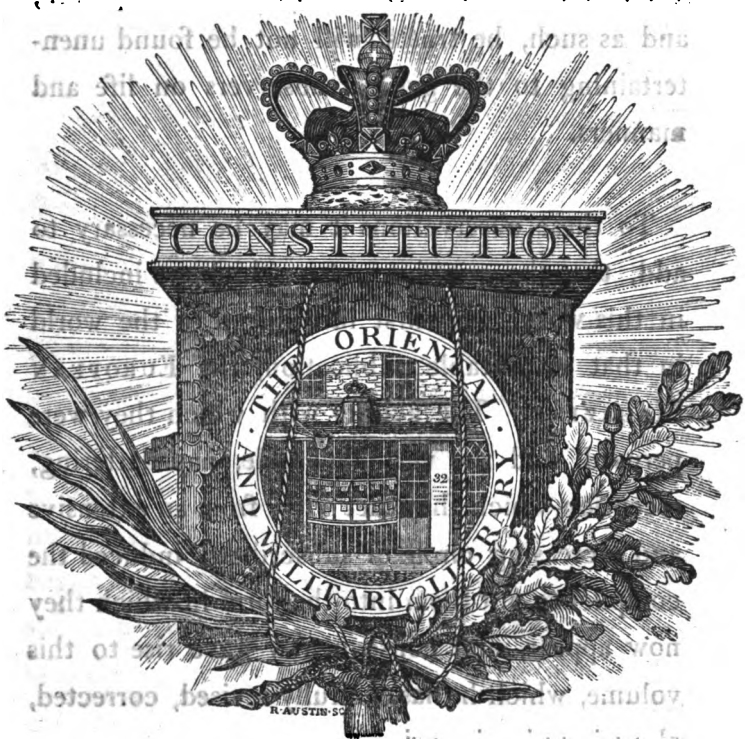
He has also availed himself of the assistance of a Literary Gentleman, to whom many of the characters delineated, and events recorded, were well known, who has made those remarks and corrections which his experience suggested, and his knowledge of the authenticity of many of the recited circumstances warranted.



ADVERTISEMENT.

AMONG several Letters which the Publisher has received in Commendation of this Work, from Gentlemen who well remember the Subject of it, and were professionally acquainted with the Outlines of many of the Characters and Circumstances recorded, he felt a very high degree of Satisfaction in the perusal of one from that excellent Comedian of a former Age, MR. MOODY, whom those that have seen, must recollect with Gratitude, for the Pleasure which they have derived from his Performances.

This Gentleman, who was one of that Old School of Actors which he mentions in the subsequent Letter, though now retired, seems still to retain a warm Attachment to the Stage, which he once enlivened; and, as he personally knew the principal Figure in this Biographical Medley; was moreover acquainted with many of the other Characters that form the *Dramatis Personæ;* has unquestionably been present at many of the *Scenes* therein exhibited; and has also, in that *Mental Mirror*, which glances "from Age to Age," viewed those Performers who were antecedent to his own Times; the Publisher is happy in laying before the Readers of this Work, an Opinion of its Merit, founded upon such Experience. This, he thinks, cannot be better done, than in the Words in which it was communicated. He therefore deems any Apology for printing the Letter alluded to unnecessary; as he is certain, that, while it stamps an additional Value upon these Sheets, it will also afford Pleasure to the Lovers of the Drama to learn, that their old Favorite, MAJOR O'FLAHERTY, continues to enjoy both Health and Spirits; that he could, perhaps, still brandish his Cane over the Head of Lawyer VARLAND, and successfully *correct* his *professional Errors*; and that,

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that, like an old Coachman, although he has seen his *Stage-Master*, and most of his Company, *set down* at their respective *Inns*, he still loves "THE SMACK OF THE WHIP."

32, Cornhill,
Dec. 1, 1804.

To Mr. ASPERNE, *Bookseller, Cornhill.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

TEN Thousand Thanks for your kind Remembrance of me, and for the Book; the best on the Subject that I ever met. Make my grateful Regard to the Author, for the kind Manner in which he has served up the Old School, and the delicate Veil that he has thrown over their Foibles.

The Book has, from the Beginning to the End, the glowing Finger of the Master. His Digressions (by far the best Part of the Work) are the Digressions of a Gentleman; and his Anecdotes and Stories are supported by Truth, as far as oral Chronicle will permit me to say; and without the smallest Attempt to raise a ridiculous Laugh at Characters, the great Majority of whom, "All Qualities know with a learned Spirit of Human Dealing."

I am fearful that his Hero will not meet much Respect from the rising Generation of Actors: he has been handed to them as a troublesome, turbulent Character; Half of which your Author has done away, and given him a higher Niche in Theatrical History, than any other Person has ever yet attempted.

Let the jaundiced Mind read, and he will join my humble Effort to hold to the Public a Work worthy the Attention of any Man.

Your's very truly,
J. MOODY."

Barnes, Surry,
Nov. 21, 1804.

TO THE BINDER.

Place this Leaf facing the End of the Introduction.

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MEMOIRS
OF
CHARLES MACKLIN.

OF MR. MACKLIN'S ORIGIN, WITH CONJECTURES RELATIVE TO THE PERIOD OF HIS BIRTH.

SO many different accounts have been given of the origin of Charles Macklin, that it would be very difficult for a person, carefully looking for the truth, which to fix upon. The following sketch, however, is taken *from himself* above thirty years ago, when his memory and intellects were in their full preservation, and which he at different times confirmed by subsequent recitals.

Charles M'Laughlin (for that was his original name) was descended from the M'Laughlins* of the North of Ireland; a clan as much distinguished

* I remember once to have heard Macklin say, that the M'Laughlins considered themselves as descendants of the ancient Kings of Ireland; and that in his time, in order to recognize their alliance to royalty, the head of the family in the North of Ireland,

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guished for antiquity of family, as for being principals in the various civil wars of that kingdom. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, they united with the Magees (another considerable clan) in opposition to Government; and, after several skirmishes with the regular troops, their leaders finally submitted to Sir Christopher Chichester, who, marching them up to Dublin, hanged *twenty of the Chiefs in terrorem*, and dispersed the rest.

Macklin's immediate ancestors, after this, settled near Derry; and, at the celebrated siege of that city in King William's time, he had three uncles within the walls, and three without, who distinguished themselves, though on opposite sides, with a bravery (to use the old man's phrase) "that kept up the honour of the blood of the M'Laughlins." Some time after this his father died, and the little farm which he had was given up to a near relation of theirs, who was a Protestant, in trust for the widow and children.

Such

Ireland, once a year held a solemn (though rustic) court, to which all the relations and dependants repaired. "I have myself been once at this meeting," he continued, "and could not help being exceedingly impressed with the ceremony of my introduction to our Chief, who, as a relation, received me most graciously. I there beheld that union of state and simplicity, for which former ages were so remarkable; and observed, that the Chief had all the great officers, and every other appendage, to a court. These meetings, Sir, were known to Government; but as they were perfectly innocent, and their proceedings inoffensive, they were tolerated.

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Such is the brief history of his family, as often related by himself. The period of his birth is not, perhaps, quite so certain. The report was during his life, (and it was in some respect confirmed by himself,) that he was born in the last year of the seventeenth century; but this account, upon a comparative investigation, is not founded upon sufficient authority. In the early parts of his life, it has been said, that he often declared "he did not precisely know his age;" and nothing can be more probable, considering the condition of Ireland towards the close of the seventeenth century, and the obscure and unsettled situation of his family: but then it is to be asked, How came the precise period of his birth to be afterwards fixed upon, and detailed as a fact through the remainder of his life? This has been partly answered in Memoirs of him, already published, wherein it is stated, "That, instead of 1699, he was born in 1690; and that his taking off nine years of his real age, was the better to conciliate the affections of a theatrical mistress, who was then under twenty."

Giving this anecdote its due weight, we shall offer another reason why he lessened his real age. Between forty and fifty years ago, when speaking on this subject, he used to call himself generally "a man of the last century;" but mentioned no

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precise period, till his daughter, the late Miss Macklin, got some celebrity on the Stage. *Then* he began to *fix the period:* or, perhaps, his daughter rather fixed it for him, in order to make herself appear younger. Macklin himself indirectly confirmed this, as he always acknowledged "that it was from his daughter he received the particular information relative to his birth."

These are the reasons offered why he might be induced to extenuate his age; but, in respect to the *real period* of his birth, we have much stronger documents.

There was living in the city of Cork, about the year 1750, a woman of the name of Ellen Byrne, the wife of a journeyman printer, who was a first cousin of Macklin's mother, and who lived in the family at the time of his birth; and this woman, who always bore a decent and respectable character, has often declared to many people, (and in particular to the late Mr. Charles Rathband, Editor of The General Evening Post, a man of some research, and unquestionable veracity,) that her cousin, Charles Macklin, was two months old at the battle of the Boyne, (July 1, 1690;) and that a few days previous to that celebrated battle, his mother, one of her brothers, and herself, travelled six miles, from Drogheda to a neighbouring village,

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lage, for safety, carrying with them young Charley (as she called him) in a *kish*;* and that they resided in this village some years afterwards.

This anecdote is partly confirmed on the testimony of a strolling player of the name of *Ware*, who was living in London about the year 1784, and was then 82 years of age. This man often declared that he remembered Macklin as a full grown man when he was a boy; and that, from his love of rioting, and other dissipations, he was distinguished by the epithets of "Wicked Charley," and "The Wild Irishman."

To these testimonies we shall add another, which, though it does not fully confirm the above accounts, goes a great way to corroborate them. When Mr. Geo. Monk Berkley, grandson to the famous Dr. Berkley, Bishop of Cloyne, was a student in the Middle Temple, from the celebrity of Macklin's character as an actor and writer, he expressed a wish to be acquainted with him. Macklin fixed on an evening, and at the meeting thus accosted him: "Young man, I am happy to see you—I knew your famous grandfather very well—We were at college together, and he was always reckoned the *cleverest lad* in our University; but, alas!

* *Kish*, two wicker baskets, placed across an horse's back, like a saddle, to carry provisions, &c.

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alas! he has long since gone, and I am here still!"

When Mr. Berkley visited his father in the long vacation, he told this anecdote to him; at which he was much surprised, and said, "It was almost impossible; as the Bishop, his father, had been dead near forty years, and was then turned of seventy! He, indeed, might be a fellow when Macklin was a youngster; but not, I should think, otherwise." "I don't know (said the son) Macklin's age; but this I know, that his manner of calling him a *pretty lad*, and his often repeating it, struck me so forcibly, that I could not but believe it; and at the same time filled me with so much surprize, that it brought me back to the days of Noah."

The two first of these accounts were related to Macklin by the Editor of these anecdotes about a dozen years before his death, to ascertain their authority; and his answer was, "Why, Sir, there was an Ellen Byrne who lived in Cork, and was a relation of mine: But let me see—(pausing)—born in the year 1690—Oh! d—n it—I think she must be mistaken."—"But, Sir, (said the Editor,) do you know to a certainty the time of your birth?" "I certainly do not: all that I possibly can fix on is, (for I never was good at dates,) that I was very early in life informed I was born in the last century;

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century; but the *particular year* was told me by *my daughter*, who, I suppose, must have had it from me; and she had always a better recollection than her father."

In respect to the anecdote told by *Ware*, he said, "He remembered him very well; that he often strolled with him both in England and Ireland; that he was a very honest fellow; and that he always looked upon him to be his *junior* by some years, but by how many he could not tell."

So that it appears, on the subject of age, Macklin generally shuffled off the question: perhaps he could not properly ascertain it; or, what is more likely to be the case, having once fixed upon a period *for the accommodation of his daughter*, he considered it as no impeachment of his general veracity, to let it pass through life as a register of his birth.

From these circumstances relative to the age of Macklin, there is greater reason to imagine that he was born in the year 1690 than 1699. In favour of the first period, there are documents from persons totally disinterested on the subject: for the latter, a loose, unsettled recollection on the part of himself; or rather the unsupported assertion of his daughter. However, both accounts lie before the public for their decision.

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Macklin's earliest remembrance of himself, was when he was a boy between six and seven years of age, living on a small farm with his father and mother; the former of whom (to use his own phrase) was a rank Presbyterian, and the latter a bigotted Papist. In every other respect they lived cordially together, but on the score of religion; and as both were in all probability more sharpened by their passions than their knowledge of the subject, they had frequent altercations, which, he said, would have risen to more serious consequences, but for the constant interposition of an uncle of his by the mother's side, who was a Roman Catholic Priest, and a man of great humanity and moderation in his principles.

This uncle undertook the care of his nephew's education; and, as he lived three miles from his father's dwelling, young Charles had to travel these three miles every day; sometimes not so well equipped in wardrobe paraphernalia as would befit a modern Academician. He often said, he benefitted very little from his uncle's good intentions, as he was very idle, and very dissipated; sometimes staying whole days from school—*boxing the fox*, (robbing of orchards,) and other boyish freaks; so that on his father's death, which happened a few years afterwards, he could only read English with a broad Irish accent; though

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in other respects, said he, "I was accounted a very *'cute* lad."

His mother, by the restraining laws of Ireland at that time, which gave to the next Protestant heir the inheritance of every landed property from the Popish possessor, provided the latter did not conform to the Protestant religion, lost her little farm by the operation of this cruel law. Her successor, however, who had the unwritten laws of justice and humanity in his heart, took her and her children under his roof, and gave her every kind of protection till she married a second time, and got into some little line of independence.

In the neighbourhood of Mrs. Macklin there lived a near relation of the Besborough family, a widow lady, of considerable fortune, taste and humanity; who seeing young Macklin running about her grounds, and observing him to be a boy of some spirit, sharpness, and enterprize, hospitably took him under her roof, in order to rescue him from those vices and follies which a life of idleness, particularly in young minds, is but too apt to produce. Here he was further instructed in reading and writing; and here it was that Macklin (who often expressed his gratitude to his benefactress for this kindness) felt the first impression of the necessity of attending in some respect to education, and the order of civilized life,

life, by being under the example and restriction of a regular family, and the awe of a woman of her rank and kindness.

While he was under the protection of this lady, the Tragedy of "The Orphan" was got up, during the Christmas holidays, amongst some young relations of the family; when, in casting the parts, (however strange to tell,) the character of *Monimia* was assigned for young Macklin. To those who recollect the figure and cast of countenance of the veteran, it must be difficult to reconcile the possibility of his performing this part, at any time of life, with the smallest degree of propriety; however, if we are to take his own word for it, (which is all the authority that can be adduced,) he not only *looked* the *gentle* Monimia, but performed it with every degree of applause and encouragement: the play was repeated three times with great applause before several of the surrounding gentry and tenants, and every time he felt himself acquire additional reputation.

It was this accident that, in all probability, determined Macklin to his future profession. Had not this play been casually produced, the chances were much against his ever thinking of the Stage; but this little part (no matter how well or ill performed) roused and directed the energies of his mind to that particular point; and, though many years

years had elapsed before he actually commenced a regular performer, the Stage was what he most reflected on as the future object of his pursuits.

His friends, however, determined otherwise; as, at the age of fourteen, he was bound apprentice to a saddler in the neighbourhood; a man of good repute for respectability in his calling, and general character: but Macklin, having gotten a greater taste for higher life than the sedentary habits of a tradesman, soon took a French leave of his master, and travelled up to Dublin on foot, with a few shillings in his pocket, without any previous acquaintance, letters of recommendation, or any other designation, but that boyish rambling idea, of "seeking his fortune in the metropolis."

How he managed to exist there, Macklin was always silent; and perhaps it would have been difficult for him to detail: we may presume it must be a life of shift amongst his *countrymen*, (as provincialists or *particular townsmen* are so called in a capital,) till some more settled habits could be procured for him. All that he acknowledged on this head was, that, after being some time in Dublin, he got settled as a badge-man in Trinity College; and, as he knew a little of reading and writing, and was beside a lad of keen observation, and a determined spirit, he made himself very acceptable

ceptable to the scholars and fellows, who gave him several pecuniary aids, beside his stipulated allowance.

Many of the old dignitaries of the Church and Bar of Ireland have remembered Macklin in this situation, and in particular a Counsellor O'Callaghan, a gentleman of great respectability, who was called to the bar in 1713; which, allowing three years for his keeping his commons in the Temple here, fixes his quitting Trinity College, Dublin, in the year 1710. This gentleman often challenged his acquaintance with Macklin at College, and used to tell several anecdotes of him, which help to confirm the account we have already given of the supposed period of his birth; as it is improbable to think that a boy of eight or nine years of age (which he could only have been, if born in 1699) could be capable of doing the duty of a badge-man; or of being chargeable with those irregularities and dissipations, which can only be the errors of a riper age.

It is difficult to fix the precise time he came to England, or the cause of it; as few emigrations were made by the Irish at that time, except amongst those of the higher classes of life for pleasure, or those of the mercantile for business. We have no authoritative data before the year 1725, of his coming up to London, and engaging with Mr.

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Mr. Rich, the Manager of Lincoln's Inn, for that season: but, though he had been strolling in several of the English Country Companies before, "I spoke so *familiar*, Sir, (said Macklin,) and so little in the *hoity-toity* tone of the Tragedy of that day, that the Manager told me, I had better go to grass for another year or two." Macklin took him at his word at the end of the season, and went down into a strolling company at Wales.

Previously to his going down into Wales, he spent a few months in London, in company with a Dick Ashley, a son of the Dublin Manager, who was a man of a gay, dissipated turn; and who, being well acquainted with the town, introduced Macklin into many scenes of riot and intemperance. In their frolics at the gaming-table one night, Macklin won above four hundred pounds; and with this sum (which at that time he thought inexhaustible) he, and a few of his companions, attended by two ladies of the town, went down to St. Albans for a few days, to enjoy the pleasures of the country. One night they went to a public ball there; and as they dressed themselves at least *very expensively*, they were at first much taken notice of; but one of *their* ladies getting into a dispute about priority of place in a country dance, her *language* and *temper* soon discovered her profession, and she, with her companion, were instantly

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instantly handed out of the room, and the gentlemen desired to follow. "We at first thought, Sir, to bluster it out, (said Macklin,) and talked of honour and satisfaction, and all that; but numbers overpowered us; and, to avoid the fate of one of our companions, who got a *broad hint* to leave the room,* the rest of us made the best of our way out of the assembly-room."

In his rambles to Wales and Bristol about this time, he used to tell of many frolics and adventures, which indicated a strong propensity to all those pleasures which were within his reach. He was, by his own account, a great fives player, a great walker, a great bruiser, a hard drinker, and a general lover; and as he was various in his parts as an actor, and a cheerful companion, he was so much sought after, that all the time which was not dedicated to his profession, was spent in those pursuits.

Whilst he was at Bristol, he paid great attention to the daughter of a gentleman who lived near Jacob's Wells; and, after much solicitation, a night was appointed to receive him, and one of the windows of the parlour left unbolted for the purpose of his getting into the house. Unfortunately for Macklin, he had to play *Hamlet* and *Harlequin*

* Hibernicè, "Kicked down stairs."

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quin that night, which made it late: on his setting out too, he was overtaken by a very heavy shower of rain, which almost drenched him to the skin; and, to make matters still worse, just as he had raised the sash of the window, in stepping in, he happened to overset a large China jar full of water, which made such a noise as to alarm the family. The young lady, however, who best judged the cause of it, was the first to run down to see what was the matter; when she advised her lover to make the best of his way out of the house, in order to save his reputation and her own. Macklin obeyed; and the lady felt her escape so sensibly, that reflection got the better of her love, and she never afterwards spoke to him.

To do Macklin justice, he used to tell the *catastrophe* of this story with some pleasure, hoping that this accident might have saved a young woman from a life of disgrace and misery; and feeling himself free from the reflection of being the author of such a misfortune.

He often used to speak of the merits of several of his contemporary performers, of both houses, when he first joined Rich's company in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which, as they are not generally known, we shall insert in the course of these Memoirs.

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BOOTH.

He confirmed the opinion we have of Booth for his public and private character; and, though he repeated blank verse in the solemn articulate manner of that day, there was a roundness and melody in his voice which was remarkably pleasing: his figure and deportment were likewise dignified and commanding. He used to dwell with delight on his performance of *the Ghost in Hamlet*, which he made very awful and pathetic. In this performance he used cloth shoes, (soles and all,) that the sound of his step should not be heard on the Stage, which had a characteristical effect. In his *Othello*, however, Macklin gave the preference to Barry, who described the contrasted passions of *love* and *jealous rage* in a manner much superior to all the Othellos he had ever seen. Cibber confirmed this opinion: and, indeed, those who can remember Barry in this part, when in the meridian of his powers, must confess, (without being able to draw the comparison between him and Booth,) that, throughout the whole of his performance, they could have no idea of excellence beyond it.

Booth was, however, at times, indolent, and would play under the par of his abilities, till roused by the appearance of some critic in the house, who

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who would put him on his mettle. One night, in particular, as he was performing the part of Pyrrhus in the Distressed Mother, rather in a careless manner, about the close of the second act, he discovered *Stanyan*, the Author of the Grecian History, and the companion of Addison and Steele, in the pit. He instantly called for a glass of wine and water, and composing himself for a few minutes, entered on the stage with a spirit and dignity of deportment, that surprised not only the audience, but all the actors, which he continued to the end of his part. When he was undressing himself, he explained the cause in the green-room, and added, "I don't choose to be handed up tomorrow at Button's, as a man losing his theatrical powers."

QUIN.

Notwithstanding a quarrel he had with Quin, he always spoke respectfully of his public character, and that he was justly entitled to all the fame he acquired in his profession. This quarrel, though accommodated by the Manager, was rather *skinned* over than healed. Whenever they met at rehearsal, or in the green-room, it was "Mr. Quin," and "Mr. Macklin;" and a studied deportment on the side of the former, seemed to indicate, that nothing but the necessity of business could ever make them associate together.

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An accident, some years afterwards, put an end to this formality. They both attended the funeral of a brother performer; and, after the interment, they, with many others, retired to a tavern in Covent Garden to spend the evening. They were both no starters from their bottle, and therefore staid late; insomuch, that at about six o'clock in the morning, the company dropped off one by one, and they were left alone together. Quin looked round, and felt himself not a little embarrassed; Macklin was in the same situation; and for some minutes a dead silence ensued. Quin at last broke ground, and drank Macklin's health. Macklin returned it; and then there was another pause; after which Quin, as if recovering from a reverie, thus addressed his companion: "There has been a foolish quarrel between you and me, Sir, which, though accommodated, I must confess, I have not been able entirely to forget till now. The melancholy occasion of our meeting, and the circumstance of our being left together, I thank God, have made me see my error. If you can, therefore, forget it, give me your hand; and let us live together in future like brother performers."

Macklin instantly stretched out his hand, and assured him of his friendship: after which they called for a fresh bottle, to seal the reconciliation: to this succeeded another; by which time Quin got

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got so drunk, as not to be able to speak or move. A chair was sent for, but could not readily be found; when Macklin, calling in the two waiters, desired them to place him on his back, which they did, and in this manner carried Quin triumphantly to his lodgings in the Piazzas, Covent Garden.

Though this reconciliation threw off the restraint which Quin had before used towards Macklin, it did not prevent him from occasionally making very sharp observations on his person and performances. In his first performance of Shylock, though struck with the force and truth of the representation, he could not help exclaiming, "If G—d Almighty writes a legible hand, that man must be a villain." When Macklin foolishly enough accepted the part of Pandulph, the Pope's Legate, in the revival of King John, (a part he was entirely unfit for,) Quin said, he was a Cardinal who had originally been a Parish Clerk. And when somebody once observed that Macklin might make a good actor, having such *strong lines* in his face; "Lines, Sir," replied Quin: "I see nothing in the fellow's face, but a d—n'd deal of *cordage*."

At another time, it being observed that Macklin was a good *philosopher*, as well as a good *actor*, Quin took fire, and replied, "The fellow talks about philosophy and divinity too sometimes, I grant you;

you; but I believe it will be found that he is a Divine without Religion, a Philosopher without Morals, and an actor without Grace."

But the most ill-natured thing, perhaps, that Quin ever said of him, and to his face too, was upon the following occasion: when Macklin was bringing out his Tragedy of Henry the Seventh, or the Popish Impostor, on the stage, Quin told him it would not succeed; and the event turning out pretty nearly as he predicted, Quin said, "Well, Sir, what do you think of my judgment now?" "Why, I think," says Macklin, "posterity will do me justice." "I believe they will, Sir," replied Quin: "for now your play is *only damned*; but posterity will have the satisfaction to know, that both play and Author met with the *same fate*."

Quin had many eccentricities of temper, as is well known, especially one which seems to have escaped all his biographers, and that was an annual excursion he used to make for about two months before the opening of the winter theatres. He called these his *autumnal excursions*, and his mode was as follows: He selected some lady of easy virtue amongst his acquaintance, and agreed with her to accompany him on this tour, which was only to last as far as *one hundred pounds* would carry them. Quin reserved this sum for the occasion;

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casion; and on this they set out with little or no premeditation, but what accident suggested. At all the places they stopped at, Quin gave the lady his name, for the better convenience of travelling; and when the money was nearly spent, they took a parting supper at the Piazzas, Covent Garden, where he paid her regularly the balance of the hundred pounds, and then dismissed her nearly in the following words: "Madam, for our mutual convenience, I have given you the name of *Quin* for these some weeks past, to prevent the stare and impertinent inquiry of the world. There is no reason for carrying on this farce here: here then let it end: and now, Madam, give me leave to *unquin* you, and restore to you your own name for the future." Thus the ceremony ended, and with as much *sang froid* as any of the modern French divorces.

Quin had been at an auction of pictures some time before his death, when old General Guise came into the room. "There's General Guise," said somebody to Quin; "how very ill he looks!" "Guise! Sir," says Quin; "you're mistaken; he is dead these two years." "Nay; but," says the other, "believe your eyes—there he is." At this Quin put on his spectacles; and, after viewing him from head to foot for some time, exclaimed, "Why yes, Sir, I'm right enough; he has been dead these two years, it's very evident, and has now only gotten a day-rule to see the pictures."

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General Guise was at this time so feeble, that he used to be supported up the long flight of steps, to Langford's auction room, by his own servant, and one of Langford's men, to whom he used to exclaim, as they were ascending, "Damme, Sirs, if you let me fall, *I'll knock you down!*"

Quin, through life, supported his *independence of character*, perhaps, far better than most eminent performers. He had not the vicious compliances of Cibber, to gain and preserve the company of the great world; nor the obsequiousness of Garrick. He knew the force of his own mind, which at least was on a par with those he lived with; and he preserved that power with respect and independence. The common run of the *Great* (or, as the late Kitty Clive used emphatically to call them, "the damaged Quality") were no objects of his choice; he therefore principally sought companions from the middle orders of life, remarkable for taste, learning, and understanding; or those possessed with the milder virtues of the heart. He reserved a fortune sufficient for the indulgence of this kind of life: and though he, perhaps, pursued the sensual pleasures too far for imitation, both by conversation and enjoyment, he appears, on the whole, to have been a very eminent actor; an accurate observer of life and manners; and, in point of integrity, and benevolence of heart, a good and praise-worthy man.

MRS.

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MRS. OLDFIELD.

Her *forte* was in those parts of comedy which required *vivacity* and *high-bred manners;* and in these, Macklin has often said he never saw her equalled. He was present at her first representation of Lady Townly in 1728: and though the whole of that pleasant and sensible comedy was received with the most unbounded applause, Mrs. Oldfield formed the centre of admiration, from her looks, her dress, and her admirable performance. Most of the performers who have played this part since her time, he complained had too much *tameness* in their manner, under an idea of its being more *easy* and *well bred;* but Mrs. Oldfield, who was trained in the part by the Author, gave it all the *rage* of fashion and vivacity: She *rushed* upon the stage with the full consciousness of youth, beauty, and attraction; and answered all her Lord's questions with such a lively indifference, as to mark the *contrast* as much in their manner of speaking as of thinking: but when she came to describe the superior privileges of a married above a single woman, she repeated the whole of that lively speech with a rapidity, and *gaieté de cœur*, that electrified the whole house. Their applause was so unbounded, that when Wilks, who played Lord Townly, answers "Prodigious!" the audience applied that word as a compliment

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to the actress, and again gave her the shouts of their approbation.

He confirmed what Cibber says of her in his preface to The Provoked Husband; "that her natural good sense, and lively turn of conversation, made her way so easy to ladies of the highest rank, that it is less a wonder, if, on the stage, she sometimes was, what might have become the finest woman in real life to have supported." Macklin had often seen her at Windsor, and at Richmond, of a summer's morning, walking arm in arm with Duchesses, Countesses, and women of the first situation, calling one another by their Christian names, (as was the fashion of those times,) in the most familiar manner. "The women then, Sir," said the veteran, "talked louder, laughed louder, and shewed all their *natural passions* more than the fine ladies of the present day."

Though Mrs. Oldfield, as is well known, had her intrigues, they were those of *sentiment* more than *interest*. Previously to her connection with Mr. Mainwaring, she was much sought after and solicited by the then Duke of Bedford: her affection, however, was so much in favour of the former, that she was on the point of surrendering, when the Duke called upon her one morning, and not finding her at home, left a paper on her dressing-table, including a settlement on her for life

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of *six hundred pounds a year*. When Mr. Mainwaring next called, and pressed a consummation of his happiness, she candidly confessed her regards for him, but told him, "He was an unlucky fellow, for that something had happened the day before, which must postpone their intended happiness." He pressed her to know the cause; but she would not tell him till some days afterwards, when she had returned the settlement to the Duke, and acquitted herself in all those points which trenched on her independence.

MRS. PORTER.

He complained that Cibber, in his Apology for his Life, did not notice Mrs. Porter with that degree of praise which her merits justly entitled her to. Though plain in her person, with not much sweetness in her voice from nature, yet, from great assiduity in her profession, with an excellent understanding, and a good ear, she acquired an elevated dignity in her mien, a full tone, and a spirited propriety in all characters of heroic rage. In the pathetic parts of tragedy she was no less eminent, as she performed the parts of Hermione and Belvidera for many years with great applause.

The power of *mellowing the voice*, from constant assiduity and attention, though it appears difficult,

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cult, and to many, at a first blush, almost impossible, has often been attended with success, as appears from the study of the Grecian and Roman actors,* as well as from our own observation on some modern Performers. When Macklin first saw Mrs. Dancer (afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Barry, and late Mrs. Crawford) appear upon the York stage, her tones were so *shrill* and *discordant*, that even so experienced a judge as he was, thought she would never make an actress; yet such was the progress of her improvement under the tuition of the *silver-toned Barry*, that her Lady Randolph, Belvidera, Grecian Daughter, &c. &c. exhibited some of the finest notes of the tender and pathetic.

Of Mrs. Porter's Lady Macbeth, Macklin used to dwell with particular pleasure: he said it was better than Mrs. Pritchard's; "and when I say that," added the veteran, "I say a bold word; but she had more consciousness of what she was about than Pritchard, and looked more like a Queen." And Davies informs us, that he had been

* Cicero informs us, that the principal actors would never speak a word in the morning before they had expectorated methodically their voice; letting it loose by degrees, that they might not hurt the organs, by emitting it with too much precipitance and violence. And Pliny points out, in several parts of his Natural History, no less than twenty plants, which were reckoned specifics for that purpose.

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been told of an unsuccessful experiment once made to introduce Lady Macbeth's *surprise and fainting scene;* which Garrick thought so favorite an actress as Mrs. Pritchard could not attempt. Macklin agreed about the inability of Pritchard; but was clearly of opinion, that Mrs. Porter could have credit with an audience to induce them to endure the hypocrisy of such a scene.

TOM. WALKER,

as he was constantly called, (the so much celebrated original Macheath in The Beggar's Opera,) was well known to Macklin both on and off the stage. He was a young man, rather rising in the *mediocre* parts of comedy, when the following accident brought him out in Macheath. Quin was first designed for this part, who barely sung well enough to give a convivial song in company, which, at that time of day, was an almost indispensible claim on every performer; and on this account, perhaps, did not much relish the business: the high reputation of Gay, however, and the critical junto who supported him, made him drudge through two rehearsals. On the close of the last, Walker was observed humming some of the songs behind the scenes, in a tone and liveliness of manner which attracted all their notice. Quin laid hold of this circumstance to get rid of

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the part, and exclaimed, "Aye, there's a man who is much more qualified to do you justice than I am." Walker was called on to make the experiment; and Gay, who instantly saw the difference, accepted him as the hero of his piece.

Whilst on the subject of The Beggar's Opera, any little circumstance relative to this celebrated piece, we trust, cannot but be entertaining to the amateurs of the drama; and as such, we insert the following; well knowing how perishable the anecdotes of modern times are, which, from being too often only committed to memory, die with the present possessors, and are lost to posterity. How *little*, for instance, do we know of the familiar life and habits of *Shakespeare*, who lived in an age when history began to assume a creditable shape, and whose high and transcendant talents should have commanded the attention of the whole literary world! yet that little would have been less, were it not for the researches of Rowe, who, perhaps, *just in time*, snatched those materials from perishing, and left them as a basis for his succeeding biographers to build upon.

This celebrated opera was first brought out at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn, in the spring of the year 1728, and the characters were as follow.

MEN.

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MEN.

Peachum, - - - - -	Mr. HYPPESLY.
Lockit, - - - - -	Mr. HALL.
Macheath, - - - - -	Mr. WALKER.
Filch, - - - - -	Mr. CLARK.
Jemmy Twitcher, - - -	Mr. H. BULLOCK.
Crook-fingered Jack, - -	Mr. HOUGHTON.
Wat Dreary, - - - -	Mr. SMITH.
Robin of Bagshot, - - -	Mr. LACY.
Nimming Ned, - - -	Mr. PITT.
Harry Paddington, - - -	Mr. EATON.
Mat of the Mint, - - -	Mr. SPILLER.
Ben Budge - - - - -	Mr. MORGAN.
Beggar - - - - - -	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Player, - - - - -	Mr. MILWARD.

Constables, Drawers, Turnkeys, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Peachum, - - -	MRS. MARTIN.
Polly Peachum, - - -	MISS FENTON.
Lucy Lockit, - - -	MRS. EGLETON.
Diana Trapes, - - -	MRS. MARTIN.
Mrs. Coaxer, - - -	MRS. HOLIDAY.
Dolly Trull, - - -	MRS. LACY.
Mrs. Vixen, - - -	MRS. RICE.
Betty Doxy, - - - -	MRS. ROGERS.
Jenny Diver, - - -	MRS. CLARK.
Mrs. Slamakin, - - -	MRS. MORGAN.
Suky Tawdry, - - - -	MRS. PALIN.
Molly Brazen, - - -	MRS. SALLEE.

Thomas Walker, the original Macheath, was the son of Francis Walker, of the parish of St. Anne's, Soho, and was born in the year 1698. He was bred under Mr. Medow, who kept a private academy near his father's house.

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Having an early inclination for the stage, he first tried his success in a Mr. Shepherd's company, where he was first found out by Mr. Booth, acting the part of Paris, in the Droll of "The Siege of Troy," who saw in him such an early promise of talent, that he recommended him to the Manager of Drury Lane; where he made his first appearance in the character of Lorenzo, in "The Jew of Venice," about the year 1716.

The following year we find him at Drury Lane Theatre, in the part of Charles, in "The Nonjuror," a Comedy founded on Moliere's "Tartuffe," and altered by Colley Cibber. This gave him his first establishment as an actor, which he supported with increasing credit till the beginning of the year 1728, when accident, as we have before related, brought him out in the character of Macheath, under the management of Mr. Rich, Lincoln's Inn Fields: so that, as it was then said of him, Booth found him a *hero*, and Gay dubbed him a *highwayman*.

The applause which he obtained in Macheath, checked his progress as a general actor. His company, from this circumstance, was so eagerly sought after by the gay libertine young men of fashion, that he was scarcely ever sober, insomuch that we are told by the contemporary writers of that day, that he was frequently under the necessity of eating Sandwiches (or, as they were then

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then called, anchovy toasts) behind the scenes, to alleviate the fumes of the liquor.

He was not, however, altogether without his hours of study and retirement, as we find him, a few years after his success in "The Beggar's Opera," sitting down to an alteration of some part of D'Urfey's Works. Tom D'Urfey, the well-known dramatic poet, having wrote two plays under the title of *Massianello*, founded on the celebrated rebellion of Naples, by Thomas Anello, a fisherman of that city, Walker took some pains, in the course of a summer vacation, to shut himself up in the Theatre, for the purpose of reducing them into one piece. This task he performed, and brought it out the following winter with some success. A ballad at that time, written by Leigh the Actor, and Author of a Comedy called "Kensington Gardens," takes notice of this circumstance in the following stanzas:

"Tom Walker, his creditors meaning to chouse,
Like an honest, good-natur'd young fellow,
Resolv'd all the summer to stay in the house,
And rehearse by himself *Massianello*:
But as soon as he heard of the Baron's success,
He stript off his night-gown, and put on his dress,
And cried, "D—mn my bl—d, I will strike for no less."
So he call'd o'er the hatch for Will Thomas.*
Will Thomas, &c.
"Go,

* A waiter at the Coffee-house, Portugal-street, opposite the stage door.

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"Go, tell my young Lord," said this *modest* young man,
" I beg he'd invite me to dinner;
" I'll be as diverting as ever I can;
" I will, by the faith of a sinner.
" I'll mimic all Actors—the worst and the best;
" I'll sing him a song—I'll crack him a jest;
" I'll make him act better than Henley the priest."*
" I'll tell him so, Sir," says Will Thomas.

Will Thomas, &c.

Walker was the Author of two other dramatic pieces, viz. "The Quaker's Opera;" and a Tragedy, called "The Fate of Villainy." The first of these was acted at Lee and Hooper's Booth, Bartholomew Fair, 1728, immediately after the run of "The Beggar's Opera," the warm sunshine of which hatched this bantling into life, and gave it, under the patronage of the popular Macheath, a temporary protection.

The other, "The Fate of Villainy," was brought out at Goodman's Fields, 1730, with very indifferent success. When he was discharged Covent Garden Theatre many years after, which his repeated dissipations rendered indispensibly necessary, he carried those two pieces with him to Ireland, and prevailed upon the Dublin Manager to bring out the last under the title of "Love and Loyalty."

Novelty

* The celebrated Orator Henley, who was taught to read by Walker.

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Novelty drew an audience the first night; but the second being given out for his benefit, and not being able to pay in half the expences of the house, the doors, by order of the Manager, were ordered to be kept shut. "But that precaution was needless, (says Chetwood, the Prompter, who tells this anecdote,) as very few people came to inquire the reason of it."

This last disappointment broke in so heavily on a constitution previously shattered by continual dissipation, that he survived it but three days; dying in great distress, in Dublin, in the year 1744, and in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Davies, (Garrick's historian,) who knew Walker personally, says, "He had from nature great advantages of voice and person: his countenance was manly and expressive; and the humour, ease, and gaiety, which he assumed in Macheath, and other characters of this complexion, rendered him a great favorite with the public. He knew little scientifically of music, other than singing a song in good ballad tune; but that singing was supported by a speaking eye, and inimitable action."

Davies enters into the merits of several of his characters. "In *Falconbridge*, (says he,) though Garrick, Sheridan, Delane, and Barry, have attempted it, they all fell short of the merits of Tom

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Walker. In him alone were found the several requisites for the character: a strong and muscular person, a bold intrepid look, manly deportment, vigorous action, and a humor which descended to an easy familiarity in conveying a jest, or sarcasm, with uncommon poignancy.

"When Falconbridge replies to Salisbury's taunt of *galling* him,

> "You had better gall the Devil, Salisbury.
> If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
> Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
> I'll strike thee dead;"

Walker uttered these words with singular propriety: he drew his sword, threw himself into a noble attitude, sternly knit his black brows, and gave a loud stamp with his foot; insomuch that, pleased with the Player's commanding look and vehement action, the audience confirmed the energy of his conceptions with their most unbounded approbation.

When this Tragedy (King John) was first revived at Covent Garden Theatre, one Bowman, who had been previously a dyer, acted the part of Austria; when in reply to Falconbridge's repeated insult,

> "Hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs,"

whether

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whether through ignorance, haste, or chance, instead of uttering the reply as he ought, he, in a loud, vulgar tone, pronounced it thus:

"Well *ruffian*, I must *puckat* up these wrongs,
Because"———

Of this the audience at first did not observe the impropriety; but Walker, in the Bastard, by changing the word *breaches* to *puckat*, imitated Bowman's manner, look, action, and tone of voice, so ridiculously humorous, as almost convulsed the audience with laughter; who at the same time gave such loud applause to Walker, as quite confounded poor Bowman. The fact was, Bowman, though a jolly companion, a writer of bacchanalian songs, the author of a play never acted, and a very honest man, was very deficient in the profession of acting: he retired from the stage soon after, and filled the place of superintendant to a brewhouse with becoming propriety.

In several other parts of Tragedy, Walker's look, deportment, and action, gave a distinguished glare to tyrannic rage, and uncommon force to the vehemence of anger: his Bajazet and Hotspur have scarce been rivalled.

"He was the only Actor," continues Davies, "I remember, that could give consequence to

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such under parts as Worthy, in "The Recruiting Officer," and Harcourt, in "The Country Wife." Indeed, in the gay libertines either of Comedy or Tragedy, he was a most pleasant Actor; and of Polydore, in "The Orphan," and Belmour, in "The Old Bachelor," it was doubtful to say which he excelled in most."

But these talents, pleasing and popular as they were, by continual debaucheries, lost all their attractions; and when he was discharged Covent Garden Theatre, it may strictly be said of him, he had previously discharged those qualities which, at one period of his life, had rendered him so much the favourite of the theatrical world.

There is a mezzotinto of Walker, in the character of Macheath, rather scarce, now to be seen at some of the old print shops, which was reckoned by Davies a very striking resemblance.

HYPPESLY, THE ORIGINAL PEACHUM.

Of the private life of Hyppesly, little is known; but of his merit as a Comedian there are many favourable testimonies from several of his contemporaries. "Hyppesly was a Comedian of lively humour, and droll pleasantry, which he often pushed to their full extent; but he would generally

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generally stop short on the brink of excess. He may be strictly denominated a *sober Shuter*, who, though otherwise a Comedian of infinite mirth, often degenerated into buffoonery."

Hyppesly pleased every body but the Actors of his own time, who, with an envious malignity, would often compare the weakest of his performances to the best of Colley Cibber and Ben Jonson; men who in some parts were indisputably his superiors; but no Comedian ever excelled him in describing the excesses of avarice and amorous dotage. He supported an indifferent Comedy of Tom D'Urfey's, now absolutely forgotten, called "The Plotting Sisters," by his incomparable representation of Fumble, a ridiculous old dotard.

Corbaccio, in Jonson's "Volpone," is a strong portrait of covetousness, a vice which predominates in the man when almost all his faculties of body and mind are extinguished. Corbaccio can neither see, nor hear perfectly. Hyppesly's looks told the audience that he was a deaf man, for his dim eyes seemed to inquire out the words which were spoken to him. In this character it was acknowledged, that he excelled his great competitor Ben Jonson.

Fluellin, in Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth," was another of his favourite parts. Here he re-

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presented the choleric spirit, and minute oddities, of the Welch Captain without the least mixture of trick or buffoonery. In short, it was what the Author designed—the brave officer, and gallant soldier, marked with some harmless peculiarities.

He likewise excelled in Bishop Gardiner, in "Henry the Eighth," which, though a splenetic, superstitious character, is generally given to some low Comedian, who buffoons it in the extreme. Shuter and Taswell gave it every luxuriance of trick and buffoonery, but Hyppesly, though he could not forego the tribute of mirth due to the galleries in some passages of this part, preserved enough of the decorum appropriate to the character of a Bishop and Privy Counsellor.

Sir Wilful Witwou'd was another of his characters, in which he was no imitator of another man's manner, but solely directed by the force of his own genius; for though he was not so laughable a figure as Harper at Drury Lane, yet he excelled him in comic spirit and natural humour.

Hyppesly, we believe, was the last Actor who performed the part of Antonio, the foolish, debauched Senator in "Venice Preserved," and in the soliloquy, where he displays the ridiculous eloquence of the character, always obtained great applause. It is now above half a century since the

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the whole of this ridiculous scene was cut out, which, though it was a test of the licentious age in which it was written, was at all times as disgraceful to the drama as it was to the rules of decency and morality.

It is no wonder, then, that a man of this various humour, and dramatic ability, should be selected for *Peachum;* and though we remember no particular encomiums on him in this part, (the Hero and Heroine drawing off so much of the public attention,) yet the general praises bestowed on the Opera, and all the original Performers, and this continuing a favourite part with him to the last, there is every presumption to suppose, he at least acquitted himself with his usual excellence.

There was a little Interlude, called "Hyppesly's Drunken Man," which he always produced at his benefit, and in which he is said to have greatly excelled. Shuter, after Hyppesly's death, brought it out frequently for his benefit with success. It was the soliloquy of a drunken man who affects the character of sobriety.

HALL, THE ORIGINAL LOCKIT.

John Hall was originally a dancing-master, who had acquired some money by his profession, and

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afterwards became a proprietor in Old Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, about the beginning of the reign of George the First, along with John Leigh, a person of some education, and whose figure and address gained him the appellation of *Handsome Leigh*. Not profiting much by the trade of Managers, Hall and he came over to England, and got an engagement at the New Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, under the management of Mr. Rich. Leigh made his first appearance in Captain *Plume*, in *The Recruiting Officer*, but not with any great success, if we may judge of the taste of the town by the following couplet on the second night of his performance:

"'Tis right to raise *recruits*, for faith they're wanted;
"For not one acting soldier's here—'tis granted."

Of Hall we hear nothing till he figured away in Lockit, which, from his person, rather inclined to the corpulent, a knowledge of the *slang of the Garden*, (as it was then called,) and a proficiency in music, acquired him great reputation.

His quondam Brother Manager Leigh, though no very great Actor, distinguished himself as an occasional Play-writer and Ballad-monger; and the Author of the ballad which ridiculed Walker, took the opportunity to have a fling at Hall, whom he thus describes in the following stanzas:

Jack

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Jack Hall, who was then just awaken'd from sleep,
Said, turning about to Grace Moffet,*
"'Twould vex any dog to see pudding thus creep,
"And not have a share in the profit."
"If you have not," says Grace, "you're not Mr. Hall;"
"And if I have not, it shall cost me a fall;
"For half a loaf's better than no bread at all;
"And so I'll call out for Will Thomas,
"Will Thomas."

"Go, tell my young Lord I can teach him to dance,
"Altho' I'm no very great talker;
"I'll shew him good manners just landed from France:
"That's more than he'll learn from Tom Walker!
"I am a rare judge of good eating and sense;
"And then as for English—I understand French."
"I'll tell him so, Sir," says Will Thomas,
"Will Thomas."

ORIGINAL POLLY PEACHUM.

The last century has not produced, perhaps, a greater instance of the change of fortune in an individual, than in the character before us: it presents us with a woman, who, in the language of the law, *was no body's daughter*, bred up, in the early parts of her life, at the bar of a public coffee-house; afterwards introduced upon the stage; with a handsome person, and attractive accomplishments;

* Grace Moffet, daughter to Mr. Hall's second wife, who kept the Bell and Dragon, in Portugal-street.

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accomplishments; and yet, with all these levels to seduction, conducting herself with that propriety and conduct, as to attain the first rank in the country, with the esteem and approbation of the public.

Lavinia Fenton (as she was commonly called from her childhood up to her marriage) was the daughter of a Mr. Beswick, a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and was born in the year 1708. Not long after her birth, her mother married Mr. Fenton, who kept a coffee-house at Charing-cross, who, perhaps, finding it more respectable to give his daughter-in-law the name of Fenton, than her real father's name, she was, soon after the marriage, known by no other name than that of Lavinia Fenton.

Her genius was almost entirely the gift of nature: she discovered a talent for singing almost coeval with her speaking; and she improved it so much by continual practice as she grew up, that, at a very early age, her adopted father took notice of it, and got her instructed by some of the best masters. She was said to have possessed a fine, simple, melodious voice; and as Italian singing was little cultivated at that time, and perhaps out of the reach of her father's finances, she was principally educated in the English ballad, in which, from the reputation she has left behind her,

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her, on the authority of the best judges of that day, she must have greatly excelled.

With these talents, and in so conspicuous a situation as that of a coffee-house, it is no wonder that she readily found an entrée upon the stage. Being introduced to the Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, he instantly engaged her; not, it appears, altogether as a singer; as her *debût* at this Theatre was in Monimia, in the Orphan, which happened in the year 1726, when she was but eighteen years of age.

She soon was considered as a rising actress, and obtained from the town a very considerable share of applause, accompanied with some valuable presents, which was the mode of conferring favours on the Performers of those days, without any impeachment of the latter's characters, either for meanness, infidelity, &c. They were considered as pledges of public esteem, and as such shewn by the Performers to their friends and acquaintances.

Independently, however, of the public favour, she had many admirers of another nature, and amongst the rest, a young libertine of very high rank, who fell so desperately in love with her, that he offered to relinquish all the pleasures of the town, in which he took so distinguished a lead, and

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and retire with her into the country, upon any terms, short of marriage, she would propose. This offer, which was well known, was, however, rejected with disdain, and by it she very considerably added to her reputation.

Soon after this she appeared in the character of Cherry, in "The Beaux's Stratagem," with so much advantage from figure, simplicity and archness, that Rich, the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, drew her from the Haymarket by the tempting offer of *fifteen shillings per week;* at which salary she remained till the beginning of the year 1728, (the year of the Beggar's Opera,) which may be considered as the great æra of her future fortune.

Of the astonishing success of this Opera so much has been already said, that it would be tiresome to repeat it; we shall therefore only mention one circumstance, hitherto little known, which is, that Rich, the Manager, in order to secure the new Polly, (Miss Fenton,) raised her salary to double, which made it amount to *thirty shillings* per week. And here it is curious to regard the difference of times as it respects the state of music and general state of society. In the year 1728, a first rate singer could only obtain *thirty shillings* per week, (which, according to the number of playing weeks in the season, amounts to

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to *forty-five pounds* per year,) whilst a first rate singer in the year 1801, was thought worthy of an arbitration between two rival Managers, contending who should have her, at the rate of *three thousand pounds* the season, and a clear benefit!

What must increase this mighty difference is still more curious. It cannot be the difference in the plenty of money, as it affects not other articles in the same proportion: it cannot be the great superiority of talent; for though Mrs. Billington, we admit, may be a much better and more scientific singer than Miss Fenton, yet the latter was the best theatrical singer in her day. Where then lies the difference? Alas! we fear to place it under its proper head; it must be transferred to the superior *folly* and *dissipation* of the present race, who will bear this monstrous tax on their pleasures without the least consideration of what it is intrinsically worth, or how far they are able to afford it.

Whatever Miss Fenton's real abilities were as a singer or actress, we may venture to pronounce, from the universality of her fame, and the panegyrics which are left behind of her, that no actress was ever more the rage of the public than she was: The fan shops and print shops exhibited her figure every day; and the Theatre, for *sixty-three* representations the first season, every night.

All

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All who saw and heard her, were her admirers, insomuch that she was guarded home, every night she went from the Theatre, by several confidential friends.

She was, however, deaf to all amorous proposals, till the Duke of Bolton paid his addresses to her, who, though a married man, was actually in love with her, and convinced her so much of the sincerity of his passion, and probably with a future promise of becoming a Duchess, (if events should give him that chance,) that she at last yielded to his solicitations.

What were her original terms with the Duke is not exactly known. Swift, who wrote from the common report of that day, in a letter, dated 6th July, 1728, says, "The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled four hundred per year on her during pleasure, and, upon disagreement, two hundred more." Perhaps something like this might be true; but the exact terms were never known, as a separation never ensued.

She lived with this Nobleman twenty-three years as his mistress; but in such a manner, as to attract neither envy or reproach, (if we except the crime of attaching herself to a married man.) His Duchess dying in 1751, the Duke imme-

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diately married Miss Fenton; and, though raised to this high honour, she never once forgot what she owed to her benefactor and to Fortune. She enjoyed this dignity nine years, dying in the year 1760, at the age of fifty-two.

She was buried at Greenwich with all appropriate honours; and her grand-daughter by the Duke before marriage, is now a Baroness of this kingdom.

The Duke of Bolton is said to have often declared, that he was first captivated by the plaintive and bewitching manner in which Polly sung the following address to her father:

"Oh! ponder well—be not severe;
So save a wretched wife!
For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life."

We shall close the account of this celebrated character with the following eulogium given of her by a very late respectable authority, Dr. Joseph Warton, who, in a note subjoined to one of Swift's letters to Gay, thus speaks of her.

"She was (says he) a very accomplished and most agreeable companion; had much wit, good strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable and well made; though I think

I think she could never be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly old Lord Bathurst and Lord Granville."

Macklin said, her dress in Polly was very like the simplicity of a modern Quaker; and the few prints we have seen of her confirm this assertion.

LUCY LOCKIT.

The original of this character was a Mrs. Egleton, the wife of an Actor of that name, commonly called "Baron Egleton," for taking upon him that title in France, where he soon squandered a small patrimony. "His person (says Chetwood) was perfectly genteel, and he was reckoned a very pleasing Actor; but, through a wild road of life, he finished his journey in the twenty-ninth year of his age.

"His wife, previously to her performance of Lucy, was a Comic Actress, much admired by the best judges, and therefore came strongly recommended for this part, in which she succeeded so well as to share the palm of acting with Polly, though not, perhaps, the general admiration of the town. John, Duke of Argyle, who was, through life, one

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one of the best judges and patrons of the Stage, took a particular pleasure in seeing Mrs. Egleton, and always spoke of her in the handsomest terms. "With a great share of merit, (says Davies,) she was extremely diffident, and never attempted a new character, but with the utmost apprehension of her failing to please the audience."

She wanted prudence, however, to regulate those talents, and to secure the continuance of public approbation; for whether from herself, or from the example of her husband, like a second Ariadne, she died enamoured of Bacchus, about the year 1734.

NAT. CLARKE

was the original *Filch* in this Opera, who lived above fifty years after its first representation: his cast was generally in the under parts of Tragedy and Comedy, and in both he had reputation. His Filch was, perhaps, the best since his time; being much assisted by a meagre countenance, a shambling gait, and a thorough knowledge of the *slang* language.

His chief employment, after the run of the Beggar's Opera, was as an under Harlequin to Rich, whom he much resembled in size and figure, and which gave rise to the following whimsical acci-

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dent. One of the Actors having had some words with Clarke, during the representation of a Pantomime, waited till he should find an opportunity of shewing his resentment. Unluckily, Rich being in the way of this angry person, as he came off the stage, he, thinking it was Clarke, struck him such a blow on the breast, as for a time deprived him of the power of breathing. The man instantly made every apology for his mistake. "But pray, Master," says Rich, "what provocation could Clarke possibly give you to strike so hard?"

Some years before his death, Clarke retired to Hammersmith, where he lived at ease, and often treated his visitors with good ale, and much theatrical anecdote.

MRS. MARTEN

was the original Mrs. Peachum, as well as the original Diana Trapes; both of which characters she filled with great reputation till her death. Mrs. Macklin, we believe, succeeded her in Mrs. Peachum, as she was long in the possession of the part, and we hear of no intermediate successor. "The Dramatic Censor," a work published about thirty years ago, speaks of her and Macklin in the following manner: "That for strong knowledge of the world, and a just cynical turn of humour,

Macklin

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Macklin and his wife, in the parts of Peachum and Mrs. Peachum, stood unrivalled."

JEREMIAH CLARKE.

Though Clarke was not one of the *dramatis personæ* of the Beggar's Opera, he was the original composer of the air,

"'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;"

and on this account, as well as the singularity of his fate, deserves some notice here.

Jeremiah Clarke was originally bred to music, and had his education in the Chapel Royal under the celebrated Dr. Blow, who seems to have had a paternal affection for him. Early in life, Clarke was so unfortunate as to conceive a violent and hopeless passion for a very beautiful and accomplished lady, of a rank far superior to his own; and his sufferings on this account became so intolerable to him, that he resolved to put an end to his existence. He was at the house of a friend in the country when he took up this fatal resolution, and suddenly set off for London. His friend observing his dejection, without knowing the cause, furnished him with a horse, and a servant to attend him.

In his way to town, a fit of despair suddenly seizing him, he alighted, and, giving his horse

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to the servant, went into an adjoining field, in the corner of which was a pond surrounded with trees, which pointed out to his choice two ways of getting rid of life. Hesitating for some time which to take, he at last determined to leave it to chance, and taking a piece of money out of his pocket, tossed it up in the air to decide it. The money, however, falling on its edge in the clay, seemed to forbid both ways of destruction; and it had such an effect upon him, that he declined it for that time, and regaining his horse, rode to town.

His mind, however, was too much disordered to receive comfort, or take any advantage from the above omen; and, after a few months worn out in the utmost dejection of spirits, he shot himself in his own house in St. Paul's Church-yard.

The late Mr. John Reading, organist of St. Dunstan's Church, a scholar of Dr. Blow, and master to the late Mr. Stanley, the well-known blind organist, who was intimately acquainted with Clarke, happened to be passing by the door as the pistol went off; and, upon entering the house, found his friend and fellow-student in the agonies of death.

Clarke was likewise the original composer of Dryden's celebrated Ode on St. Cecilia's Birth-day.

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day. He is supposed to have done great justice to this Ode, particularly in the pathetic.

"The mighty Master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree.
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love."

"But, though free from licentious harmony," says Dr. Burney, "mild, persuasive, and correct, yet he is seemingly incapable of violence of any kind." This Ode was re-composed by Handel in 1736, to more advantage, and had a particular run; though we have heard the late Dr. Arne censure some passages even of this composition, apparently with great force of criticism.

CONTINUATION OF REMARKS.

The character of Peachum was drawn after the model of Jonathan Wild, a celebrated thief and thief-taker, who had suffered death for his notorious villainies about three years before the production of this Opera; and Peachum perusing his Tyburn list, was nothing more than the daily practice of Wild. Gay, however, by frequently comparing highwaymen to courtiers, and mixing other political allusions, drew the attention of the public to the character of Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister, who, like most other Prime

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Ministers, had a strong party against him, who constantly took care to make or find a comparison between the two characters. A particular anecdote of this nature is told of Sir Robert, which shews, what friends and enemies have long since agreed in, viz. that he possessed a fund of good humour, which could scarcely be broken in upon by any accident, with a thorough knowledge of the English character.

In the scene where Peachum and Lockit are described settling their accounts, Lockit sings the song,

"When you censure the age, &c."

which had such an effect on the audience, that, as if by instinct, the greater part of them threw their eyes on the stage-box, where the Minister was sitting, and loudly *encored* it. Sir Robert saw this stroke instantly, and saw it with good humour and discretion; for no sooner was the song finished, than he *encored* it a second time himself, joined in the general applause, and by this means brought the audience into so much good humour with him, that they gave him a general huzza from all parts of the house.

But, notwithstanding this escape, every night, and for many years afterwards, that The Beggar's Opera

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Opera was brought out, Macklin used to say, the Minister (Sir Robert Walpole) never could with any satisfaction be present at its representation, on account of the many allusions which the audience thought referred to his character. The first song was thought to point to him—The name of *Bob Booty*, whenever mentioned, again raised the laugh against him: and the quarrelling scene between Peachum and Lockit, was so well understood at that time to allude to a recent quarrel between the two Ministers, Lord Townshend and Sir Robert, that the House was in convulsions of applause.

We have often asked Macklin the cause of this quarrel between the two Ministers; but he could not remember, nor perhaps did he ever distinctly know. The late Lord Orford, however, has explained it; and, as the transaction is rather curious, we shall relate it in this place.

"Walpole, after quitting the Palace in one of those conferences wherein he differed with Lord Townshend, soon after met him at Col. Selwyn's, Cleveland Court, in the presence of the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pelham, Col. and Mrs. Pelham. The conversation turned on a foreign negociation, which, at the desire of Walpole, had been relinquished. Townshend, however, still required that the measure should be mentioned in the

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House of Commons, at the same time, that the House should be informed, "that it was given up." Walpole objecting to this proposal as inexpedient, Townshend said, "Since you object, and the House of Commons is more your affair than mine, I shall not persist in my opinion; but as I now give way, I cannot avoid observing, that, upon *my honour*, I think that mode of proceeding would have been most advisable." Walpole, piqued at this expression, lost his temper, and said, "My Lord, for once, then, there is no man's sincerity which I doubt so much as yours; and I never doubted it so much as when you are pleased to make such strong expressions." Townshend, incensed at this reproach, seized him by the collar—Sir Robert laid hold of his in return—and both, at the same instant, quitted their holds, and laid their hands on their swords. Mrs. Selwyn, alarmed, wanted to call the guard; but was prevented by Pelham, who made it up between them; though the contemptuous expressions used on this occasion rendered all attempts to heal the breach ineffectual. This circumstance happened in the latter end of the year 1727, and The Beggar's Opera came out in 1728. Lord Townshend retired from all employments in the year 1730."

It is therefore no wonder that a political *morceau* of this consequence should be preserved by Gay; and as the Minister was not only inimical to

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to him and his party, but to the generality of the nation; the audience triumphed in this act of humiliation, and kept up the ridicule of the story for many years, which upon any other occasion would have died away.

Macklin was present at the first representation of The Beggar's Opera, and confirmed what has been often reported, that its success was doubtful, till after the opening of the second act, when, after the chorus song of "Let us take the road," the applause was as universal as unbounded.

The original Polly only continued on the stage the first season, the Duke of Bolton having taken her off the July following her first appearance. Her successor was a Miss Warren, who had the same good luck, being immediately taken from the stage by a gentleman of fortune. She was afterwards followed by several performers of various pretensions; Miss Norris, Miss Falkner, and Mrs. Chambers. Miss Brent, afterwards Pinto, sung it better, and brought more money by far, than any since the first season of its exhibition. Mrs. Arne also had great musical merit, as had Madame Mara, who, *in mere point of voice*, perhaps, excelled them all—but the uncouthness of English words coming from a foreign mouth, rendered the dialogue tiresome, and consequently much deranged the reality of the character.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Cibber was to the eye, heart, and ear, all that the Poet could wish for: the simplicity of her tones, and the sensibility of her countenance, engaged every auditor in her favour.

The Macheaths since Walker's time of most distinction, were Beard, Lowe, Vernon, and Webster. Beard, in conjunction with the Polly of Miss Brent, run a whole season, almost with as much celebrity as in the original cast. But Beard, though his singing and person were in character, was deficient in speaking, as well as in the bold flashy gentility of deportment which belongs to the character. Lowe's voice was still more happy, but his expression less characteristic. Vernon was reckoned a good Macheath in his time, but in our opinion much over-rated: his musical knowledge, no doubt, was more than equal to the part; but neither his voice or figure was that of *a highwayman*. Vernon, too, was a coxcomb of the first water; and whatever part he played, he was for shewing himself more than his author. Webster was all *but* the character: a fine, sweet-toned, manly voice, genteel deportment, &c. which made forcible impressions; but in his acting he was too much of *a gentleman* for Macheath. The man who lives mostly with *women of the town*, and *men of the road*, is not likely to acquire any other manners than a bold forward look, and a free familiar impudence:

Webster

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Webster could not exactly compass this; and so far he failed in the eye of critical examination.

Incledon, the best English singer in the ballad line, perhaps, the stage was ever in possession of, wants somewhat of figure, and a certain decision of character, to set off the *chieftain* of a band of robbers; who, like the chieftains of the early ages, are supposed to be elected to that situation for superior courage, figure, &c. &c. But the best acknowledged Macheath since the days of Walker, was a man little known in the present day, of the name of Wilder. He had been originally a singer at Vauxhall, and went to Ireland about the year 1758. His first appearance at Smock-Alley Theatre, Dublin, was in this character, in which he gained such reputation, that he performed it *seventeen times* successively that season, and nearly as many more the next, beside on summer excursions, where he met with the same encouragement.

His praise was not undeserved—He possessed a fine, manly, robust figure, a marking eye, and a decisive step, that at once told the hero of the road—his voice was suitable to such a figure, strong and musical—but without those flourishes which science is too apt to practise at the expence of character. Wilder continued in Ireland above thirty years with various success as a general performer,

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former, but evidently the best Macheath of his time; and towards the latter end of that period, quitted the stage to follow the business he was bred to, which was that of a scene painter. He was in London about seven years ago, looking strong and healthy for his age; and perhaps may be living now.

To this Opera there was no music originally intended to accompany the songs, till Rich, the Manager, suggested it on the second last rehearsal. The junto of wits, who regularly attended, one and all, objected to it; and it was given up till the Duchess of Queensbury (Gay's staunch patroness) accidentally hearing of it, attended herself the next rehearsal, when it was tried, and universally approved of.

The first song, "The Modes of the Court," was written by Lord Chesterfield; "Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre," by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; "When you censure the age," by Swift; and "Gamesters and Lawyers are jugglers alike," *supposed* to be written by Mr. Fortescue, then Master of the Rolls."*

The reception this celebrated Opera met with in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, is too well known

* The above information came through the medium of the late Dowager Lady T——d.

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known to need recital. In London, nothing stopped its progress through the course of the season, but the benefit nights of the performers; and even on one of these nights, when a performer was suddenly taken sick, and they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss, the audience would not suffer any other play to be substituted but "The Beggar's Opera," though it was then in the thirty-sixth night of its run; and the performers were obliged to comply, though contrary to all rule, or the audience would not have staid. —See Gay's Letter to Swift, March 20th, 1728.

By the success of this Opera, we are likewise confirmed in the custom of Authors selling tickets on their benefit nights, (a custom which *modern vanity* seems to have banished from the stage since the exhibition of Philoclea, written by M'Namara Morgann, Esq. in 1758;) as in a letter of Gay to Swift, dated February 15, 1727-8, he says, "To-night is the fifteenth time of acting "The Beggar's Opera, and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I made no interest either for approbation or money, nor *hath any body been pressed to take tickets for my benefit*, notwithstanding which, I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds."

When Walker was performing Macheath the *seventy-second* night, he happened to be a little imperfect

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imperfect in the part, which Rich observing, called out to him, on his return from the stage, "Holloa, Mister—I think your memory ought to be pretty good by this time." "And so it is," said Walker; "but, z—ds, Sir, my memory is not to last for ever."

Nor age, nor time, have been able to stale the character of this celebrated Opera! Every species of performers have attempted it, from the Theatres Royal to Barns and Puppet-shows. Not longer ago than the year 1790, it was played at Barnstaple in Devonshire, when Macheath had but *one eye;* Polly but *one arm*; the songs supported in the orchestra by a man who whistled to the tunes, whilst the Manager could not read.

Mrs. Pritchard, in one of her summer rambles, went with a large party to see "The Beggar's Opera" at a remote country town, where it was so mangled as to render it almost impossible to resist laughing at some of the passages. Mrs. Pritchard, perhaps, might have indulged in this too much, considering one of her profession; however, she escaped unnoticed till after the end of the performance. It was then necessary for her and her company to cross the stage to go to their carriages —The only Musician who filled the orchestra happened to be the Manager, and having no other-

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way of shewing his revenge, he immediately struck up the opening tune—

"Through all the employments of life,
"Each neighbour abuses his brother."—

This had such an effect on Mrs. Pritchard, that she felt the rebuke, and threw *Crowdero* a crown for his wit, as well as a tribute of her own humiliation.

Much as has been said of "The Beggar's Opera," (and it is one of those lucky hits which cannot be too much praised,) we fear the representation of it has done infinitely more harm than good. It is difficult to make men of wit, and a refined way of thinking, agree to this, because they see the jut of it clearly, and therefore imagine, that as a satire, it has its effect upon the follies and corruptions of the times; but they will not at the same time ask themselves, How do the lower classes, which compose an audience, feel it? Why, they see nothing but the splendour and gallantry of Macheath, and the vices of a prison, &c. which are all rendered so familiar as to wear away the real deformity: hence, the petty thief comes home from the Opera generally with having his ambition whetted to rise in a superior style—he longs for his Covent Garden ladies, and the diversions of the town, as well as the Captain; but then

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then he must work up to that situation first, and hence his industry becomes his ruin.

But in questions of this sort, *facts* best speak for themselves: the late Sir John Fielding, whose judgment must be decisive in these matters, once told the late Hugh Kelly, on a successful run of "The Beggar's Opera," "that he expected a fresh cargo of highwaymen in consequence at his office;" and, upon Kelly's being surprised at this, Sir John assured him, "that ever since the first representation of this piece, there had been, on every successful run, a proportionate number of highwaymen brought to the office, as he would shew him by the books any morning he took the trouble to look over them." Kelly had the curiosity, and found the observation to be strictly true.

Perhaps the only *practical* good this Opera may have produced, is the *refinement of highwaymen.* Macheath is not a man of blood, nor do we find his imitators have been so savage in their depredations as before this production. The above is partly an observation of the late Mr. Gibbon, the Historian, and we believe well founded.

Swift attributes "the unprecedented, and almost incredible, success of this Opera to a peculiar merit in the writing, wherein what we call the

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the point of humour is exactly hit; a point (he observes) which, whoever can rightly touch, will never fail of pleasing a great majority; and which, in its perfection, is allowed to be much preferable to wit, if it be not the most useful and agreeable species of it."

We cannot close our observations on this Opera, without noticing a criticism of Dr. Johnson's, in answer to the two opinions that were formed of it at that time. The one, "that it placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light;" and the other, "as giving encouragement not only to vice, but to crimes, by making the highwayman the hero, and dismissing him at last unpunished."

"Both these decisions (says Johnson) are surely exaggerated. The play, like many others, was plainly written *only to divert, without any moral purpose,* and is therefore not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. *Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse,* or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage."

With great deference to Dr. Johnson's general merits, we believe there never was so inconsiderate

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a criticism dropt from the pen of a great man. That Gay wrote this Opera to satirize the courtiers through the medium of ordinary characters, both the songs, as well as the dialogue, evidently tell; and the accounts we have of contemporary audiences applauding and applying particular passages to particular persons, are additional proofs of it: nay, the Court itself was so sensible of the satire, that they would not suffer the Opera of "Polly" to be represented, (supposed to be a counter-part to The Beggar's Opera,) because they dreaded similar effects.

"That highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the Theatres," is another error, equally gross as the former, as none are more fond of amusements and dissipations than people of this description: they fly to them as reliefs from thinking; and such an opera as this must doubly excite their attention, from their being better judges of its merits.

In respect to Dr. Johnson's last observation, "that a highwayman will not be induced to rob because he sees Macheath reprieved on the stage," we so far agree with him; as nothing but the grossest ignorance can suppose, that a dramatic reprieve is equal to that issuing from the Crown: but the character of Macheath in general, produces little less bad effect, as his gay, sprightly manners,

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manners, handsome appearance, his being beloved by the women, and looked up to by his associates, hold out a very seducing idea of the character to those more than half disposed to it already, from their ignorance, idleness, and profligacy.

On the whole, then, we cannot but conclude, that the Poet wrote with a *moral* purpose; though we believe, at the same time, it unfortunately happens, that courtiers are not in general shamed by the satire, nor highwaymen amended by the representation.

Having now finished every thing we had to say on The Beggar's Opera, we return to the Life of Macklin, and his contemporaries.

BEN JOHNSON.

Macklin always paid great respect to the merits of this performer. His *forte* was in the grave, dry, humorous parts of comedy, which he said he played better than any man he ever saw. He was always in *earnest* with his part; and to see him on the stage, in whatever character he appeared, he gave the impression of its being so much his natural turn, that he entirely lost sight of the player.

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Johnson was an extraordinary actor. Victor says of him, that he "was a comedian allowed to have the sterling *vis comica*. He was most happily adapted to all the characters he appeared in. He was one of those comedians who, like the incomparable NOKES, could give life to many comedies that existed only by extraordinary performances. *Morose*, in the *Silent Woman*, was one that died with this great actor. His steady countenance never betrayed the least symptom of the joke he was going to give utterance to. His decent mien (never exaggerated by dress or conduct) made him at all times the real man he represented." (*History of the Theatres*, Vol. II, p. 63.) Like the late *Parsons*, of Drury Lane Theatre, he was both a painter and an actor. He died 31st July, 1742, aged 77.

Lloyd, in his Poem of The Actor, speaks of him thus:

> Old JOHNSON once, tho' Cibber's perter vein
> But meanly groups him with a num'rous train,
> With steady face, and sober, hum'rous mien,
> Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene;
> What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,
> Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke;
> The very man in look, in voice, in air;
> And though upon the stage, appear'd no player.

The

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The only one Macklin could compare him to on the modern stage was the late Dick Yates; but he was mellower than Yates, studied his parts more accurately, and understood more of the science of acting.

Of many of the inferior performers he used to speak with the veneration of the *laudatores temporis acti*, but, upon the whole of the various conversations with him upon the stage, it evidently appears, that it has been much improved since his time, in respect to scenery, music, decorations, and general business; but as to principals in tragedy and comedy, it is but too evident, we are at present miserably distanced.

DERBY CAPTAINS.

A Derby Captain being a phrase much used by Farquhar, and other comic writers of his day, Macklin explained it. There was a house in Covent Garden for many years remarkable for selling Derbyshire ale, which was cheap, and much drank at that time by the neighbours, and others who frequented the house. The long calm which succeeded the Peace of Utrecht, reduced a great number of officers who had been in the Duke of Marlborough's wars; and, as they had but a scanty provision to live on, those who

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settled in London, and particularly those about the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, found great convenience in frequenting this house; which they did in time to the amount of such numbers, that they were called, by way of cant name, "the Derby Captains." Macklin has often drank his pint of Derby ale here, and used to tell many comical stories of his countrymen laying siege to the widow who was the mistress of the house, and who was supposed to be very wealthy. One of them at last married her, and kept on the business several years afterwards.

Covent Garden, according to his account, was then (from the year 1730 to 1735) a scene of much dissipation; being surrounded with taverns, night-houses, and brothels. This, and the vicinity of Clare Market, were the rendezvous of most of the theatrical wits, who were composed of various orders. The ordinaries of that day were from 6d. to 1s. per head: at the latter there were two courses, and a great deal of what the world calls good company in the mixed way. There were private rooms for the higher order of wits and Noblemen, which we find confirmed in the life of Dr. Ratcliffe, where much drinking was occasionally used. The butchers of Clare Market, then very numerous, were staunch friends to the players; and, on every dread of a riot or disturbance in the house, the early appearance of those *formidable critics* made an awful impression.

Macklin

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Macklin entered into all these eccentricities, and, from the strength of his constitution, and unceasing love of society, rendered himself eminently dashing. He belonged to a club which held a weekly dinner at St. Albans, much about this time, called "The Walking Society." It mostly consisted of the performers of both houses, who piqued themselves on their walking, and who obliged themselves never, on any account whatsoever, to ride, or go in a vehicle, but to walk the twenty miles backward and forward the same day. This club generally commenced in Passion Week, and continued till the end of the theatrical season. Macklin frequently said he felt no inconvenience from these long walks; but, on the contrary, he believed they added to his health. He was then very robust in his constitution, very active, and always very determined in point of spirit.

The manners of the town and country, he said, were very distinct at that period, to what they were towards the close of the last century. A countryman in town was instantly known by his dress as well as manners; the almost uniform habit being a complete suit of light grey cloth or drab colour, with a slouched hat, and lank hair. Few persons living sixty or one hundred miles from town, ever saw London; and even the country shopkeepers, who lived at this distance, ge-

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nerally had their goods sent them, and their requests complied with, in consequence of written orders.

The City and West end of the Town kept equal distances. No Merchant scarcely lived out of the former; his residence was always attached to his counting-house; and his credit in a great measure depended upon his observing those circumstances. Macklin remembered the first emigration of the Merchants from the City, about fifty years ago, was to Hatton Garden; but none but men who had secured a large fortune, and whose credits were beyond the smallest censure, durst take this flight. The Lawyers, too, lived mostly in their Inns of Court, or about Westminster Hall; and the Players all in the vicinity of the two Theatres. Quin, Booth, and Wilks, lived almost constantly in or about Bow Street, Covent Garden; Colley Cibber in Charles Street; Mrs. Pritchard in Craven Buildings, Drury Lane; Billy Havard in Henrietta Street; and Garrick, a great part of his life, in Southampton Street. The inferior Players lived or lodged in Little Russel Street, Vinegar Yard, and the little courts about the Garden; "and I myself, Sir, (added the veteran,) always about James Street, or under the Piazzas: so that (continued he) we could be all mustered by beat of drum; could attend rehearsals without any inconvenience; and save coach hire; no inconsiderable

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considerable part, let me tell you, of a former player's annual expences. But I do not know how the change has been effected; we are all now looking for high ground, squares, and genteel neighbourhoods; no matter how far distant from the Theatre, which should be the great scene of business; as if local situations could give *rhythm* to the profession, or genteel neighbourhoods instinctively produce good manners.

"The audiences then had their different complexion likewise: no indifferent or vulgar person scarcely ever frequented the pit, and very few women. It was composed of young Merchants of rising eminence, Barristers, and Students of the Inns of Court, who were mostly well read in plays, and whose judgment was in general worth attending to. We had few riots and disturbances: the gravity and good sense of the pit not only kept the house in order, but the players likewise. Look at your Prologues, Sir, in those days, and in times long before them; and they all deprecate the judgment of the pit, where the Critics lay in knots, and whose favourable opinion was constantly courted."

Whilst upon this conversation, he was asked, "Well, but, Mr. Macklin, have not we our Critics now as well as then?" "By G—d, Sir, if you have, you must look sharp for them; for I don't

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don't know where they are to be found. But stop, let me see, (pausing:) O yes, Sir—there are a few *doers* of Newspapers, who *call themselves Critics*, that may still be found in upper boxes, pigeon-holes, and lurking-places; but their criticisms never come out in the pit, or in the lobby, as formerly, when the play was over. No, Sir, they reserve them for the Newspapers of the next day; where they come out in *columns*, Sir—*columns*, often as disgraceful to truth, as they are ignorant of the rules of science."

None but people of independent fortunes, and avowed rank and situation, ever presumed to go into the boxes; and all the lower part of the house, laid out in boxes, were sacred to virtue and decorum. No man sat covered in a box, or stood up during the representation, but those in the last row, where no one's prospect could be interrupted. The women of the town who frequented the playhouses then were few, (except in the galleries,) and those few occupied two or three upper boxes at each side of the house: their stations were assigned them; and the men who chose to go and *badinage* with them, did it at the peril of their character. "No *boots* admitted in those days, Mr. Macklin—No box-lobby loungers?"—"No! Sir, (exclaimed the veteran;) neither *boots*, *spurs*, or *horses*—we were too attentive "to the cunning of the scene" to be interrupted, and no intrusion of

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of this kind would be endured: but, to do those days common justice, the evil did not exist: *rakes* and *puppies* found another vent for their vices and follies than the regions of a Theatre."

Macklin, as we have before observed in the beginning of these Memoirs, was early in his religious principles bred up between a Roman Catholic and a Presbyterian; his mother being of the former profession, and his father of the latter; but being partly educated by a priest, a brother of his mother, he inclined to her religion; and when he grew up to man's estate, continued it; as much as a man may be said to belong to any religion, who was so careless as he was about its ceremonies and injunctions. He became a convert to Protestantism about the age of forty, from the following accident.

As he was strolling one day through Lincoln's Inn Fields, he saw a little book upon a stall called "The Funeral of the Mass." This book struck him from the singularity of its title, and he bought it for ninepence, took it home with him, and read it two or three times over very attentively; the consequence of which was, that he deserted his mother church, and became a convert to the Protestant religion. "And so, Sir, (said a person present, as he was telling this anecdote,) you are now, I suppose, a staunch Protestant." "Yes, Sir,

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Sir, as staunch as the Archbishop of Canterbury, and on as pure principles."

At what particular period Macklin married, we don't exactly know. It might be supposed that it was between the years 1734 and 1736; as we find Miss Macklin, his eldest daughter by that marriage, playing so early as 1742, the Duke of York in Richard the Third, when, in all probability, she must be at least six or eight years old. Mrs. Macklin's maiden name was Grace Purvor; she was the early and humble friend of Miss Saintlowe, afterwards Mrs. Booth; and we believe the friendship continued till the death of the former. Macklin used to tell some little anecdotes relative to this courtship, and, amongst the rest, the following.

His Grace John, Duke of Argyle, who was a great Patron of the Theatre and principal Performers, was a visitor, amongst many other persons of high fashion, that used to call upon Mrs. Booth, both during her husband's life-time, and after his death. "In these visits I perceived, (said Macklin,) or thought I perceived, he cast a *hawk's eye* on Miss Purvor. Now, Sir, as I meant *honourably* by her, I thought I had a right to explain myself on that subject: so, Sir, the next time his Grace called, I took that opportunity to tell him, that I was afraid he was my rival, and in that case

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case there was room for a great deal of fear; but that as I meant to make her my wife, if I could obtain her consent, (which I *was sure he would not,)* therefore I hoped his Grace would not interrupt the union." The Duke took this remonstrance with his usual good breeding and affability; assured him, he would be one of the last men to interrupt his happiness; and afterwards dropt coming to the house till Macklin was married.

This marriage was very profitable to Macklin, and we believe in other respects very accommodable. It must be confessed, she " had a hard ruled husband to manage," from the temporary intracticableness of his temper; but having no inconsiderable fund of good nature at bottom, with upright intentions, from all that we can learn of their union, it was tolerably happy. He submitted a good deal to her in stage matters; and her advice, no doubt, often cooled the sudden intemperance of his passions.

Of what value she was estimated on the Theatre, may be collected from some old stage anecdotes. In 1748, the elder Sheridan engaged them both to perform in Dublin, at the very considerable salary of *eight hundred pounds per annum* for two years; but this extravagant engagement never was

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was finished, owing to the dissentions between the Actor and Manager.

The principal parts which Mrs. Macklin was remarkable for, were Lappet in The Miser, Lady Wrangle, Lady Wronghead, the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet, and in all characters of that complexion. She was beside, according to her husband's account, a woman of much reading, good strong sense, and knowledge of the world. She excelled likewise in *narration*, particularly in stories of dry humour, which she told so well, and with so little affectation of any merit in the telling, that old Cibber to the last, used to look in upon them of an evening to gossip with her, and hear her anecdotes, which he always listened to with pleasure, and repaid with applause.

When Macklin succeeded Theophilus Cibber as Prime Minister to Mr. Fleetwood in Drury Lane Theatre, his experience, his advice, and humility, so gained upon the Manager, who did not know much of the great task he was engaged in, that he stood forward as his principal adviser and director in all theatrical matters. By these means he gained an opportunity of shewing himself in many characters, which his rank and standing otherwise would not have entitled him to: some of these, no doubt, gained him considerable and deserved applause; others, we think, must have

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sunk him in the opinion of good judges; such as his Mercutio, Lord Foppington, and others of this cast; for at no time of life could Macklin's figure, taste, or natural vivacity, bear him out in such characters. He was judicious enough, it is true; assiduous, and well studied; but he must have wanted the peculiar felicity of *exhibition*, without which the true impressions of a character can never be brought forward. Even in his Sir John Brute (which we have often seen him in, and which was reckoned in the catalogue of his strong parts) he wanted mellowness and softness: instead of the *dissipated and surly Gentleman*, it was the *ill-manner'd brutish Mechanic*, in the habit of getting drunk every night at the alehouse, and on his return beating his wife: the poet, no doubt, has drawn the character coarse enough; but still Sir John Brute is a gentleman from his birth and education, though "shorn of his manners," by his love of drinking, and the indulgence of ill temper. Garrick, with that admirable art which rendered him so justly pre-eminent above his fellows, caught the true spirit of this character—by giving a softer shade to all its vices and irregularities, without once losing sight of the original.

Though Macklin's intimacy with the Manager opened the way to his profession with more rapidity than otherwise he could have done, he was

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near paying very dear for this in another line. Fleetwood, as it is well known, though originally a man of large fortune, had, by his excesses and imprudences, (amongst which his turning Manager may perhaps be a principal,) about this period, became so considerably involved in debt, that he made no scruple of obtaining money or security from every body he could. Though conscious of his incapacity to repay any sums he borrowed, he still borrowed on; his best friends were no exceptions to his arts; and Macklin, though so near falling a victim, perhaps for ever, to his deceptions, often used to say, that the *person*, the *address*, the *manners*, and *solicitations*, of Fleetwood, when under the necessity of borrowing, appeared so *artless*, so *unpractised*, and so *delicately embarrassed*, as made his attacks irresistible; and none but those who had repeated experience of his merely *acting this part*, could escape his solicitations.

He had often borrowed small sums of Macklin, such as twenty or thirty pounds at a time, without ever repaying him, but frequently mentioning his obligations, and assurance of repayment. "These sums, (said the veteran,) sometimes borrowed from me after a snug benefit night, and sometimes after a lucky run of play, (for I was a gambler, Sir, at that time,) I did not much mind to press him for; considering them as *nest eggs*

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eggs in his hands, and as a kind of security for my engagements at his Theatre, which even at that time were considerable: but I soon found I was a chicken in point of worldly knowledge to my Chief: whilst I thought I was trenching myself in my profession, he was plotting my ruin: not that he had any particular antipathy to me, Sir; far from it; but somebody was to save him from a temporary embarrassment, and I was found to be the most convenient scape-goat."

The fact was, that Fleetwood, finding himself hard pressed for a considerable sum of money, for which he must either go to prison, or give security, prevailed upon Macklin, in *one of those irresistible hours of solicitation*, to become his bondsman: the sum, we believe, was no less than three thousand pounds.

Macklin soon saw his error; but it was too late to remedy it: he found the Manager plunging into difficulties more and more every day, and consequently saw less hopes of his being enabled to take up this bond. Full of these gloomy reflections, he went down to Bristol, to perform the summer afterwards; when, towards the close of the season, hearing some fresh anecdotes of Fleetwood's embarrassment, he resolved, on his return to London, to make one desperate push to disen-

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gage himself from an affair which very seriously menaced the future liberty of his life.

Upon his return to London, he had settled his plan of operation, which was either to frighten the Manager so as to get himself released from his security, (if that was possible amongst his friends at that time,) or to break all squares with him, and seek his redress at law. In conformation to the first plan, on his arrival, he called at the Manager's house, where, being told he was attending the late Frederick Prince of Wales in viewing the curiosities of Bartholomew Fair, he hastened instantly to the spot, and felt a *presentiment*, that this very circumstance might turn out to his advantage.*

When he had got to Bartholomew Fair, he soon discovered his Manager, who was accompanying the Prince and his *suite* by torch-light to the several booths. Here he assumed the *actor*, and calling up as much *terror* and *alarm* into his face as he could, pulled the Manager by the sleeve, and told him, "he *must* speak with him."

Fleetwood.

* At this period, the drolls of Bartholomew Fair continued for three or four weeks; and it was not thought beneath the amusements of many of the highest rank and fashion to see the humours of this place, where broad laugh, the varieties of life, and sometimes the buds of genius, were particularly displayed. It was here the celebrated Mrs. Pritchard gave the first specimens of her admirable talents for the stage.

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Fleetwood.—Good G—d! Macklin, is it you? —What's the matter?

Macklin.—Matter enough! *(hastily, and seemingly terrified.)* I have just broke out of Bristol jail, where I believe I have killed the jailor in my escape, and here I am.

Fleetwood.—My *dear friend!* I'm heartily sorry for this accident; but how can I relieve you?

Macklin.—Sir, I have no time to trifle—I was put into Bristol jail for a small sum I incurred on my wife's delivery, and the consequence of a bad season. In this situation I received a letter from the holders of the bond, for which I am security for you, demanding payment, or threatening me with imprisonment, which you know must, to a man in my circumstances, be an imprisonment for life.—I therefore broke jail, and now want to be released from my bond.

Fleetwood.—Well, well, my *dear friend*, compose yourself; I will, in a little time, do every thing in my power to relieve you.

Macklin.—I can't wait, by G—d, Sir; it must be done instantly, or I'll——

Fleetwood.—Hush! hush! my *dear friend*: consider the Prince is just before us, and I should be ruined if he should overhear this conversation.

Macklin, (seemingly in an increased rage,)—Don't tell me of Prince or Emperor, G—d or D—l. I must have this affair settled directly, or I'll blow you, myself, and all to the D—l.

Fleetwood.—Good G—d! the man's mad! But *Mac*, my *dear Mac*, compose yourself a little. Every thing shall be settled directly. Now do go home, and meet me *at the Bunch of Grapes in Clare Market* this night at ten o'clock, and you may depend upon it every thing shall be settled to your satisfaction.

Macklin.—No trifling, Sir! Can I depend on you?

Fleetwood.—Most certainly!

Macklin.—Well, Sir, I'll give you the meeting. [Exit Macklin.]

We have thrown the above conversation into dialogue, for the purpose of better elucidating the two characters: it is in substance what we have often heard from Macklin, animated by those looks of *terror* and *alarm*, which no man could assume better than himself.

Fleetwood was punctual to his promise, and brought with him, as his most particular and intimate friends, Mr. Forrest, the Solicitor, Mr. Havard, and Paul Whitehead the Poet. Macklin told his case, which in fact was a pitiable one; but, under the exaggerations of the actor, made every one of the company, but Fleetwood, feel for his situation: he, however, heard him with great seeming commiseration, and then asked him to point out any line he could possibly assist him

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him in. To this Macklin replied, "that if he could any way get him released from the bond, the sum he owed in Bristol was not above thirty pounds, which, perhaps, he could borrow, so as to regain his liberty; and as to the jailor, why, Sir, (said he,) we have hitherto been upon such intimate terms, that if the fellow happens to be more frightened than hurt, I myself will become his surgeon."

To this Fleetwood could make no reply; but putting his hand to his head, and resting it on the table, seemingly in great agony of mind, remained some minutes in this situation. At last, Paul Whitehead broke silence, and asked Macklin, "Whether his being released from the bond, would perfectly content him?" Macklin answered, "Most certainly."—"Why then (said Paul) you shall be contented, for I myself will stand in your shoes, and be responsible for the debt. Mr. Forrest, (said he, turning to him,) will you be so good as to call upon the lenders to-morrow, acquaint them of this circumstance, and let Mr. Macklin be released from all his engagements."

Fleetwood, hearing this, immediately sprung from his reverie, and throwing his arms about the neck of Whitehead, shed tears—called him his friend—his saviour—his protector, &c. &c. "By G—d, (said the veteran, in telling this sto-

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ry,) I never saw a finer piece of acting in my life: however, it was a *reality* to me; for I never felt so happy before; insomuch, that I got drunk with them, and kept it up till six o'clock in the morning."

Every thing was settled the next day as Whitehead intended: the creditors were very glad to exchange the Actor for the *Poet;* as the latter, beside his lands in Parnassus, had a good substantial fortune with his wife of *ten thousand pounds;* whereas Macklin (though always having the character of an honest man) was an itinerant actor, who hung loose upon society; and, though his security was better than Fleetwood's in point of *principle*, their means of discharging such a debt as *three thousand pounds*, were pretty nearly equal.

It would be injustice to the memory of Paul Whitehead, to pass over this circumstance without some observation on the fact, as well as on that of his general character. Prudence would have suggested to most men, that, however urgent the demands of friendship were, such a sum as *three thousand pounds*, would be sufficient to make them consider what duties they first owed to themselves and families. It was not in this case, likewise, the merely becoming security, (which with responsible men would be little or no risk,) but such a security was equal to an original

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and sole obligation to pay the whole of the debt: as Fleetwood was not only well known, at this time, to be ruined in his affairs, but, to those who looked nearer into the man, to be as unwilling as incapable of taking any pains to remedy them. It is true, he was early known to have the most amiable virtues, with manners and an address that charmed every company he joined; his large and extensive fortune set those high qualifications in their proper lustre; and the name of Fleetwood was produced to announce the liberal, accomplished, high-bred man of fashion: but his extravagance sapped his virtues, till by degrees they were changed to their opposite extremes; and the remaining powers of his mind and accomplishments, only seemed to be exerted for every base and disgraceful purpose.

In such a situation Paul Whitehead stood; but he did not then know the whole of his danger. He knew his friend was distressed in his circumstances; but he thought, from his situation and high connections, it would be but temporary; he was likewise solemnly *assured so by his friend;* and to an unsuspecting, generous heart, we must give this belief the name of *virtue.* The fact, it is true, was otherwise; but not knowing it, the principle he acted upon was praise-worthy; and Macklin, who often told the manly, open, unreserved manner in which it was done, said, he wished it was

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any other man who took the responsibility on himself than Paul: "But, Sir, (said he,) every man will save himself from ruin, if he can; and I was glad of any opportunity to accomplish it."

Poor Whitehead, however, paid heavily for his generosity. Fleetwood went on from one difficulty to another, till at last his situation was such, that he had no alternative but flight: he accordingly set off for France, leaving his *friend*, with innumerable other creditors, to shift for themselves; totally regardless of any other consequence than his own immediate safety.

The bond, after Fleetwood's escape, was soon demanded; and as Whitehead had by this time spent part of his wife's fortune, and had the rest locked up from his interference, he was unable to pay such a sum: the consequence was, he was thrown into prison, where he lay for several years.

How he behaved under this embarrassment, has been as creditable to his life as his memory. To be betrayed in the first instance by a man to whom he gave his full confidence, and for a sum of money that threatened to make him a prisoner for life, would have thrown most people into a state of despondence, or unfitted them for the society of men, whom they might indiscriminately arraign as monsters and betrayers. But this was not the

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case with Whitehead: he bore it with a firmness and philanthropy which at once surprised and comforted his friends: he considered it as one of the unavoidable accidents of life; he attached no blame to any body; and it is recorded, on the testimony of all those who visited him on this occasion, (and by Macklin amongst the rest,) that he never once uttered a disrespectful word against the man who treated him in so treacherous a manner.

Whitehead carried this amiable disposition with him to the grave; as has been emphatically inscribed on his tomb-stone by an old friend in the following lines;

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet—honor'd as a friend;
Though his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame:
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
'And from the wounded deer the herd was fled!'
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm apply'd,
Nor quitted their distresses till he died.

Macklin being freed from all pecuniary engagements with his Manager, found himself more at liberty to look after the theatrical concerns of the Company, which at this time Fleetwood entirely committed to his care. In this pursuit he did not neglect his own reputation. He very properly considered he was then in a situation, which, by assiduity

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assiduity and enterprize, might add something to his rising fame as an actor, which at no other time of his life before he had such an opportunity of attempting; and that "there was no lucky minute after the *first* opportunity." He therefore cast about in his mind what new part he should adopt, and to this purpose carefully looked over the stock list, as well as several obsolete plays, to find out one which he thought appropriate to his own powers and conception.

Chance presented "The Merchant of Venice" to his notice, which, however, strange now to conceive, had laid upon the shelf since the year 1701, to make room for an alteration from the same play by Lord Lansdowne, called "The Jew of Venice;" in which the celebrated Dogget performed the *Jew* almost in the style of broad farce. Macklin saw this part with other eyes; and, very much to the credit of his taste and understanding, as well as a proper estimation of his own powers, he found he could build a reputation by reviving the original of Shakespeare, and playing the character of Shylock in a different manner. The attempt was arduous, and subject to many miscarriages, and in particular to public prejudice; but a consciousness of being right will generally give great confidence—Macklin felt this consciousness, and was determined on the trial.

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As soon as resolved, he communicated his design to the Manager, who gave his consent to bringing it out merely as a revived piece, which might bring money to the treasury. The play was therefore announced to be in preparation; and Macklin, who always loved the character of a *Theatrical Drill Serjeant*, now entered into it with all his heart and mind, by casting the parts himself, ordering frequent rehearsals, &c. &c. but when he came to affix to himself the character of *Shylock*, and intimated his design to play it *seriously*, the laugh was universal.—His best friends shook their heads at the attempt; whilst his rivals chuckled in secret, and flattered him with ideas of success, the surer to work out his destruction.

His keen observation, and suspicious temper, clearly saw the train that was laying for him, which he not only seemingly overlooked, but so far assisted, that at every rehearsal, whilst he enjoined the rest of the performers to do their best, he himself played both under his voice and general powers, carefully reserving his fire till the night of representation. His fellow performers were by this conduct completely trapped, insomuch that many of them threw off all reserve, and publicly said, "That this hot-headed, conceited Irishman, who had got some little reputation in a few parts, had now availed himself of the Manager's favour, to bring himself and the Theatre into disgrace."

Fleetwood

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Fleetwood heard this, and seriously applied to Macklin to give up the part: but the latter was too conscious of his own excellence to lose such an opportunity: He frankly told the Manager, "that he was deceiving a set of men who envied him; but that he would pledge his life on the success of the play; and that, in the end, it would be highly serviceable to them both."

The long-expected night at last arrived, and the House was crowded, from top to bottom, with the first company in town. The two front rows of the pit, as usual, were full of critics, "Who, Sir, (said the veteran,) I eyed through the slit of the curtain, and was glad to see there, as I wished, in such a cause, to be tried by a *special jury.* When I made my appearance in the green-room, dressed for the part, with my red hat on my head, my piqued beard, loose black gown, &c. and with a confidence which I never before assumed, the performers all stared at one another, and evidently with a stare of disappointment. Well, Sir, hitherto all was right—till the last bell rung—then, I confess, my heart began to beat a little: however, I mustered up all the courage I could, and, recommending my cause to Providence, threw myself boldly on the stage, and was received by one of the loudest thunders of applause I ever before experienced."

"The

"The opening scenes being rather tame and level, I could not expect much applause; but I found myself well listened to—I could hear distinctly, in the pit, the words, 'Very well—very well, indeed!—This man seems to know what he is about,' &c. &c. These encomiums warmed me, but did not overset me—I knew where I should have the pull, which was in the third act, and reserved myself accordingly. At this period I threw out all my fire; and, as the contrasted passions of joy for the Merchant's losses, and grief for the elopement of Jessica, open a fine field for an actor's powers, I had the good fortune to please beyond my warmest expectations—The whole house was in an uproar of applause—and I was obliged to pause between the speeches, to give it vent, so as to be heard. When I went behind the scenes after this act, the Manager met me, and complimented me very highly on my performance, and significantly added, "Macklin, you was right at last." My brethren in the green-room joined in his eulogium, but with different views—He was thinking of the increase of his treasury—they only for saving appearances—wishing at the same time that I had broke my neck in the attempt. The *trial scene* wound up the fulness of my reputation: here I was well listened to; and here I made such a silent yet forcible impression on my audience, that I retired from this great attempt most perfectly satisfied.

"On

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"On my return to the green-room, after the play was over, it was crowded with nobility and critics, who all complimented me in the warmest and most unbounded manner; and the situation I felt myself in, I must confess, was one of the most flattering and intoxicating of my whole life. No money, no title, could purchase what I felt: And let no man tell me after this, what Fame will not inspire a man to do, and how far the attainment of it will not remunerate his greatest labours? By G—d, Sir, though I was not worth fifty pounds in the world at that time, yet, let me tell you, I was *Charles the Great* for that night."

A few days afterwards, Macklin received an invitation from Lord Bolingbroke to dine with him at Battersea. He attended the rendezvous, and there found Pope, and a select party, who complimented him very highly on the part of Shylock, and questioned him about many little particulars relative to his getting up the play, &c. Pope particularly asked him, why he wore a *red hat?* and he answered, because he had read that Jews in Italy, particularly in Venice, wore hats of that colour. "And pray, Mr. Macklin," said Pope, "do players in general take such pains?" —"I do not know, Sir, that they do; but as I had staked my reputation on the character, I was determined to spare no trouble in getting at the best

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best information." Pope nodded, and said, "it was very laudable."

Macklin took this play for his benefit on the 19th night, and had an overflowing audience: several Noblemen of the first distinction took what is commonly called *gold* tickets; and Lord Bolingbroke made him a present of twenty guineas.

The play had a successful run through the whole of the season, and for many seasons afterwards: it established his reputation as an actor, and not a little added to his discernment as a critic, in reviving a piece, which, perhaps, except for his research, might have been lost to the stage for ever.

And here we cannot help remarking, that, although Macklin got and merited the greatest applause in Shylock, this very applause in his public, often drew from the merit of his private character; as many people, who knew nothing of him but as he appeared on the stage, and there saw the passions of *revenge* and *malice* so forcibly and naturally displayed, (particularly in the fourth act, where he whets the knife in order to cut off the pound of human flesh,) that they judged he must be something like the monster in private life which he was upon the stage.

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This combination of ideas, though false in fact, is not very unusual. Cibber tells an anecdote of *Sandford*, a performer in his time, who, from a certain deformity of person, accompanied with talents in performing the *villains* and *traitors* in tragedy, became so frequently cast for those parts, that, from long habits, the audiences expected nothing else from him; and when he once unfortunately performed the character of an *honest statesman*, the audience were so disappointed, when they found, towards the close, that this was his real character, without any disguise or treachery, that they damned the play, "as if the actor had imposed upon them the most frontless and incredible absurdity."

Macklin's acquaintance with Garrick commenced a few years before the latter's public appearance at Goodman's Fields. He was then, he said, "a very sprightly young man, neatly made, of an expressive countenance, and most agreeable and entertaining manners." The stage possessed him wholly; he could talk or think of nothing but the Theatre; and as they often dined together in select parties, Garrick rendered himself the idol of the meeting, by his mimicry, anecdotes, &c. He had not long arrived from Lisbon at that period, and, with other funds of information, possessed a number of good travelling stories; "which he *narrated*, Sir, (added the veteran,)

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in such a vein of pleasantry, and rich humour, as I have seldom seen equalled."*

With that love for the stage which Macklin ever possessed, it was natural for him to be pleased with such growing accomplishments as Garrick exhibited. Garrick, too, who, from the beginning of his public life to the end, never neglected the pursuit of any information relative to his art, must have seen in Macklin, talents, experience, and assiduity, which it was his interest to cultivate. They both, too, loved society, wherein they excelled, though in different departments. From all these circumstances, they became very intimate; insomuch that we have heard Macklin say, they were scarcely two days asunder, from the commencement of their acquaintance till the quarrel broke out in 1743; when Garrick, receding from his engagement to stand or fall by the Performers, till their wrongs were redressed by the Manager, so irritated Macklin, that he commenced his bitterest enemy; and though they afterwards seemingly made it up, and occasionally

* Garrick was at this time a Wine Merchant in company with his brother Peter, and they had their wine vaults in Durham-yard, (now the Adelphi.) The Editor of these Memoirs once saw a receipt of Garrick's to Mr. Robinson in the Strand, for two dozen of red port, (value thirty-six shillings,) signed,

"For self and Co. D. GARRICK."

"October, 1739."

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lived together in social and professional habits, there was some leaven left in Macklin's mind, which he never could thoroughly shake off, and which occasionally vented itself in railery, and sometimes in very sharp invectives.

We do not exactly remember whether Macklin accompanied his young friend Garrick to Ipswich when he made his first appearance in *Aboan*, in the tragedy of *Oroonoko*, by way of probation for the London boards; but we have often heard him say, he was one who composed the audience on his first appearance at Goodman's Fields, in the character of Richard III. on the 19th of October, 1741; and he bore full testimony to the applause he obtained and merited on that occasion. Macklin was one of Garrick's cabinet council in selecting this part for his *debût;* which was the latter's first suggestion, always declaring, "he would never choose a character which was not suitable to his person."

The great revolution which Garrick introduced in the Theatre, by changing an elevated tone of voice, a mechanical depression of its tones, and a formal measured step in traversing the stage, into an easy familiar manner of speaking and acting, gave at first some handle to the players (who inwardly felt his superiority) to reprobate it as a dangerous novelty, which trenched on the dignity of

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of theatrical enunciation; but Macklin, who was himself the precursor of this species of acting, though deficient in such striking powers as to erect himself into the head of a sect, gave it his hearty and unbounded applause. Rich, several years before, discharged him from Lincoln's Inn Theatre, for speaking, as he called it, "too familiarly on the stage." He now had his revenge, by seeing his manner adopted by a genius who promised to make it universal by the propriety of the innovation, and the splendour of his talents.

He often spoke of the pleasure he enjoyed at this night's performance, and said, "It was amazing how, without any example, but, on the contrary, with great prejudices against him, he could throw such spirit and novelty into the part, as to convince every impartial person, on the very first impression, that he was right. In short, Sir, he at once decided the public taste; and though the players formed a cabal against him, with Quin at their head, it was a puff to thunder; the east and west end of the town made head against them; and the little fellow, in this, and about half a dozen subsequent characters, secured his own immortality."

Though Cibber left the stage some years before Garrick commenced actor, which might be supposed would have taken off all edge of rival-

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ship, yet he took every occasion of sneering at his popularity: he considered, though Garrick could not then clash with his theatrical interest, he was likely to blast his laurels with posterity; for, as Quin had said upon the same occasion, "If this young fellow is right, I, and the rest of the players, must have been all wrong." This consideration, therefore, hurt his feelings; which, though he endeavoured to conceal, still broke out on many little occasions, very much to the discredit of his temper and understanding.

One night at White's, when a Nobleman was speaking of the merits of Garrick, he suddenly turned about—"Pray, my Lord, have you ever seen this young fellow in *Fribble?*" "No, Mr. Cibber." "No! my Lord; why then see him by all means—he is the completest, prettiest little doll figure for a *Fribble* you ever saw in your life." "Well, but, Mr. Cibber, has he not a great deal of merit in other characters!" No answer for some time: at last, as if breaking from a reverie, he exclaimed, "What an admirable *Fribble!* Such mincing—ambling—fidgetting!—Well, faith, he must be something of a clever fellow too, to write up to his *own character* so well as he has done in this part."

At another time, lounging in the green-room, Fleetwood asked him, whether they might hope ever

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ever to have another comedy from him? "From me! (says Cibber:) who the deuce is to act in it?" Why, Sir, there's Garrick, Macklin, Pritchard, Clive, &c." "O, yes, I know your *dramatis personæ* very well; but, then, my dear fellow, (says he, very deliberately taking his snuff,) after all this, where the D—l are your *actors?*"

When he saw Garrick in Bayes, (formerly a favourite part of his own,) and was asked how he liked him, he said, he was a copyist of his son Theophilus; who was well known, by the best judges at that time, to have exhibited it in a very extravagant, absurd manner. Indeed, Old Cibber acknowledged this himself, though he placed Garrick on the same bench with him in point of theatrical abilities.

Though Cibber might have concealed all this spleen and disappointment from himself, he could not from his intimates: they saw through him clearly whenever the praises of Garrick were mentioned before him; at which times he either lost temper, (a thing very unusual with him,) or shewed a visible uneasiness in his countenance. One night, playing a party of whist at his club, whilst Garrick was on the *tapis*, he renounced the suit of diamonds, which appearing odd to his partner from the situation of his own hand, he cried out, "What, Mr. Cibber, no diamonds!" "Dia-

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monds! my Lord, (in some confusion,) yes, a million, by G—d." "And why would you sacrifice three tricks by not playing one?"—"Because (said one of the party) *Garrick would not let him.*"

Thus did his jealousy and self-love prevail over reason and experience; and thus did he subject himself to continual taunts and reproaches, because he would not suffer *another* to reach that point of fame which he acquired, with infinitely higher pretensions than his own.

The jealousy of Quin and Cibber, so far from injuring Garrick the least in his well-earned reputation, helped to increase it; as it called upon the attention of the best critics to study such a phænomenon the closer, and be satisfied themselves, as well as give the *ton* to others, "whether the general praises ascribed to this actor, were the sudden effusions produced by novelty, or the effects of real merit?"

Mr. Pope, amongst others, though at that time rather in the decline of health, was persuaded by Lord Orrery to see Garrick at Goodman's Fields; and though he had all the prejudice about him of a long and intimate acquaintance with Betterton, (whose talents he so much admired as an actor, and whose conversation and character he so much valued

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valued as a man, that he painted a picture of him, lately in the possession of William Lord Mansfield,) yet such was the force of genius, operating upon a man of candour and true discernment, that he told Lord Orrery, after the performance, "he was afraid the young man would be spoiled, for he would have no competitor."

What particular play it was that Pope saw him in, we have no account. Macklin could not remember it, though he could the observation of the Poet; and Davies, who afterwards wrote Garrick's life, is equally silent: the presumption therefore is, (Pope seeing him at Goodman's Fields,) that it was either King Richard; or Bayes, in The Rehearsal; as these were the two principal characters he performed on that Theatre.

The praises of Garrick, though loud and universal, did not seduce his understanding; but, on the contrary, led him to consider how to preserve it, so as to establish his reputation on a firm and permanent basis. Accordingly, when he quitted Goodman's Fields, and made his engagements with Fleetwood in the spring of 1742, he dismissed many of those characters which he performed in the city; such as Clodio, Jack Smatter, the Ghost in Hamlet, &c. &c. and aspired to higher walks, such as would bring him on a level with the Bettertons, the Booths, and Wilks of former times; for, feeling his own force, he

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knew of no over-awed timidity, but was zealous of trying the bow of Ulysses with his ablest competitors.

With this view, he consulted Macklin and Dr. Barrowby (a very eminent Physician and Critic at that time, and of whom more will be said hereafter) about the part of *Lear*, which they for some time paused upon, as a character rather of too much weight and variety for so inexperienced an actor: they, however, *referred him to himself;* adding, "that if he felt equal to the conception and execution of the part, he was the best judge." Garrick answered in the affirmative; and the Tragedy of *Lear* was announced for representation. He, however, previously stipulated that his two friends should sit in judgment on him the first night, and report their opinions faithfully to him afterwards.

To this both Macklin and Barrowby agreed; and, though the fascinating powers of this great actor had their usual influence with the generality of the audience, these two critics, acting like real friends, made rather an unfavourable report to him the next morning. They said, that, although he was dressed very appropriate for the character of *Lear*, he did not sufficiently enter into the infirmities of a "man fourscore and upwards:" that in the repetition of the curse, at the close of the first

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first act, he began it too low, and ended it too high; that reversing this, in a great measure, would have a better effect; only by letting his rage fall off towards the close, and melt itself in the pathetic: that he had not dignity enough for a King in the prison scene: and that he was particularly defective in the following speech of the fourth act, scene 5.

> "It were an excellent stratagem
> To shoe a troop of horse with felt:
> I'll put it in proof—No noise—no noise—
> Now will we steal upon those sons in law,
> And then—kill—kill—kill——"

by raising his voice too high in the first part, and letting it down too much in the last line; whereas the very text of "no noise—no noise," intimated, it should be repeated in a voice not much above a whisper; whilst the words "kill—kill—kill," should be given in all the loud-toned fury of revenge.

Whilst Macklin and Barrowby were thus freely commenting on the actor, the latter had his pencil in his hand, noting the several passages and observations; which, when he had concluded, "he thanked them, said it exactly met his *then* better judgment; and, as a proof of it, promised them he would not play the same character till he had made himself absolute master of the very kind and judicious hints which he then received."

Recollecting

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Recollecting afterwards, however, that the play was advertised for the next week, he would not disappoint the public; and he appeared again in *Lear*, which Macklin said he played rather *worse* than the first night; and this he very judiciously attributed to the *sudden* difficulty that arose in getting rid of his old habits, and adopting the new. The performance, on the whole, was respectable; and the Tragedy, though much called for by the town, was laid upon the shelf for six weeks.

At the end of this period, *Lear* was again advertised; and his two friendly critics, eager to see his, or rather their own, improvements, begged hard to be present at the rehearsal; but Garrick was resolute to the contrary: he answered, "If there should be any little thing not quite right, being told of it so near the performance, it might hurt his feelings in the execution, as he experienced on the second night, after their friendly admonitions—that he would rather trust to have his defects corrected afterwards, which he could better do at his leisure, than run the risk of a present embarrassment."

There was an observation in this reply which satisfied his friends, and they contented themselves with waiting for the first night of its revival. We have often heard Macklin speak of this night with

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all the rapture of an *amateur*, (and, perhaps, there was no little self-vanity mixed in the applause, considering himself as one of the causes of this improvement:) the curse he particularly admired; he said it exceeded all his imagination; and had such an effect, that it seemed to electrify the audience with horror. The words, "'Kill—kill—kill," echoed all the revenge of the frantic King; whilst he exhibited such a scene of the pathetic on discovering his daughter Cordelia, as drew tears of commiseration from the whole house. "In short, Sir," added the veteran, "the little dog made it a *chef d'œuvre*, and a *chef d'œuvre* it continued to the end of his life."

And here we feel it right, for the benefit of future actors, to recommend this conduct of Garrick as a rule to them in their progress to theatrical reputation. Had even this great actor continued to perform *Lear* in the manner he first adopted, he would have grown rooted in error, and perhaps have communicated this error as a kind of *base heir-loom* to posterity; but he had the good sense, and true taste of his profession, to know that perfection is only to be obtained by art, by assiduity, and experience; and, though the pursuit of these may cost a man's vanity some humiliations—some forbearance—there is an ample reward, in a true and permanent reputation, for every present difficulty and embarrassment.

How

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How many rising actors have we seen, (and we have even now some before us in our mind's eye,) who have been considerably nipped in their powers by the contrary practice! who have, during the very first season of their appearance, and in the very juvenility of life, attempted most of the great characters in tragedy in a rapid succession, without giving themselves leisure to mark their common dissimilarity—much less to study their several historical and poetical bearings—who have *dashed*, night after night, from *Richard* to *Othello*, from *Othello* to *Macbeth*, from *Macbeth* to *Lear*, *&c. &c.* without its being possible for them to embody those different characters, other than giving the *bare words* of the author; and even in this there has been some praise due to the natural retentiveness of their memories.

Let it not be offered in excuse, that a young actor is so much in the hands of his Manager, that he cannot well avoid this *hurry*; and that his principal is more to be blamed than himself. What actor of spirit will permit his future fame and fortune to be thus sacrificed by another? Nor is it the Manager's real interest to act so: it is nine times out of ten the folly and the presumption of the *Tyro*, who wants to obtain the *end* without the *means*; and which sometimes falling in with the avarice or ignorance of a Manager, will suffer him to knock out his brains for a little temporary profit.

Every

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Every man should be the *guardian of his own fame;* and if, even when pressed by a Manager to try a variety of leading characters in succession, a young actor should remonstrate, and call for more time and observation; the Manager, if he has common sense, will find in this a sufficient answer; he will augur well of the real abilities of his performer, whose becoming diffidence will present one of the best harbingers of his future perfection..

It was not in *Lear* alone that Garrick exercised this caution; he carried his prudence into almost all the principal parts of tragedy and comedy, and particularly in those characters which had been pre-occupied by persons of established reputation. It was not, for instance, till after his first return from Dublin, where he had prepared himself by several exhibitions, that he brought *Hamlet* forward on the London stage; and then performed it so characteristically just, that it has been observed by many who remembered his first appearance, that, through the remainder of his life, he had little to add to his excellence.

His *Abel Drugger*, in the *Alchymist*, was another of his long meditated characters; for though, in the great variety of Garrick's powers, low comedy was unquestionably his *forte*, and that in consequence he had little to fear from the trial; yet

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yet he very properly considered, that this was a long established and favourite part of Theophilus Cibber, who was then living; and who, he well knew, from the spirit of jealousy which he and his father had shewn on many occasions, would be on the *alert* to find out and expose his errors. Under this prepossession, he had several private rehearsals of this character before Macklin and other friends, who, from the first view, saw every promise of success. His manner, however, Macklin said, was very different from Cibber's. "Theophilus, Sir, though laughable in many respects, rather *farcified* this part too much; he was for making *fun for himself*, as well as the audience—a lamentable mistake for an actor! But Garrick's awkward, sober simplicity, at once announced the ignorant, selfish Tobacconist; and he very properly left his audience to *divert themselves* with the very singular absurdities of the character."

But, to enable the rising generation more sufficiently to judge of Garrick's excellence in *Abel Drugger*, we subjoin the following anecdote, which the Editor of these Memoirs heard from the late Dr. Johnson, who had heard it from Peter Garrick himself.

"A grocer in the town of Lichfield, a neighbour of Peter Garrick's, having occasion to come up to London on business, the latter gave him a letter

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letter of recommendation to his brother David. The grocer came to town late in the evening, and seeing Garrick's name up in the bills for *Abel Drugger*, he went to the two shilling gallery, and there waited in anxious expectation of seeing, in the person of his townsman, the greatest actor of the age. On Garrick's appearance, he was for some time in doubt, whether it could be him, or not: at last being convinced of it by the people about him, he felt so disgusted with the mean appearance, and mercenary conduct, of the performer, (which, by a foolish combination, he attached to the *man*,) that he went out of town without delivering the letter.

"On his arrival at Lichfield, Peter Garrick asked him how he was received by his brother, and how he liked him? The man at first wished to parry the question; but at length owned, that he never delivered the letter. "Not deliver my letter!" says Peter; "how came that about?" "Why, the fact is, my dear friend," said the other; "I saw enough of him on the stage to make that unnecessary. He may be rich, as I dare say any man who lives like him must be; but, by G—d, (and here, said the Doctor, the man vociferated an oath,) though he is your brother, Mr. Garrick, he is one of the shabbiest—meanest—most pitiful hounds I ever saw in the whole course of my life."

Indeed,

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Indeed, those who knew Garrick intimately in life, and who had seen him act his *rounds*, as he called them, could very well believe this anecdote of him. His mode was as follows: when he was in high spirits, and with intimates congenial to himself, he would suddenly start up, and placing himself behind a chair, (leaning on the back of it,) would convey into his face every possible kind of passion with an infinite number of gradations. At one moment the company laughed; at another, cried; now melted into pity; now terrified; and presently they conceived in *themselves* something horrible, he seemed so much terrified at what he saw.

After practising this for some time, he drew his features into the appearance of such dignified wisdom, that a Lord Chancellor might have sat for the portrait; and then, by an admirable, yet degrading transition, he became a driveller and a fool. In short, his face was what he obliged you to fancy it—age—youth—joy—grief—every thing he assumed.

There is a story told of Garrick, that he frightened Hogarth so much by appearing to him as the *Ghost* of Fielding, whom he so resembled by altering his features, that Hogarth never told the circumstance without evident emotion.

In

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Garrick's thus cultivating his profession *off* as well as *on* the stage, acquired such judgment and versatility, that we scarcely ever find him misled to persevere in characters where he lost ground.

His *Othello* was a remarkable instance of this. Willing to take such conspicuous part in the great circle of his professional talents, he attempted this very difficult character, where, independent of all judgment and taste, there is a demand of figure, and tones of voice, perhaps superior to any in the whole range of the drama: but though his ambition tempted him to a trial, his judgment would not suffer him to continue in it: he dropped it after the first night, and never afterwards assumed a second representation.

Two additional motives may have probably determined him to abandon *Othello*. The one was, that Barry very soon afterwards made his appearance on the London stage in this part; and the very just and deserved applause he acquired, might have shewn Garrick the impolicy of a contention. The other was, the sarcasm which Quin made upon his performance, when asked by a lady how he liked Mr. Garrick in Othello? "Othello! Madam," replied the Cynic; "Psha! no such thing!—There was a little black boy, like Pompey attending with a tea-kettle, fretting and fuming about the stage; but I saw no Othello."

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Garrick had not only judgment in relinquishing a part that he found, upon experience, was unfit for him; but he had such a knowledge of his own powers in other characters, "that a whole college of wit-crackers could not flout him out of his humour," when he found he was right. Quin, for instance, attempted to be equally witty and severe on his Sir John Brute, by calling it *Jacky Brute*: but Garrick persevered in the character notwithstanding; and the Town, to the last, admitted the justice of his choice.

We shall mention one more instance of Garrick's judgment, (which seldom or never yielded to his vanity,) in the instance of the tragedy of *Cæsar*, as adapted to the British stage, from the French play of Voltaire's, by Aaron Hill, Esq.

After the success of this author's *Merope*, he tried all his arts to make Garrick perform in this his favourite Tragedy of Cæsar: he told him, "he had written this character expressly for the exhibition of his powers, and to shew that *energy of passion* in which he stood so much unrivalled." He stooped even to the most barefaced flatteries; and, in a letter addressed to him on this subject, talks "of a *mouth* he could name, together with such *eyes* and *attitudes*, *&c. &c.* as would outdo all his former outdoings." But Garrick, though a good deal misled by flattery, as well as fear, upon

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upon other occasions, never let either interfere with his theatrical reputation: he politely parried all these solicitations, and was determined, like *Brutus*, not *to be trepanned by Cæsar*.

In short, upon the receipt of this letter, Garrick gave such reasons to Mr. Hill for his not appearing in his Tragedy to any advantage, that he gave up all designs of bringing it forward; and as the author died in a few months afterwards, this offspring of his Muse accompanied him to the grave in silence and obscurity.

At what period Garrick became acquainted with Mrs. Woffington, we do not exactly know; by computation, it must be some time before his appearance at Goodman's Fields, or immediately afterwards, as we find them both engaged for the Dublin Theatre in the summer of 1742, and both embarking on that expedition in the month of June the same year.

We have likewise a song of Garrick's on his mistress about the same time, beginning with,

"Once more I'll tune my vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
Which burns for thee, my Peggy;"

which was much talked of at that time under the general title of "Lovely Peggy." Macklin used

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often to call this "a water-gruel thing," which made its way amongst fashionable circles, merely through the medium of Garrick's theatrical name, without any point, or peculiarity of sentiment, to support it: but, perhaps, this may be a proof of his *passion*, as most of our best love-songs have been written by mere *poetical* lovers, who had no other interest to support than their reputation as writers.

Upon their return from Dublin, Mrs. Woffington lodged in the same house with Macklin; and as Garrick often visited there, there was a constant course of society between the parties: a fourth visitor, too, sometimes made his appearance, but in *private*—who was a Noble Lord, lately living, and who was much enamoured with Miss Woffington's many agreeable qualifications. It, however, unfortunately happened one night, that Garrick had occupied Miss Woffington's chamber when his Lordship took it in his head to visit his favourite Dulcinea. A loud knocking at the door announced his arrival, when Garrick, who had always a proper *presentiment* of danger about him, jumped out of bed, and gathering up his clothes as well as he could, hurried up to Macklin's apartments for security.

Macklin was just out of his first sleep when he was roused by his friend; who told him the particular

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cular cause of disturbing him, and requesting the use of a bed for the remainder of the night. But what was Garrick's surprise when, on reviewing the articles of his dress which he brought up with him, "in the alarm of fear," he found he had left his *scratch wig* below in Miss Woffington's bed-chamber! Macklin did all he could to comfort him—the other lay upon tenter-hooks of anxiety the whole night.

But to return to his Lordship: He had scarcely entered the apartment, when finding something entangle his feet in the dark, he called for a light, and the first object he saw was this unfortunate *scratch!* which, taking up in his hand, he exclaimed with an oath, "Oh! Madam, have I found you out at last? So here has been a lover in the case!" and then fell to upbraiding her in all the language of rage, jealousy, and disappointment. The lady heard him with great composure for some time; and then, without offering the least excuse, "begged of him not to make himself so great a fool, but give her her wig back again." "What! Madam, do you glory in your infidelity? Do you own the wig then?" "Yes, to be sure I do," said she; "I'm sure it was my money paid for it, and I hope it will repay me with money and reputation too." This called for a farther explanation. At last she very coolly said, "Why, my Lord, if you will thus desert

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your character as a man, and be prying into all the little peculiarities of my domestic and professional business, know, that I am soon to play a breeches part; and that wig, which you so triumphantly hold in your hand, is the very individual wig I was practising in a little before I went to bed: and so, because my maid was careless enough to leave it in your Lordship's way—here I am to be plagued and scolded at such a rate, as if I was a common prostitute."

This speech had all the desired effect: his Lordship fell upon his kneess, begged a thousand pardons, and the night was passed in harmony and good humour.

Garrick heard these particulars with transport next morning; praised her wit and ingenuity; and, "what was still better, Sir," said Macklin, "gave us a dinner the same day at Richmond, where we all laughed heartily at his Lordship's cullibility."

The connection between Miss Woffington and Garrick soon after this became more united: they kept house together, and, by agreement, each bore the monthly expences alternately. Macklin freqently made one at their social board, which was occasionally attended by some of the first wits of that time; particularly during Miss Woffington's

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ton's month, which was always distinguished by a better table, and a greater run of good company. When Macklin was asked, "How did this happen?" he would reply, in his rough cynical manner, "*Happen*, Sir! it did not happen at all —it was by *design*, by a *studied economy* on the part of Garrick, which more or less attended him all through life." "Why, I thought Mr. Garrick was rather esteemed a generous man!" "Yes, Sir, in *talk* he was a very generous man, a humane man, and all that; and, by G—d, Sir, I believe he was no hypocrite in his immediate feelings: but, Sir, he would tell you all this very plausibly at his house in Southampton Street, till turning the corner, the very first *ghost of a farthing* he met with, would melt all his fine resolutions 'into air, into thin air,' and he was then a mere *Manager*."

Dr. Johnson adds another testimony of Garrick's parsimony on these occasions. Drinking tea one evening with him at Miss Woffington's, he scolded her for making the tea too strong; and, upon her replying, "it was no stronger than usual," he got up with some passion, and exclaimed, "Not stronger than usual, Madam! Why this tea is as red as blood."

Dispositions so different as Garrick's and Woffington, were not likely to produce a good *matrimonial*

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trimonial duet. The latter was rather sanguine in the contrary opinion. Garrick certainly had great attractions: his person was neat and elegant; his manners agreeable and sprightly; with talents that, without a rival, not only placed him at the head of his profession, but must insure him a very considerable fortune. These were strong inducements to interest the lady, who, though young, and rather handsome, with fine accomplishments, and rising talents, yet was not *immaculate* in her private character. What encouragement Garrick gave her for the hope of marriage, we do not know; but that she reckoned on it as a strong probability, Macklin believed from many conversations which he had with her on the subject. The following little circumstance, however, soon threw this hope for ever to the ground.

After one of those *tête a têtes*, when we suppose, like Lucy in "The Beggar's Opera," she was soliciting him "to be made an honest woman of," the prospect of such a marriage haunted him so in his dreams, that he had a very restless night of it. She enquired the cause: he demurred, and hesitated for some time; but as the lady would take no excuse, he confusedly told her, "that he was thinking of this marriage. That it was a very foolish thing for both parties, who might do better in separate lines; and that, for his part, though he loved and respected his dear Peggy, and

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and ever should do so as an admirer, yet he could not answer for himself in the part of *Benedick.*" "And pray, was it this," said the lady, very coolly, "which has given you this restless night?" "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Peg, as you love frankness, it was; and, in consequence, I have worn the shirt of *Dejanira* for these last eight hours past." "Then, Sir," said she, raising her voice, "get up, and throw it off; for from this hour I separate myself from you, except in the course of professional business, or in the presence of a third person." Garrick attempted to sooth her, but in vain: they parted that moment; and the lady kept her word with the greatest punctuality.

This story soon got abroad, and was, as usual, exaggerated with all those ridiculous circumstances which Gossip Report is so dexterous at. A caricature of the transaction, no way honourable to the actor, appeared in the print shops, to the great amusement of the public.

Next morning Miss Woffington packed up all the little presents which Garrick had given her, and sent them to him with a farewell letter. Garrick did the same to her; except a pair of diamond shoe buckles, which cost her a considerable sum, and of which he took no notice. She waited a month longer, to see whether he would return them:

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them: she then wrote him a letter, delicately touching on the circumstance. To this Garrick replied, saying, "as they were the only *little* memorials he had of the many happy hours which passed between them, he hoped she would permit him to keep them for her sake." Woffington saw through this, but had too much spirit to reply; and Garrick retained the buckles to the last hour of his life.

Of this celebrated woman, no less famous for her talents, and fine accomplishments, than for her generosity and appropriate feelings, the following sketch of her character, as taken from Macklin, and other contemporary performers, cannot be unacceptable; especially as the public will find in it some particulars which were either unknown to, or have escaped, the rest of her biographers.

The origin of Miss Woffington, as is well known, was very humble. Her mother, on the death of her father, kept a small grocer's shop (commonly called in Ireland a huckster's shop) upon Ormónd Quay; and under this inauspicious circumstance did a woman, who afterwards delighted nations, and attracted the highest private regards, begin her career in life. What first gave rise to the accomplishment of so great a change, the following circumstance will explain.

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There was a French woman, of the name of Madame Violante,* who took up an occasional residence in Dublin about the year 1728. This woman was celebrated for exhibiting great feats of grace and agility on the tight rope, &c. &c. and, as she supported a good private character, her exhibitions were much resorted to at that time by people of the best fashion. Violante varied her amusements to the floating caprices of taste; and as "The Beggar's Opera" was then the rage all over the three kingdoms, she undertook to get up a representation of this celebrated piece with a company of children, or, as they were called in the bills of that day, "Lilliputian Actors." Woffington, who was then only in the tenth year of her age, she fixed upon as her *Macheath;* and such was the power of her infant talents, not a little perhaps aided by the partialities in favour of the opera, that the Lilliputian Theatre was crowded every night, and the spirit and address of the little hero the theme of every theatrical conversation.

Here was not only an early and accidental decision of her genius for the stage, but for her future

* This woman, who must have been exceedingly celebrated, has had the singular honour to be noticed by Swift, in his "Vindication of his Excellency Lord Carteret." In this piece, which abounds with traits of the Dean's peculiar cast of humour, it will be seen, that the use he has made of her is eminently political.

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ture excellence in *breeches parts;* as, had not the character of Macbeath been assigned her, it is more than probable, she would have gone on in the usual line of acting, without ever being celebrated as the best male rake of her day.

A commencement so favourable, got her an engagement a few years afterwards at Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, where she soon fulfilled every expectation that was formed of her: and so little did her humble birth, and early education, bow down her mind to her situation, that her talents were found evidently to lie in the representation of females of high rank and dignified deportment. Her person was suitable to such an exhibition, being of size above the middle stature, elegantly formed, and, though not an absolute beauty, had a face full of expression and vivacity. She was, beside, highly accomplished for the stage, being a perfect mistress of dancing, and of the French language; both of which she acquired under the tuition of Madame Violante.

Her reputation on the Irish stage drew an offer from Mr. Rich, the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, for an engagement at a very handsome salary, which Miss Woffington accepted, and in the winter of 1740, (when our heroine was exactly twenty-two years of age,) she made her first appearance on the London Stage in the character

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ter of Sylvia, in "The Recruiting Officer;" and in the same month she performed Sir Harry Wildair. The publication of this part to be undertaken by a *woman*, excited the curiosity of the public, and more particularly as the character had for the most part lain dormant since the death of Wilks, (seven years before that time,) who was universally esteemed the first Sir Harry on the stage. However this curiosity was fully satisfied in favour of Miss Woffington, it was admitted by the best critics, that she represented this gay, good-humoured, dissipated rake of fashion, with an ease, elegance, and deportment, which seemed almost out of the reach of female accomplishments; and her fame flew about the town with such rapidity, that the comedy had a run, and proved a considerable addition to the treasury for many seasons afterwards.

Upon this occasion, she one night observed to Quin, after coming off the stage in a thunder of applause, "I really believe, Quin, half the audience take me for a man." "By G—d, Madam, if they do, (said the cynic,) the *other half of the house know to the contrary.*"

And here a slight discussion on the merits of this character, as well as of *breeches parts* in general, may not be unacceptable to the amateurs of the drama; particularly as the opinion we are about

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about to give, has been sanctioned by those of Garrick, Macklin, and others.

The reputation which Miss Woffington had for many years in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, was such, that it was considered as a *chef d'ouvre* of acting, which wanted nothing of the *male accomplishment*, and which, perhaps, was never equalled by Wilks himself "in the meridian of his reputation." This certainly was not critically true; nor will it apply to any woman, no matter how celebrated she may be in male characters, (*quasi* male characters.) Where a woman, no doubt, personates a man *pro tempore*, as is the case in several of our stock comedies, (particularly in Hypolita, in "She Would and She Would Not,") the closer the imitation is made, the more we applaud the performer, but always in the knowledge that the object before us is *a woman assuming the character of a man*; but when this same woman totally usurps the male character, and we are left to try her merits merely as a man, without making the least allowance for the imbecilities of the other sex, we may safely pronounce, there is no woman, nor ever was a woman, who can fully supply this character. There is such a *reverse* in all the habits and modes of the two sexes, acquired from the very cradle upwards, that it is next to an impossibility for the one to resemble the other so as totally to escape detection. Garrick, who was a great

a great judge of his art, always thought so; and so did Macklin; and when the case of Miss Woffington's Sir Harry was offered as an exception to this general rule, Garrick would not admit it: he said, "It no doubt was a great attempt for *a woman*, but still it was *not* Sir Harry Wildair."

Miss Woffington, however great her reputation in this part, did not rest it wholly in Sir Harry. In characters of gay, high bred deportment, such as Millimant, Lady Townly, Lady Betty Modish, &c. she possessed a first rate merit. She likewise excelled in many of the humorous parts of comedy; such as Lady Pliant, in Congreve's "Double Dealer;" Mrs. Day, in "The Committee;" and others; not in the least scrupling, on these occasions, to convert the natural beauty of her face to the wrinkles of old age, and put on the tawdry habiliments and vulgar manners of the old hypocritical city vixen.

During the tender connection between Garrick and Woffington, they often performed together in the same scene, both here and in Dublin; but when the former became Manager of Drury Lane in the year 1747, he was not a little embarrassed, on finding her one of the articled comedians of his partner Mr. Lacy. Woffington felt equally awkward on it; and what made her situation still more critical, was the professional interference of Mrs.

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Mrs. Cibber, Pritchard, and Clive; particularly the latter, who, being naturally quick, as well as coarse in her passion, frequently drew upon her the sarcastic replies of Woffington, who made battle with a better grace, and the utmost composure of temper.

To live in a state of warfare, however, was not Woffington's *penchant*. She soon after quitted this Theatre for Covent Garden, where she had more scope for her talents, and where, for near four years, she shone unrivalled in the walks of elegant and humorous comedy. It is true, she now and then (particularly after her trip from Paris, where she had studied a good deal the grace and grandeur of the French Theatre under the celebrated actress Madamoiselle Dumesnil) ambitioned the higher walks of tragedy; but this line of acting was evidently not her *forte*. Her *Andromache* and *Hermione* brought her some kind of approbation; but her *tones* were in general too *Cibberian* for Tragedy; and, however they might display the propriety of mere recitation, they had not the power of touching the tender or tempestuous passions.

In 1751, Mrs. Woffington quitted the London Theatres for a very profitable engagement under Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who was at that time Manager of Smock Alley House, and who, being an excellent

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excellent judge himself of theatrical merit, was always liberal in cultivating the growth of distinguished talents. It was at this æra that Woffington might have been said to have reached the *acme* of her fame: she was then in the bloom of her person, accomplishments, and profession; highly distinguished for her wit and vivacity; with a charm of conversation that at once attracted the admiration of the men, and the envy of the women.

How she was considered as an actress may be estimated from the following theatrical record, where Victor tells us, that, although her article with the Manager was but for *four hundred pounds*, yet by four of her characters, performed ten nights each that season, viz. Lady Townly, Maria in the Nonjuror, Sir Harry Wildair, and Hermione, she brought *four thousand pounds*; an instance, he adds, never known in any theatre from four old stock plays, and in two of which the Manager bore no part.

The next year Sheridan liberally enlarged her salary to *eight hundred pounds*; and though it was to be imagined that her force to draw audiences must be weakened, yet the profits at closing the Theatre, did not fall short of more than three hundred pounds of the first season.

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Her company *off* was equally sought for as *on* the Stage; and though she did not much admire the frivolity of her own sex, and consequently did not mix much with them, she was the delight of some of the gravest and most scientific characters in Church and State. She was well known to be at the head of the celebrated Beef Steak Club (a club held every Saturday at the Manager's expence, and principally composed of Lords and Members of Parliament) for many years, where no woman was admitted but herself; and where wit and spirit, in taking their most excursive flights, never once broke through the laws of decorum.

This celebrated Club, however, which made so great a noise at that time in the theatrical world, and at which Mrs. Woffington gave and received such infinite satisfaction, after a few years *dwindled* into what was called "Party Meeting," where *Opposition* thought the *Court* was too predominant; and, in consequence of this opinion, wreaked their vengeance, in the end, on the unoffending Manager. Mrs. Woffington saw these troubles brewing, and actually afloat whilst she remained in Dublin; she therefore thought proper to relinquish this scene of warfare once more for the regions of London, and in the winter of 1756, returned to her old quarters under Rich, the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

Though

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Though Mrs. Woffington was now only in her *thirty-eighth* year, (a time of life, generally speaking, which may be called *meridional* in point of constitution and professional talents,) her health began visibly to decline: she, however, pursued her public profession till the year before her death, when her disorder increasing, she retired from the stage in 1759, and died on the 28th of March, 1760.

Many years before her death, perhaps in the *gaiety of her heart*, she made a kind of verbal engagement with Colonel C—— (a quondam inamorato of her's) "that the longest liver was to have all." She, however, thought better of this rash resolution, and bequeathed her fortune, which was above five thousand pounds, to her sister; a legacy which, though it is said greatly disappointed the Colonel, (who, perhaps, might have disappointed her, had it been his turn to go first,) was more suitable to the duties she owed to so near and valuable a relation.

Some *generalship* was practised on this occasion between Mrs. Woffington and the Colonel. The former having neglected to make the clause in favour of her sister till this her last illness, the Colonel suspected her intentions, and, with a view to prevent them, was constant in his daily

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visits, almost from morning till night. The sister took advantage, however, of the Colonel's leaving the house one evening rather early, and had the will *altered to her mind;* and which happened to be *just in time;* as the Colonel returned before he went to bed, to bid another adieu to "his lovely Peggy."

We had the above anecdote from a gentleman now living, who was then clerk to an eminent attorney, under whom he was employed to draw the will.

Her death was considered at that time as a general loss to the stage; and Mr. Hoole, (the ingenious Translator of Ariosto, &c.) who knew her perfectly well, has in the following lines (which we have extracted from his Monody to her Memory) drawn her public and private character so faithfully, that we cannot better conclude this sketch, than by giving them a repetition in this place.

Blest in each art, by Nature form'd to please,
With beauty, sense, with elegance, and ease,
Whose piercing genius study'd all mankind,
All Shakespeare opening to thy vigorous mind;
In every scene of comic humour known,
In sprightly sallies, wit was all thy own:
Whether you seem'd the *Cit's* more humble wife,
Or shone in *Townly's* higher sphere of life,
Alike thy spirit knew each turn of wit,
And gave new force to all the poet writ.

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Nor was thy worth to public scenes confin'd,
Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind;
Thy ears were ever open to distress,
Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless,
Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt,
Thy heart for others' sorrows prone to melt.
In vain did Envy point her scorpion sting,
In vain did Malice shake her blasting wing,
Each generous breast disdain'd th' unpleasing tale,
And cast o'er every fault Oblivion's veil.

The friendship between Macklin and Garrick continued with unabating attachment, from the first period of their acquaintance, to the general revolt of the Performers of Drury Lane in the year 1743. During this interval, the latter looked up to the former for his theatrical experience with Managers and the public; and as Macklin always *talked* much of *marketable fame*, Garrick, who had a great deal to dispose of, thought him a good chapman to inform him of the best modes of keeping up its just value: and, indeed, so apt was the pupil in those lessons of economy, that he soon soared beyond his master—Macklin having the *theory* only in his head, subject to the impetuosity of his passions—Garrick mixing *theory* and *practice* together, under the direction of prudence, and the nature of existing circumstances.

The revolt of the Performers in 1743, occasioned by the great irregularity of the Manager

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Fleetwood, is too well known to need a recital here. The obligations entered into between Macklin and Garrick, at the head of this revolt, were certainly to stand by each other until their demands were complied with; but being disappointed in the Lord Chamberlain's decision,* Garrick found all opposition not only ineffectual as to the point in question, but likely to be attended with very serious consequences to him and his friends: he therefore made his terms with the Manager, as did many others of the seceders, except Macklin; who, in imitation of Shylock, insisted upon the particulars of his bond with Garrick, and loudly complained both of the breach of friendship and confederated agreement.

Deciding upon this question in the Court of *Minos*, there can be no doubt judgment must go with Macklin; but there are certain circumstances which cannot be foreseen at the time of entering into

* The Duke of Grafton, grandfather to the present Duke, was then Lord Chamberlain, who, on receiving the petition of the Performers for a licence to act plays at some other Theatre, independent of their former Manager, very gravely asked one of the Performers (we believe Mr. Garrick) what was the yearly amount of his salary? The answer was, about 500l. per year. "And this you think too little," replied his Grace, "whilst I have a Son, who is heir to my title and estate, venturing his life daily for his King and Country, at much less than half that sum." The petition was of course rejected.

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into some agreements, which, though, perhaps, not altogether sufficient to justify, yet enough to apologize for the breach of them. This we look upon as one. The performers could not gain the point for which they confederated, and an obstinate holding out must have very materially injured Garrick, both in his rising fame and fortune, whilst most of the others would be absolutely ruined. Common prudence, therefore, demanded an accommodation; and though we believe Macklin would have taken all risks sooner than infringe this agreement himself, yet the ill-judged obstinacy of one man should not involve the bread of others.

But Macklin did not dread a storm with the fears of ordinary men. As he was active in revolt, so he was marked by the Manager as a ring-leader, and he did not disclaim that character. He created a party both against the Manager and the principal actor, (Garrick,) and, on the first appearance of the latter in the character of Bayes, he spirited up his friend Dr. Barrowby to head this party in the pit, which being opposed by another cabal of the Manager's friends, produced as great a riot for two nights successively, as perhaps was ever known within the walls of a Theatre.

Garrick's talents, and the general desire to see those talents brought into action, at length pre-

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vailed: the public would not have their amusements interrupted for the sake of party disputes, and the malcontents began to relax. Even Dr. Barrowby himself, who was not a man easily intimidated, told Macklin, that "a continuance in these riots would not only *shut him out* of Drury Lane Theatre for ever, but perhaps *shut him up* in a prison, which was much worse." The parties, after this, had recourse to their pens, and the pens of their friends, for the continuance of the war.

It is not within the province of these anecdotes to relate a regular life of Macklin, which has been already done in various forms, but to touch upon points of his long intercourse with the stage not generally known, and which might best elucidate the *manners* and *characters* of the times in which he lived. Having therefore mentioned the name of Dr. Barrowby, as a leading character in this theatrical riot, and having likewise brought him forward as the mutual friend of Macklin and Garrick in a former part of these Anecdotes, some little sketch of his life may not be unentertaining.

Barrowby was a young man, the son of a Physician, educated at one of our public schools, and afterwards entered at Cambridge, where he soon distinguished himself as a man of learning, talents, and

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and dissipation. He was designed for a physician; and as the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe had left behind him a kind of school for bold practitioners, Barrowby seems to have formed himself upon this plan. He was naturally forward and decisive, both in his conversation and measures; and as he had a fund of knowledge to depend upon, as well as a great turn for satirical wit, he was ambitious of taking the lead in company, sometimes at the expence of good manners and good-nature.

This disposition got him many enemies whilst at College; and those who could not vie with him in abilities, confederated to humble him at any rate. They therefore insidiously circulated a report, that, amongst Barrowby's vices, he had to number a *partiality for an unnatural passion.* He soon felt the influence of this report, by a desertion of many of his friends; and he was resolved to get rid of it by an antidote, which very few persons, but a man of his bold eccentric disposition, would think of. He hired an open phaeton and four horses of a stable-keeper at Oxford, and, watching his opportunity, on a Sunday morning, when the heads of the Colleges were going to Church, he mounted this phaeton, accompanied on each side by two of the most infamous women from London, and in this situation drove through the town with the most determined effrontery imaginable.

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The surprise and consternation this occasioned may well be imagined; it formed the conversation of the whole day; every body wondering at the boldness and profligacy of the measure. The College, therefore, could not but take cognizance of it; and he making no defence, was expelled with recorded disgrace.

He foresaw this consequence, and piqued himself, through life, on the ingenuity of it. He used to say, he had no other way to redeem his character. "I could not defend myself, either by an appeal to my usual manner of living, or calling on my accusers to come forward; because no direct, or public charge could, or was ever intended to be made against me. A *notorious fact to the contrary* then," said he, "was the best way to get rid of a private insinuation." It so far succeeded as to do away the malice of the first report: but surely few men, feeling themselves innocent of the crime imputed to them, would ever think of so desperate a remedy!

When he quitted College, he sat up as a practising Physician in London, and might have obtained a considerable share both of fame and profit, had he been governed by those prudent regulations which are indispensibly claimed by the public from men of his profession. But he was a wit, and a man of pleasure; presided at most of

of the convivial meetings about town; and was, above all, considered as one of the best *theatrical critics* of his day.

Some of our readers might smile at this last badge of distinction, applied to a professional man like Dr. Barrowby; but they must first take into their account of what import the title of a *theatrical critic* was in those days—It was the top feather in the cap of gallantry and literature—It was sought after by most of the young men of fashion and polite literature—And he who could obtain this niche in the Dramatic Temple, not only obtained a considerable degree of fame, but of power and authority over others.

These critics were distinguished from the critics of the present day, by not being so by *profession*, or rather by *pecuniary engagements*. They practised the art as *amateurs;* and, as they appeared more in their *own characters* than as *anonymous writers*, they required greater responsibility in point of learning, taste, and judgment. Indeed, such was the popular as well as scientific rage for the stage, that a veteran critic now living, of most respectable authority, has often said, speaking of those times, "That there were then *four* Estates in the Constitution of this Country, viz. King, Lords, Commons, and *the Theatres*."

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The Bedford Coffee-house was the great scene of theatrical discussion, where, after every new or revived play, farce, pantomime, &c. these critics issued from the Theatre, to settle the quantum of merit or demerit of each piece Being mostly known to each other, they conversed freely and openly upon the subject, very much to the amusement, and often to the improvement, of the *amateurs* of the profession. Macklin generally made one of these parties, as did Foote, and the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval, who, knowing the irritability of Macklin's character, and the points to bring him out on, constantly introduced him as a principal in these discussions. He wanted science, it is true, equal to most of his adversaries; and when they quoted any Greek or Latin author as apposite to their opinions, he used to grow angry; but he was full of observation and experience; and occasionally let off a sarcasm, that brought the laugh, in full tide, against his opponent.

The writer of this account was present one night at the Bedford, (towards the decline of this custom,) when Macklin and the late Hugh Kelly met, after the representation of one of Garrick's pieces, (he thinks the musical entertainment of Cymon,) and when of course the merit of the piece fell under discussion. They soon pitted themselves against each other—Kelly on the side of Garrick, and

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and Macklin in direct opposition—the former all softness, and affected humility—the latter all home truth and coarseness. The controversy lasted a very considerable time, to the no small amusement of the auditors; when Kelly telling him, with a significant look, that he was willing to stand in Mr. Garrick's shoes, and answer personally any thing he could say against him, Macklin replied, (accompanied with one of his scowling *sneers*,) "And what right have you, Sir, to stand in Garrick's shoes? But I beg pardon—you are, I understand, a *tailor* by profession, and may be *articled* to provide him with *full suits* of panegyric, *shoes*, stockings, and all."*

This raised a general laugh, which soon put an end to the dispute; and the two combatants went to supper in different boxes, with a sovereign contempt for each other's abilities.

Barrowby, as we before observed, made one of this old school, and, according to Macklin, was one of the deepest in point of knowledge of the set: and yet his inclination for the Theatre did not entirely divert him from his professional pursuits.

* Kelly was originally bred a Stay-maker in Dublin, and worked at his trade for some months after he came to London. He was, however, a man of some genius; and had a facility and an ease in writing upon common subjects, very agreeable to the level of ordinary readers.

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pursuits. He was allowed, by the best judges of his art, to be an intelligent Physician; and that his parts and knowledge would have given him celebrity, if his assiduity and gravity of deportment kept equal pace.

But the rage of shining in another sphere, with the constant love of company, which too generally draws on the love of the bottle, made him prefer the purlieus of Covent Garden to the regions of Batson's and Warwick-lane; so that Barrowby's practice, at last, was principally confined to the Performers of both Theatres, and their connections; here he mostly lived—here he amused himself—and here he alternately held the bottle, and filled the chair of criticism, during the best part of the night.

A life of this irregularity could not last long—He had several sudden warnings before the last, but the voice of Pleasure sounded too high for them to be listened to: one day, as he was sitting down to dinner at a tavern in Bow-street, Covent Garden, he complained of a sudden and violent complaint in his head, which he immediately ordered to be shaved close, and rubbed with brandy; but this not relieving him, he told his companions, "t'was all over with him, for he then knew his disorder was fatal." A chair was called for, to carry him to his house in the city, where he

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he was put to bed, and proper medicines administered to him. He, however, still persisted "in its being all in vain;" and his prophecy was too fatally fulfilled, as he died next morning in a fit of strong apoplexy.

Such was the short life of Dr. Barrowby; a man who, by every account of his wit, his strong intuitive and medical knowledge, might have been a second Radcliffe, both in fame and fortune, had he considered properly the duties he owed himself and his profession. But the gratification of the moment was his strongest impulse, and to this every other consideration gave place.

He was accused by some of irreligious principles; but those who knew him best, reported of him, that, although he might be negligent in ceremonials, and at times loose in his manner of talking on religious subjects, he was by no means an unbeliever, and in his dealings most certainly a moral man: his imprudence, however, in talking freely, and often at improper times and places, made this report *scarcely scandal;* his wit and humour were always uppermost; and to indulge this vein, he often not only made enemies, but left the other parts of his character open to suspicion.

One day, as he was eating pork chops for his dinner at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Covent

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Covent Garden, a Jew of his acquaintance asked him, how he could eat pork with such a gout? "Because I like it," said Barrowby; "and all I'm sorry for is, that I was not born a Jew, for then I should have the pleasure of eating pork-chops and *sinning* at the same time."

He evidently could have no other meaning in this loose remark but a *jeu d'esprit*; and yet the mind that suffers itself to think in this manner, though jocularly, by degrees indisposes it for more serious meditations, and does a mischief in the example of more extent than it is aware of.

But to return to Macklin, whom we left on the *pavè* after his dismissal from Drury Lane Theatre. His situation here (as far as could be judged by a common observer) was truly pitiable, but perhaps not so much felt by himself: a man of Macklin's pride must have fed, not a little, on his anger for some time; and as he was conscious of his own resources, he consoled himself with making Garrick not only the butt of his resentment in paragraphs and pamphlets, but by every little anecdote in private life, which he thought could depreciate his character.

Garrick's avarice (which, by the bye, was not generally founded) was all through life a constant theme of Macklin's declamation; and it does not a little

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a little redound to the former's general reputation, that his most inveterate enemy could bring no other charge against him than this, which, as far as ever we could learn, was no more from the beginning, than a laudable resolution of being independent. The needy, the disappointed, and the envious, however, joined in the cry; and whenever Macklin talked of Garrick's avarice, he was generally believed. Indeed, the very instances themselves, which he brought in proof of this charge, are of so trifling and laughable a nature, that, although they might indirectly point out an economical character, they are far from establishing that of the professed miser.

To illustrate this, we shall produce some of these instances. Garrick and Macklin frequently rode out together, and often baited at some of the public houses on the Richmond road. Upon these occasions, whenever they came to a turnpike, or to settle the account of the luncheon, Garrick either had changed his breeches that morning, and was without money, or else used to produce a 36s. piece, which made it difficult to change. Upon these occasions, Macklin, to use his own phrase, "stood Captain Flashman;" that is, paid the charge. This went on for some time, when Macklin, finding that Garrick never took his turn of paying the expences, or repaying those he had advanced for him, challenged him

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one day for a debt he owed him, and then pulled out a long slip of paper, in which the several disbursements were entered *according to date, place, and company;* "and which, Sir," said the veteran, "amounted to between thirty and forty shillings. The little fellow at first seemed surprised, and then would have turned it into a joke: but I was serious, Sir, and he paid me the money; and after that we *jogged* on upon our own separate accounts."

Another time Garrick gave a dinner at his lodgings to Harry Fielding, Macklin, Havard, Mrs. Cibber, &c. &c. and vails to servants being then much the fashion, Macklin, and most of the company, gave Garrick's man (David, a Welchman) something at parting—some a shilling, some half a crown, &c. whilst Fielding, very formally, slipt a piece of paper in his hand, with something folded in the inside. When the company were all gone, David seeming to be in high glee, Garrick asked him how much he got. "I can't tell you yet, Sir," said Davy: "here is half a crown from Mrs. Cibber, Got pless hur—here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin—here is two from Mr. Havard, &c.—and here is something more from the Poet, Got pless his merry heart!" By this time David had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment, he saw it contain no more than *one penny!* Garrick felt nettled at this, and next day spoke

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to Fielding about the impropriety of *jesting* with a servant. "Jesting!" said Fielding, with a seeming surprise: "so far from it, that I meant to do the fellow a real piece of service; for had I given him a shilling, or half a crown, I knew you would have taken it from him; but by giving him only a *penny*, he had a chance of calling it his own."

In telling these anecdotes, Macklin used to add, "Sir, he was not only avaricious himself, but he taught his man David all the tricks of his profession; and the fellow, Sir, was an apt scholar, knowing how far it would recommend him to his master's notice. One day, Sir, when those rascals the bailiffs were in possession of poor Fleetwood's Theatre, (as was often the case,) and were rummaging for property about the Green Room, they seized upon a hat of Garrick's, which he usually wore in Richard the Third, and which being adorned with mock jewels and feathers, they thought a great prize, though not intrinsically worth five shillings. David, however, feeling for his master's property, sputtered out, 'Holloa! Gentlemen, take care of what you are about: now, look ye, that hat you have taken away belongs to the *King*, (meaning King Richard;) and when he misses it, there will be the Devil and all to pay.' The Bailiffs understanding this in the literal sense, and that the hat actually

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belonged to King George, immediately delivered up their prey, and made a thousand apologies for their mistake."

Whilst Macklin was allaying his resentment by squbbing off satirical anecdotes against Garrick, he was not idle in respect to himself; for though excluded from Drury Lane Theatre, he collected together a company of unfledged performers at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, which he opened in the spring of 1744; and where, amongst others, the afterwards much celebrated Samuel Foote made his first appearance in Othello.

To those who remember the figure, the impatience of temper, and the general harsh manner of Macklin, it is difficult to conceive how he could be well qualified as a theatrical preceptor; but what he wanted in the force and insinuation of personal example, he made good by the justness and propriety of precept. He had studied his profession with that attention, which arises from natural propensities, and the love of fame; and as he was indefatigable in every thing which he seriously undertook, he formed a theory upon such simple and natural principles, as must greatly benefit those who intended to make the stage their profession.

We have seen him, many years after this, more than once, instructing pupils in the art of acting; and

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and the principal part of his method seemed to be, in restraining them from those *artificial* habits of speaking which are too generally pre-conceived to belong to the stage. Putting them thus in a course of Nature, they felt the effects of her powers; and, instead of that *titum tum* manner of speaking which was the predominant mistake of the old school, those who were capable of attending to his advice, spoke the language of the character they represented, as little mixed with *art* as stage performances will admit of. He had carefully observed one fault, too common with many performers, (and some of them of generally established reputations,) that, however sufficiently loud and articulate they were in many parts of their speeches, they failed of being heard towards the close, owing sometimes to too great an impetuosity of utterance, and sometimes to an improper management of the voice. This he was particularly careful to guard against, by shewing them, though it may be often necessary to lower the tones, these tones should be always audible, without diminishing the harmony of the sentence. He was candid enough to instance the merit of Garrick in this particular, as well as in his *whispers* and *side speeches*, which were all so articulated, and well heard, as formed no inconsiderable part of the praise which belonged to this inimitable actor.

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Of his lectures on *grace* we cannot say much. He had conceived very justly what proportion of grace and dignity belonged to most characters of the drama, which, as far as theory could instill, was useful; but when he came to *examples in his own person*, (which he frequently did,) it was laughable in the extreme. To see a man, *like Macklin*, gravely attempting to wave his neck in all the undulating forms of elegance, and call up the loves and graces in his eyes, "must have exceeded all power of face:" and here we may reasonably conclude, "the pupil must be left to his own discretion."

He was, however, soon relieved from the toil of a preceptor, as, in the winter of 1744, we again see him on Drury Lane boards, recanting, in the following prologue of his own writing, his late quarrel with the Manager, and uniting himself in bonds of amity with the rest of his brethren of the drama.

PROLOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. MACKLIN *on his Return to Drury Lane Theatre, December 19th, 1744, on which Night he performed Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice."*

From scheming, pelting, famine, and despair,
Behold to grace restor'd an exil'd Play'r:
Your sanction yet his fortune must compleat,
And give him privilege to laugh and eat.

No

No revolution plots are mine again;
You see, thank Heaven, the quietest of men.
I pray that all domestic feuds might cease;
And, beggar'd by the war, solicit peace:
When urg'd by wrongs, and prompted to rebel,
I sought for freedom, and for freedom fell;
What could support me in the sevenfold dame?
I was no *Shadrack*, and no angel came.

Once warn'd, I meddle not with state affairs;
But play my part, retire, and say my pray'rs.
Let nobler spirits plan the vast design,
Our green-room swarms with longer heads than mine:
I take no part—no private jars foment,
But hasten from disputes I can't prevent;
Attack no rival brother's fame, or case;
And raise no struggle, but who most shall please.

United in ourselves, by you approv'd,
'Tis ours to make the slightest muse belov'd;
So may the stage again its use impart,
And ripen Virtue, as it warms the heart.
May Discord, with her horrid trump, retreat,
Nor drive the frighted Beauty from her seat;
May no contending parties strive for sway,
But judgment govern, and the stage obey.

Towards the close of the season of 1746-7, the reputation of the *Suspicious Husband*, that admirable comedy of Dr. Hoadley's, stirred up a number of green-room wits, &c. who, seeing the distance they were thrown at by the deserved success of this comedy, had no other means of retaliation, than abusing it. Macklin thought this

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a good opportunity to enter the lists as an advocate for genuine comedy; and produced a farce, towards the close of this season, entitled, "The Suspicious Husband Criticized; or, the Plague of Envy:" but here his intentions appeared more laudable than his execution; fine irony, or delicate satire, was not his *forte*. The audience likewise thought so, and it never appeared a second time.

Previously, however, to the bringing out this little piece, he had read it in the circle of many friends, and particularly at the Grecian Coffee-House, which he at that time much attended, and where, in the circle of young Templars, (most of them his countrymen,) he often "gave his little Senate laws." From one of these young gentlemen he received an anonymous letter, inclosing him a Prologue for his Farce, in the character of *Envy*, which was much spoken of at that time for its general satire, as well as neatness of allusion to several temporary objects. Macklin, for many years afterwards, did not know the author, till he avowed himself one night over a bottle in Dublin; and who turned out to be no less a man than the late Right Honourable Hely Hutcheson, Provost of Trinity College, and one of the most celebrated orators at the Bar, or in the Irish House of Commons.* We

* When Mr. Hutcheson wrote this Prologue, he was a Student of the Middle Temple.

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We are now arrived at a period when Macklin had the honour of introducing to the English stage one of its brightest ornaments, in the person of the late Spranger Barry; but "as the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that present them, or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory, or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators;"* and as those few who remember this incomparable actor in the meridian of his powers, must be hastening to "that bourne from whence neither biographer (or common traveller) ever returns;" to give an attestation to his merit, is a debt so justly due to genius, as to need no apology for the following sketch of his character.

Barry was born on the 19th of November, 1719. He was descended from a genteel family, who long resided in the vicinity of Dublin; but as his parents could not afford to give him an university education, after having gone through the grammar-school, and the ordinary course of English literature, he was bound apprentice to a silver-smith in Dublin; and soon after he was out of his time, married a lady of decent fortune in that capital, and set up on his own account. It is in vain, however, to circumscribe nature; with such

* Cibber's Apology.

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such a number of concurring qualities for the stage as Barry possessed, the dull entertainment of a shop, with the still more insipid detail of mechanical profession, (with whatever lucrative advantages they were attended,) could not long retain him in that situation. A very few years settled the account of profit and loss in the silversmith way; and as a new business was to be chosen, the Stage, which before had engaged a considerable part of his attention, now engrossed him solely; and in the winter of 1745 he made his *debût* in the character of Othello, under the management of the late Mr. Thomas Sheridan.

The state of the Irish Stage before Mr. Sheridan's management had been at a very low ebb. Whilst Ashbury and Elrington were Managers, it supported a considerable degree of credit; but after their death, matters were so ill directed, and so much under the government of chance, that few performers of any eminence were even so much as sought after; and dramatic performances, of course, till about the year 1740, were sunk into the lowest contempt.

Sheridan, who took the management a few years afterwards, remedied these abuses with that zeal and ardour which he was well known to possess in all literary and scientific pursuits. Born a gentleman, and educated at Trinity College,

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lege, Dublin, he laboured to render the profession he had chosen as respectable in the eyes of the world as he could. He was countenanced in this by all the old friends of his father (Dr. Sheridan) and Swift; whilst the members of the College, with that *esprit du corps* for which they ever distinguished themselves, rallied round him as his principal supporters.

Othello, as we before observed, was the character Barry first appeared in; and never did a young actor, perhaps, shew such judgment in the choice of a part. The harmony of his voice, and the manly beauty of his person, spoke him alike the hero and the lover; and those who before doubted of the poet's consistency in forming a mutual passion between such characters as the *black* Othello, and the *fair* Desdemona, were now convinced of his propriety. They saw, from Barry's predominant and fascinating manner, that mere colour could not be a barrier to affection; and they united in opinion with the heroine of the play, " of seeing Othello's visage through his mind."

In short, so much did Barry establish his reputation as an actor in this and some other subsequent parts, that Garrick, who was then playing in Dublin, and at the same Theatre, wrote over several letters to his friends in confirmation of his uncommon

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uncommon talents; and in one particularly described him, "as the best lover he had ever seen on any stage." Lacy likewise was in Dublin at the same time, upon the recruiting service for Drury Lane, the patent of which he had just obtained through the favour of the Duke of Grafton,* and immediately engaged him at a very considerable salary for the next season.

It must be confessed, that the Irish Stage shone with unrivalled lustre at that period; and it brings an incontestible proof of the sterling merit of Barry, that he could, at once, start into such high reputation amongst such a cluster of celebrated performers. Victor, who was present at several of those performances, speaks highly of the infinite pleasure they afforded him; particularly in the Fair Penitent, where Garrick acted Lothario; Sheridan, Horatio; and Barry, Altamont. "To see them all *now* in one play (says he many years after this period) would be a pleasure greatly to be envied."

On Barry's arrival in London, he was introduced to Macklin, whom Lacy had engaged at the same

* Lacy is said to have attracted the notice of the Duke of Grafton, by attending his hunting parties, riding with uncommon spirit, and having always, when opportunity offered, some elegant and savory refreshment to offer to his Grace. These qualities, it is said, produced an intimacy, which smoothed his way to the patent.

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same Theatre, and who, as we before observed, had given many proofs of his being a good preceptor. It is true, Nature had been so lavish to Barry in figure, voice, and manners, that he wanted little assistance from art; yet this assistance is necessary to the sublimest genius; even Shakespeare felt its benefit, as we are to ascribe some of the most finished of his pieces to that period when he was better acquainted with the principles of his profession. Macklin offered his services to his young countryman with a zeal well known to be congenial to his temper, viz. to lower his old adversary Garrick, who had just listed under Rich at Covent Garden; and as this veteran of the stage not only knew his art scientifically, but was likewise well acquainted with all its finesse and dexterity, there is every presumption to believe that Barry benefited by his precepts.

Barry's task was critically arduous. With very little assistance in his line of parts but himself, he had to contend with an actor who was generally esteemed by far the first of his day, and who, beside this, had the warm support of his *countrymen*, naturally inclined to be partial in objects of national competition. With these advantages against him, he, however, took the field; and though justice obliges us to decide that Garrick was the best *general actor* of the two, as well as the best *general*, yet in particular characters, we

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we have no hesitation in pronouncing Barry his superior. There are not many now living who remember both these extraordinary actors in the meridian of their powers; but to those few we appeal, whether in Othello and Jaffier, Castalio, Essex, Orestes, Romeo, &c. Garrick could equal him: in short, in all the scenes of love and domestic tenderness he stood alone; but in the blended passages of *rage* and *heartfelt affection*, (such as in several passages of Othello,) he can only be remembered with enthusiasm.

But a competition of a more particular nature soon offered itself in the rival representation of *Romeo and Juliet*. In the infancy of Garrick's management, he revived this favourite play of Shakespeare's, which had lain upon the shelf for near eighty years, and very properly appropriated the principal parts to Barry, Mrs. Cibber, and Woodward; and the revival deservedly met with the greatest applause. But in one of those revolutions which take place in theatrical affairs, Barry, disgusted with being under the controul of a rival, who certainly had it in his power not to shew him fair play, revolted to Rich, and brought with him Mrs. Cibber, reinforced by Quin, Mrs. Woffington, and others. These formed a grand opposition; and as the Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet had so lately brought overflowing houses to Drury Lane, it was one of the first

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first plays seized upon for representation at Covent Garden, and no doubt a skilful manœuvre in turning the enemy's cannon against themselves.

Garrick appeared, however, not to be discomfited. What he wanted of the *lion's skin* in the combat, he endeavoured to lengthen out by the *fox's tail:* he therefore concealed his design of opposing them play to play, whilst he secretly studied the part of Romeo himself, and instructed Miss Bellamy, then a rising young actress with promising powers, in the character of Juliet. Seemingly secure of no opposition, Rich announced the night of representation; whilst Garrick, equally ready to take the field, suddenly called the public to the same entertainment on the same night at Drury Lane. The matter was now at issue, and the public were to judge between the merits of two of the greatest actors of their day

This tragedy run so many nights at both Theatres, that, although it was admirably acted, the repetition began to disgust the town, as they found they were put under the necessity of sacrificing their amusement to the jealousy of rival actors. They expressed their resentment in many squibs and paragraphs, which have been long since consigned to oblivion, except the following, which it is thought Garrick wrote himself, in

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order to get rid of a contest, in which he was sensible he had the worst of, both in fame and profit:

"Well, what's to night?" says angry Ned,
As up from bed he rouses;
"Romeo again!" and shakes his head;
"Ah! pox on both your houses!"

Accident, however, put an end to this controversy. After twelve successive nights, Mrs. Cibber's strength failing her, another play was obliged to be given out; which Garrick taking advantage of, had the parting blow, which he closed with a diverting epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Clive.

Parties were much divided about which of the Romeo's had the superiority; but the *critics* seemed to be unanimous in favour of Barry. His fine person, and silver tones, spoke the very voice of love. The *lover* was likewise his predominant character in private life; whilst Garrick wanted these requisites, at least in that eminent degree. "The Drury Lane hero (said they) is the *modern*, the Covent Garden hero the *Arcadian wooer*;" and, indeed, those who saw him in the several tender interviews with his beloved Juliet, (even many years after this contest,) must confess he was the Romeo which Shakespeare drew.

In this dispute the friends of Garrick often wanted to compromise it, by giving Barry the superiority

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superiority in the three first acts, and Garrick in the two last; and some of them supported this opinion, by frequently leaving Covent Garden in the middle of the play, to see it finished at Drury Lane. But this *finesse* did not succeed. Romeo's meeting with Paris in the tomb scene, and his last interview with Juliet, were as fine specimens of Barry's abilities as any in the course of the play. But what seems to decide the superiority now, better than any speculation at that time, is this, that Barry was a favourite Romeo with the public whilst he had any remaining powers of health and juvenility; whilst Garrick, with his *usual prudence*, gave it up for life after this contest.

In King Lear (which was likewise a bone of contention between the rival performers) Garrick, however, had the advantage; for though Barry was very impressive in some passages, Garrick's was a finer study, and a more perfect general exhibition. The best judges of that day thought so, as appears by the two following epigrams, which were much talked of at that time.

On the two Lears.

The town has found out different ways
To praise the different Lears:
To Barry they give loud huzzas;
To Garrick—only tears.

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Another.

A King—nay, *every inch a King*;
Such Barry doth appear:
But Garrick's quite a different thing;
He's *every inch King Lear.*

For twelve long years did Barry meet his antagonist in the tented field, wherein both Generals reaped many and deserved laurels. Garrick had a greater variety of parts, both in tragedy, comedy, and farce, which undoubtedly, as a general actor, gave him the pre-eminence: but Barry had enough for fame; and in some characters, which we have already mentioned, he had no competitor.

But neither fame or profit will sometimes compensate for the love of vanity. Whether Barry envied Garrick the superiority of *management*, by which he could always draw out his talents to greater advantage, or whether actuated by simple vanity, he was determined to wield a Manager's truncheon; and, under the impulse of this *mad ambition*, opened a negociation, about the year 1757, with the proprietors of the Music Hall, Crow Street, Dublin, for the purpose of erecting a new Theatre there, in opposition to Mr. Sheridan.

It was generally thought, at that time, that Macklin (between whom and Barry there was always

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ways a constant friendship) was his principal adviser. Amongst Macklin's oddities, he was always a great *projector*, and, like most people who take up this character from a certain restlessness of temper, his projects were generally unsuccessful, both to himself and friends. One should imagine that *Common Sense* would be Barry's best counsellor in an affair of this kind. He was at the pinnacle of fame and salary in London, where it was the interest of Managers to find him a suitable heroine. He had saved no fortune, to enable him to make experiments; and he must have known (did he think proper to take it under his consideration) that Dublin, half a century ago, could not possibly support two Theatres. He had even the offer of his rival (Sheridan) to engage him at the greatest salary ever given to a performer, or to admit him to a share of the profits, and afterwards leave the Theatre entirely to his management.

No! the die was cast! he would rise by the *struggles of opposition*. He, Macklin, and Woodward, in the summer of 1758, landed in Dublin; and soon after their arrival, the walls of the late Music Hall, Crow Street, Dublin, with some adjacent buildings, were levelled to the ground, to lay the foundation of a new Theatre: "a foundation (as Victor truly observed) of misfortune to many."

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The public are too well acquainted with the particulars of this *wild goose chase* to need a repetition here. Barry, with the expence of building a new house, and engaging a set of performers, who, for excellence and variety, were, perhaps, never equalled in any other theatre at one time, had the poor satisfaction of ruining his rival, only to be at last devoured himself. In short, after combating difficulties upon difficulties, after involving every friend that was concerned with him in pecuniary embarrassments, he was obliged to take a French leave of his project, and return to London in the year 1766—a sad memento to all those men, who, according to Sancho's proverb, "would have better bread than is made of wheat."

On Barry's return to London in 1766, he had no previous engagement at any of the Theatres here; he trusted entirely to the force of his long and established merit, and such merit was surely "no bad letter of recommendation." He, however, had been between eight and nine years absent, (an *age* in the world of taste and fashion,) in which time new audiences had started up, new prejudices and attachments had arisen, which are often fatal to moderate abilities, and require even the efforts of great genius to recover.

He arrived here about the beginning of July, when the two Theatres were shut, a great part of the

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the nobility and principal gentry out of town, whilst Foote, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, attracted the remaining part of the public, who preferred his *wit* and *humour* to the rounds of Ranelagh, and the saunters of Vauxhall. In such a situation, it may very well be supposed, that Barry had no other alternative than to wait for the opening of one of the winter Theatres—but neither his spirit or purse could brook such ordinary delays. He rented the Opera House in the Haymarket for a certain number of nights; and, with the assistance of Mrs. Dancer, afterwards his wife, (late Mrs. Crawford,) the late Mr. Lee, and a few others, he opened that Theatre with the Tragedy of Othello.

This celebrated character had almost lain dormant on the theatrical shelf since Barry left Covent Garden Theatre. Garrick was wise enough not to risque his reputation on it after one trial; and though now and then a few young performers made the attempt, experience shewed them their inability; so that, like the armour of Achilles, it lay neglected in the absence of the *master*; little known to the stage, or the public. So far it had novelty. Barry's name was another novelty; and these co-operating, produced one of the finest houses which could be expected at that time of the year.

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It would be needless to say how he performed this character, after his long and established reputation in it, did not his particular exertions this night demand a particular encomium. The generality of the audience receiving him entirely in the light of a new performer, waited with silent expectation till after his speech to the senate, which he spoke under the impression of so commanding a figure, such a melodious and captivating voice, as drew forth the unanimous approbation of the whole House. The Pit and Boxes gave him all the applause consonant to the good breeding of that meridian—whilst the *Gods* above (amongst whom we could distinguish the voices of several of Barry's countrymen) shouted in roars of triumph.

He proceeded regularly, gaining on their admiration till he came to the third act, when Iago first gives him the hint of jealousy. Here, and through the whole course of this act, he gained entire possession of their feelings; and the general buz of the house was, (when they could recover from their tears,) Who is this charming man? Whence comes he? &c. &c. Many of the audience never saw him before; others might have seen him before their taste had been ripened into any judgment: others, as they see every thing else, without the least trace of memory, or observation; whilst a comparatively smaller number

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saw and felt an actor return to the stage, who had been long one of its brightest supports and ornaments.

We must likewise confess, in justice to the whole of the performance, it was very ably supported. Mrs. Dancer, who played Desdemona, was then in the bloom of youth and beauty; she had been for some years under the tuition of Barry, and, to a fine natural genius for her profession, she acquired the harmony of his tones. Desdemona too was a part seemingly congenial to her feelings; and it must be remembered, through the whole course of her stage life, she had *no competitor* in this character—a character *which, like the simplicity of fine writing, or good breeding,* induces many to attempt, without this preparatory knowledge, "that art is necessary to conceal art."

Lee's Iago, too, was very respectable, and shewed a good judgment, and thorough representation of the character. This actor was not without considerable pretensions, were they not more than allayed by his vanity. He had a good person, a good voice, and a more than ordinary knowledge in his profession, which he sometimes shewed without exaggeration; but he wanted to be placed in the chair of Garrick, and, in attempting to reach this, he often deranged his na-

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tural abilities. He was for ever, as Foote said, "doing the honours of his face;" he affected uncommon long pauses, and frequently took such out-of-the-way pains with *emphasis* and *articulation*, that the natural actor seldom appeared. In this *coxcombry* he was supported by many of his bottle companions, as well as those disappointed critics who were glad of an engine against Garrick; but the consequence of this temper was, he was *chassed* from almost every Theatre, but that of Bath, where, between lecturing and acting, he continued till he died.—Another sad memento of the folly of weighing a man's merits in the balance of his own imagination.

Othello was played several nights to overflowing audiences; to which succeeded many of his principal parts; such as Jaffier, Orestes, Essex, Lord Townly, &c. &c. In short, the season was so successful to him, both in point of profit and fame, that Foote jocularly said, "he had much rather give him board and lodging at his *own house for nothing*, than have him so troublesome a neighbour." The consequence was, he engaged Barry and Mrs. Dancer for the next season at his Little Theatre in the Haymarket; and, after the former had gone over to Dublin "to make up his mangled matters as he could," he returned to London as the place of his future principal residence.

Their

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Their re-appearance was in the summer of 1767; and as Foote had prepared the town for the reception of his celebrated visitors, he secured to himself crowded audiences. The insensibles of fashion followed him because it was the *rage*—the critics hailed him as one of the great supporters of theatrical taste—and John Bull simply for the gratification of his feelings: so that all concurred so much in their admiration of him, that, although the summer was a remarkably hot one, the House continued to fill, night after night, to the conclusion of the season.

Merit like this could not long remain trusting to such casual engagements. Garrick cast his eye upon those two performers the summer before, as necessary reinforcements to his theatrical corps; and this summer he often made one of the Pit in the Haymarket at some of their capital representations. He had long before known, and justly appreciated, Barry's merits. Mrs. Dancer was a novelty to the London boards; but she made her impressions so forcibly on this great judge of his art, that he candidly confessed, "she had capabilities to make a first-rate actress." He accordingly engaged them both for the next season at Drury Lane Theatre, at the very liberal salary of fifteen hundred pounds.

The state of Old Drury had about this period been rather in a declining condition; principally owing to

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to that ravager *Time*, who ultimately "spoils every thing he takes in hand." Mrs. Cibber had just closed a life of high theatrical reputation, where her transcendent merit, in a great variety of parts, must be feelingly remembered by all those who had the pleasure of seeing her. Powell, a rising young actor, from whom much was obtained, and more expected, had no sooner revolted to Covent Garden Theatre, (where he had purchased a share in the patent,) than he fell a victim to a raging fever; Mrs. Pritchard was on the eve of retirement; so was Mrs. Clive; whilst Havard felt a decline of powers, (never much above par,) which rendered most of his parts very imbecile performances; so that the whole weight of the Theatre lay between Garrick, Holland, and Mrs. Yates. The first, it must be confessed, "a host within himself;" the second with very respectable abilities; and the last having just reached that point of fame which ranked her one of the first actresses of her time.

Garrick, in making this liberal engagement with Barry, no longer considered him as his rival. He had in himself a satiety of fame, fairly given him by applauding nations for a course of near thirty years, and which he knew how to maintain with unimpaired brilliancy. He was likewise arrived at that period of life, when other passions blend themselves with the love of fame, viz. *the love*

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love of accumulation; and who so likely to add to the reputation of his stage, and the profits of his management, as two such performers? Beside this, Garrick wanted an occasional writ of ease for himself; and as he knew Barry, from his novelty and merit, would draw audiences, he endeavoured to render his situation as agreeable to him as he could, by giving him an uncontrolled choice of parts, and consulting his ease and convenience as much as the business of the Theatre would admit.

This arrangement answered every purpose of the contracting parties. Barry and his fair heroine carried all before them: she was the Desdemona to his Othello—the Rutland to his Essex—the Monimia to his Castallo, &c. &c.—whilst Mrs. Yates, in the loftier tread of Imperial Tragedy, gave very considerable assistance. In this group, too, must be numbered the late Mrs. Pope, (then Miss Younge:) she was at that period just making her *debût* on the Stage; but even in this early trial, she exhibited such strong marks of theatrical genius, as evidently proclaimed she would not long be content with a *second place.* Time justified her pretensions, as she was for many years as great an ornament to her profession as she was respectable in the duties of private life.

In the comic line, Mrs. Abington (who had just returned from Ireland, crowned with theatric laurels)

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laurels) stood alone. She was, by turns, the representative of Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive, occasionally filling the parts of those distinguished actresses with the highest reputation; as her *Estifania*, *Portia*, *Mrs. Oakly*, &c. &c. fully evinced.

Having now no actress in the same line of pre-eminence to contend with, (which in others might rebate the ardour of profession,) she called out the full force of her abilities. Nothing in the range of comedy escaped her, from the pert chamber-maid to the accomplished woman of fashion; and in all she was excellent. Who that remembers her Miss Prue, in "Love for Love," with her *girlish tones*, and *hoidening airs*, drawing almost the whole attraction of this delightful comedy to herself, could suppose it was the same actress, who, perhaps, the next night, performed the part of the high-bred, accomplished Millimant? Yet it was difficult to say in which she excelled—*Nature* and *art* were so much at her devotion.

It must give great pleasure to every *amateur* of the drama to be informed, that, although this accomplished actress has retired from the Stage, she still enjoys the *otium cum dignitate* in good health and spirits, and in the bosom of many of those ladies of rank and respectability, who patronized her for so many years in her public profession.

Miss.

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Miss Pope played a good back hand to Mrs. Abington, and in many of Mrs. Clive's characters, and others of a similar cast, gave great support to this Theatre; which she still supports with her *fair fame*, and seemingly undiminished abilities.

From this period (1768) to 1774, Drury Lane revived to its highest point of attraction. The frivolity of modern times had not then reached either Green Room—the Managers were content principally to subsist on the good old stock of Tragedies and Comedies left them by Shakespeare, Jonson, Otway, Rowe, Cibber, Steele, Addison, Congreve, &c. &c. now and then reinforced by more modern productions, whose authors were supposed to have *some capacity* for writing, as well as *some little acquaintance* with the rules of their art. Actors, likewise, constantly studied in the language of such writers, became progressively versed in the elements of their profession; and thus the Theatre exhibited a school of improvement, as well as entertainment—Tragedy, by its lawful energies, *terror* and *compassion*, purifying the heart; whilst Comedy shewed the world in all its great variety of real characters.

From Barry's age he might have calculated upon a much longer run of theatrical powers; but an early gout, more hereditary than brought about by any intemperance, occasionally much afflicted him; sometimes by confining him to his room,

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and gradually weakening his general powers of exertion. He often complained of this to his friends, and particularly to Mr. Murphy, (the well-known dramatist,) requesting him, at the same time, to turn his thoughts to some tragedy where a proper *niche* might be found for him under the then imbecility of his powers. Mr. Murphy felt the force of this request; and, with that urbanity, and disposition to oblige, which has ever marked his character, took the subject under his immediate consideration, and in the ensuing winter (1772) produced his *Grecian Daughter*.

Of this Tragedy, those who can remember Barry in Evander, and Mrs. Dancer (now Mrs. Barry) in Euphrasia, must likewise remember with what exquisite sensibility they were entertained. Nothing could be more luckily hit off by the author than the story, as by it the principal character became peculiarly adapted to the imbecility of the actor's frame; whilst the music, and enchanting breaks of his voice, gave a pathos to the performance which was excellence itself. Euphrasia was likewise sustained throughout with great ability; all that firmness and constancy in the hour of danger—all that sweet solicitude for her father's safety and existence, were pourtrayed with such a true and feminine expression, as all acknowledged, and all repaid with their tears. We have often seen this character performed by others,

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others, and by some with much applause; but in our opinion, the *natural Euphrasia* is now no more.

A situation so desirable as Drury Lane Theatre, with such a salary, and all the indulgences paid by Garrick to Barry's infirmities, could not give constancy to this actor's mind. Some pretended disgust, or, what is most probable, the prospect of gaining a still larger income, induced him to listen to proposals from the Patentees of Covent Garden; when, after a few meetings for this purpose, the terms of agreement were closed for him and his wife, in 1774, at the extraordinary salary of seventeen hundred pounds.

Some exertions were now necessary to compensate for this generous engagement; and it is but justice to both performers to say, they called out the full force of their abilities in most of their principal parts. But illness, like anger, "has its privileges:" Barry's infirmities rapidly increasing on him after the first season, he performed but seldom, and then generally in such characters as were best suited to his imbecilities; and yet now and then the genius of the player broke out in its original splendor. We saw him the last time he appeared in his favourite character of *Jaffier*; and so infirm did he appear before the curtain drew up, that it was the general opinion he could not go through the part; but no sooner was he warmed in the interest of the scene, no sooner did he feel

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feel the glow of love and tenderness, than he communicated his feelings to all around: he went through the play with the same animation, but returned to the Green Room almost in a state of insensibility.

Powers so much debilitated could not last long: one half of his time confined to a bed of sickness, the duties of his profession became painful to him. *Nature* too forcibly told him, he could no longer play the *lover*, or the *hero;* and as he was never much indebted to *art*, she could less assist him under such trying circumstances. He struggled in this manner till the close of the season of 1776, when he was obliged to take entirely to his bed, where he lay under the excruciating pains of gout and rheumatism, till the 10th of January, 1777, and then was released from all his labours.

He died at his house in Cecil Street, Strand; and after a few days, was interred in a private manner, attended by a few friends in two coaches, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. His old friend and preceptor Macklin was one of those who appeared much affected. While they were filling up the grave, he exclaimed several times, "Alas! poor Spranger!" And when one of the company pulled him by the sleeve, to tell him the coach was waiting, he turned about with a settled melancholy in his face, and replied, "Pray, Sir, don't disturb me; consider, I am now at *my rehearsal*."

Such

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Such was the end of Spranger Barry, an actor as little known in the present day (allowing for his extraordinary abilities) as any, perhaps, in the annals of the Stage. There are two causes assignable for this: the first, his long absence from London, where the quick succession of novelty scarcely leaves any thing to be long remembered; and the second, still more prevalent, his extreme carelessness of temper, arising almost to a total neglect of keeping up his fame with the public. He was so insensible to this last particular, that even in the meridian of his reputation, courted by the great, and followed by the crowd, there did not appear, nor does appear to this day, in any of the print shops, a tolerable likeness of him, nor scarcely any recorded eulogium to be found, but in the voluntary effusions of the journalists of those times, or in a few clumsy periodical publications. This is certainly one of the strong marks of original genius, but fatal to the lasting reputation of an actor, who can unhappily leave no memorial of his art behind him, save what, at best, can be but faintly described by the poets or historians of his own times.

To rescue a character of this eminence from such oblivion, shall be our *attempt* in the following sketch, which we do as much from a general principle of justice, as some little remuneration for the many exquisite hours of delight which his fine exhibitions afforded us—periods that are still

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turned back to as one of the pleasing resources of literary reflection; and still remind us, that, however the Stage may be under a temporary depression, from the predominancy of a false taste, its character, when supported with sufficient abilities, will always render it a public school of manners, and moral improvement.

Barry was in his person above five feet eleven inches high, finely formed, and possessing a countenance in which manliness and sweetness of feature were so happily blended, as formed one of the best imitations of the *Apollo Belvidere*. With this fine commanding figure, he was so much in the free and easy management of his limbs, as never to look encumbered, or present an ungraceful attitude, in all his various movements on the Stage. Even his *exits* and his *entrances* had peculiar graces, from their characteristic ease and simplicity.* In short, when he appeared in the scene, grouped with other actors of ordinary size, he appeared as much above them in his various qualifications, as in the proud superiority of his figure.

"So when a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
"All eyes are idly bent on him who follows next."

To

* What must have greatly assisted Barry in the grace and ease of treading the Stage, was his skill in dancing and fencing; the first of which he was early in life very fond of; and on his coming to England, again instructed in, under the care of the celebrated Denoyer, Dancing-Master to Frederick Prince of Wales' family. This was done at the Prince's request, after he had seen him play Lord Townly in the Provoked Husband.

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To this figure he added a voice so peculiarly musical, as, very early in life, obtained him the character of "The Silver-toned Barry;" which, in all his love scenes, (lighted up by the smiles of such a countenance,) was persuasion itself. Indeed, so strongly did he communicate his feelings on these occasions, that, whoever observed the expressive countenances of most of the female parts of his audience, each seemed to say, in the language of Desdemona, "Would *that Heaven had made me such a man!*" Yet, with all this softness, it was capable of the fullest extent of rage, which he often most powerfully exemplified, in several passages of Alexander, Orestes, Othello, &c. &c.

We are aware of Churchill's criticism in the Rosciad standing against us, where he says, "his voice comes forth like Echo from her shell." But however *party* might have cried up this writer as a Poet and a Satirist of the first order, Goldsmith had the sense and manliness to tell them, "what they called satires were but tawdry lampoons, whose turbulence aped the quality of force, whose phrenzy that of fire.*" Beside, Churchill had a stronger motive than prejudice or whim: the great hero of his poem was Garrick; and as Barry was his most formidable rival, he had little scruple to sacrifice him on this occasion.

* See Goldsmith's Dedication to the Traveller.

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But, to leave the criticisms of this literary Drawcansir to that oblivion to which they seem to be rapidly hastening, let us examine the merits of Barry in some of those characters in which he was universally allowed to excel; and on this scale we must give the preference to *Othello*. This was the first character he ever appeared in—the first his inclinations prompted him to attempt—and the first, without question, that exhibited his genius in the full force and variety of its powers.

In the outset of Othello, when he speaks but a few short sentences, there appears a calmness and dignity in his nature, as evidently shew "the noble qualities of the Moor." These sentences we have often heard spoken (and by actors too who have had considerable reputation) as if they had been almost totally overlooked; reserving themselves for the more shining passages, with which this tragedy so much abounds: but Barry knew the value of these introductory traits of character, and in his very first speech, "*Its better as it is,*" bespoke such a pre-eminence of judgment, such a dignified and manly forbearance of temper, as roused the attention of his audience, and led them to expect the fullest gratification of their wishes.

His speech to the Senate was a piece of oratory worthy the attention of the critic and the senator. In the recital of his "feats of broils and battles,"

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the courage of the soldier was seen in all the charms of gallantry and heroism; but when he came to those tender ejaculations of Desdemona,

> " In faith 'twas strange—'twas passing strange!
> 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful!"

his voice was so melodiously harmonized to the expression, that the sigh of pity communicated itself to the whole house, and all were advocates for the sufferings of the fair heroine.

In the second act, when he meets Desdemona at Cyprus, after being separated in a storm, his rushing into her arms, and repeating that fine speech,

> ——— " O! my soul's joy!
> If after every tempest come such calms," &c.

was the voice of love itself; describing that passion in so extatic a manner, as seemingly justified his fears,

> " That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate."

Through the whole of the third act, where Iago is working him up to jealousy, his breaks of *love* and *rage* were master-pieces of Nature, and communicated its first sympathies; but in his

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conference with Desdemona, in the fourth act, where he describes the agonizing state of his mind, and then looking tenderly on her, exclaims,

> " But there, where I had garnered up my heart,
> Where either I must live, or bear no life,"

the extremes of love and misery were so powerfully painted in his face, and so impressively given in his tones, that the audience seemed to lose the *energies of their hands*, and could only thank him *with their tears*.

We have to lament, that in many of the last acts of some of our best dramatic writers, there wants that degree of finish and grouping equal to the rest. Shakespeare sometimes has this want in common with others; but in this play he has lost none of his force and propriety of character—here all continue to speak the language of their conformation, and lose none of their original importance. Barry was an actor that, in this particular, kept pace with the great poet he represent ed—he supported Othello throughout with unabating splendor—his ravings over the dead body of his *innocent* Desdemona, his reconciliation with Cassio, and his dying soliloquy, were all in the full play of varied excellence, and forced from the severest critic the most unqualified applause.

That

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That this our opinion is not exaggerated, we refer to that of Colley Cibber, an unquestionable good judge of his art, and who, with all his partialities to Betterton, yet gave Barry the preference in Othello. In short, it was from first to last a gem of the noblest kind, which can be no otherwise defined, than leaving every one at liberty to attach as much excellence to it as he can conceive, and then suppose Barry to have reached that point of perfection.

His other favourite characters were, Jaffier, Orestes, Castalio, Phocias, Varannes, Essex, Alexander, Romeo, &c. &c. In all characters of this stamp, where the lover or hero was to be exhibited, Barry was *unique*; insomuch, that when Mrs. Cibber, whose reputation for love and plaintive tenderness was well known, played with Garrick, she generally represented his *daughter* or *sister*—with Barry she was always his *mistress*.

He likewise excelled in many parts of genteel comedy; such as Lord Townly, Young Bevill, &c. &c. The Bastard in King John was another fine character of his, which Garrick attempted in vain—having neither sufficiency of figure, or heroic jocularity. To that may be added Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in Macklin's farce of Love-a-la-Mode; a part in which he gave such speci-

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mens of the gallant simplicity and integrity of the *Irish Gentleman*, as were sufficient to establish an independent reputation.

Though his Hamlet, Richard, Lear, Macbeth, &c. were *stars*, *heights* above what we see now, he lost by a comparison with Garrick: here the latter shewed the *master* in an uncommon degree; as he did in all the quick, animated parts of tragedy. In the sprightly light kind of gentlemen, Garrick had likewise the advantage; and in the whole range of low comedy, he blended such a knowledge of his art with the simplicity of nature, as made all the minutiæ of the picture complete. Thus his *Abel Drugger* was as perfect in design and colouring, as the miseries and distresses of *Royal Lear*.

In talking of these actors, it is impossible for the *dinateurs* of the stage not to regret their loss with some degree of sensibility—not only as men who contributed to the entertainment and refinement of their youth, but whose deaths seem to threaten a decay of the profession itself. There are periods when the arts and sciences seem to mourn in sullen silence the departure of those original geniuses, who, for years, improved, exalted, and refined them; and like widows, whose hearts were sincerely pledged to their first lords, will not sacrifice on the altar of affection to *secondary*

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dary movers. Painting and statuary suffered such a loss in the deaths of *Titian, Raphael,* and *Michael Angelo,* that more than two centuries have not been able to supply it; and how long the *present Stage* may want the aid of such powerful supporters as *Garrick* and *Barry,* the experience of near thirty years holds out but very little hopes of encouragement.

Mrs. Barry (the wife of Spranger Barry) survived him full twenty-five years afterwards; and as she was so eminent in her profession, as well as so intimately connected with him in her public and private duties, we think her too *corresponding a portrait* to be omitted here; more particularly, as the *changes of fortune* which she experienced towards the close of her life, inculcate the most useful purposes of biography—that of philosophy teaching by example.

This Lady was born at Bath about the year 1734, and was the daughter of a very respectable apothecary in that city, whose income enabled him to live genteely, and to give his daughter all the accomplishments necessary for a woman of fashion. She had a mind capable of such improvements, which, added to a figure pleasingly feminine, rendered her, as she grew up, an object of general attachment.

When

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When she was about 17 years of age, she was particularly noticed by a young gentleman of very extensive fortune, the brother of a Noble Lord, who was then at Bath: his rank gave him the *entrée* of her father's house, when he soon announced himself as her lover; and as he was too good a match to be refused by the family, and had made his impressions on the lady, there seemed to be no impediment to their happiness.

But whilst things were in this train, an unexpected letter arrived, advising the lover of his being left heir to an uncle of his who had just died in London. This caused a temporary absence, but under a solemn avowal of a speedy return, and a conjugal consummation. But how fleeting are lovers promises! The air of London, the accession of fortune, together with absence, soon dissipated his vows; whilst the amiable object of them, after waiting two months in daily expectation of hearing from him, had the mortification one morning, of receiving the fatal news, that her lover was just married to another lady, whom he had previously paid his addresses to, and who, from an accidental meeting, recalled him to his first vows, and rivetted him in her chains for ever.

The *chagrin* she was thrown into on this account, visibly impaired her health, and she appeared to be hastening to a consumption; till

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till a *friendly* physician, an acquaintance of her father's, prescribed the most efficacious remedy for low spirits—a *constant succession of company, and the bustle of public amusements.* Of the latter kind, our heroine had an early preference for the Theatre; and as there was a tolerable company at Bath at that time, she frequented it almost every night, and soon found in this favorite resource, a full recovery of her former health and spirits.

Disappointed love sometimes leaves the heart more liable to other attachments: this appeared to be our heroine's fate. Amongst the performers there was a person of the name of *Dancer,* whom she first thought favourably of as an *actor,* and, from some opportunities of seeing him in private society, still thought more favourably of as a *man.* He soon discovered her partiality for him; and as the lady was supposed to have a good fortune, and at her own disposal, he lost no opportunity of urging his suit, till he prevailed upon her to marry him. This being soon made public, Bath could no longer be the scene of their residence, (as all her relations set their faces against her for what they called *disgracing* her family,) and the young couple immediately set off to enjoy the honey-moon at Plymouth.

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It was in this town that Mrs. Dancer made her first appearance upon any stage, in the character of *Monimia* in the *Orphan*, where, from her youth, beauty, diffidence, and embarrassments, more than from her real talents, she was favourably enough received, so as to be entered upon the list of that company at a respectable salary. But the *false pride* of her relations would not suffer them to enjoy this situation; by their influence, they first prevailed in dislodging them from Plymouth, when, after trying York, and other country towns, they at last settled in Crow-Street Theatre, Dublin, just then opened under the management of Messrs. Barry and Woodward.

It is rather extraordinary that when Mrs. Dancer made her first appearance upon the York Theatre, very little was expected from her abilities. Her person and voice (though the latter was rather feminine than harmonious) seemed the only requisites in her favour. Macklin saw her, during her first season, and said, in his dogmatical way, "That she would never do." But we must do justice to this veteran's judgment afterwards, that he pronounced her, in some particular parts, to be one of the first actresses he ever saw.

Strange as this may appear, Cibber gives us a more extraordinary account of the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield, who had been some years on the stage before

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before she began to be noticed. At that time he says, "he ran over the scenes with her inadvertently, concluding any assistance he could give her would be to very little purpose." Public approbation, however, is the sunshine of genius, which will soon bring it forward to whatever perfection nature originally designed it. The Dublin audience, perceiving Mrs. Dancer possessed of internal powers, called them out by every little indulgence, which, in the course of the season, had such an effect, as to give her a very considerable estimation as an actress. Barry now undertook her tuition, and, with the advantages of such a preceptor, she soon became one of the principal supports of Crow-Street Theatre.

But whilst she was rising in reputation as an actress, she felt uneasiness as a wife. Her husband's temper was not very well calculated for domestic happiness: he felt a disappointment in her want of fortune, and was, beside, mean enough to be jealous of her superior abilities. This produced a number of altercations; in one of which she left him, and took a jaunt a few miles out of town with a female friend of hers, where having been joined by a celebrated *male dancer* belonging to the same Theatre, it gave rise to a number of little scandalous anecdotes, epigrams, &c.

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The husband, however, soon saw his error in aiding these reports, and was reconciled to his wife, to whom he afterwards behaved with more kindness: but that kindness was not to continue long, as he died about two years afterwards, and left his blooming widow in possession of every thing but fortune. She had youth, beauty, wit, and rising theatrical merit: nor were the gallant world insensible of these attractions, having many offers of considerable consequence, and one, in particular, from a Noble Earl now living, who, though he proffered her his heart, and a *chart blanche*, both were rejected with contempt. Barry had already secured her heart; and though, from reasons of an insuperable nature, he could not *then* accept her hand, time clearing away that impediment, he married her about the year 1769: and at this period she had gained the first rank in her profession.

We have already detailed, in the life of her husband, their reception and progress on the English Stage, from their arrival here to the period of his death in 1777. She was then in the forty-second year of her age, still retaining many of the charms of her youth, and in the full possession of her abilities. Garrick wrote a Monody on her husband's death, which she not only delivered upon the first night of her appearance on the Stage after that event, but for several nights afterwards.

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terwards. The lines themselves were of the *mediocre* kind; but the *preposterousness of the repetition* was an *acting of grief* very ill advised in her circumstances.

Had Mrs. Barry continued on the Stage a few years longer, and remained a widow, she might, perhaps, have been now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*; but in about a year or two after Barry's death, she was induced to marry a young Irish barrister of the name of Crawford, without either fortune, assiduity, or prudence; and though he made great professions of love and attachment before marriage, soon deranged both her fortune and theatrical pursuits. He attempted the Stage himself, and she was partial enough to think him qualified for that profession; but the public thought decidedly otherwise: she then purchased for him one hundred pounds per year to make him independent. But neither love or gratitude could bind a man of his erratic disposition: they at last parted; and his excesses soon after brought him to an untimely grave.

She was now once more her own mistress, living upon the scanty remains of her fortune, but with a prudence which always (as far as respected her own economy) was very becoming, when liberal offers were made her, about four years before her death, by the Manager of Covent Garden, to re-

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turn to the Stage once more. She was the first to feel her own inabilities for such an attempt: her friends, however, persuaded her, and she accepted the offer.—But what a falling off was there! Her looks, it is true, recognized her person a little, and now and then the gleams of former excellence appeared; but, alas! they were momentary, and produced nothing but a melancholy comparison *between what she had been, and what she then was.* A few trials convinced her it was too late, and she retired from the Stage for ever; giving another proof to this poetical precept,

> "Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
> Comes tittering on, and shove you from the stage."

On her retirement from the Theatre, Mrs. Crawford went to Bath, the place of her nativity, with an intent to spend the remainder of her days there: but an absence of so many years had left her no relations, no acquaintances, to talk over old times, and repose in the bosom of contemporary friendships; she therefore returned to London, and took lodgings in Queen Street, Westminster, in the neighbourhood of a lady who had been for many years her *intimate friend;* and who, from the constancy of her temper, the frankness and general integrity of her heart, well deserves that title. In the society of this lady, and a few others, she continued till her death, which happened

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pened on the 29th of November, 1801, and on the 7th of December following, was interred near her second husband, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

It is much to be lamented that there is no good print of this celebrated actress. To remedy this defect, however, we shall attempt a description of her person in the following sketch.

In figure she was just above the middle size, with a fair complexion, well made, and rather inclining to the *en bon point*. Her hair was of a light auburn, and fell gracefully on her shoulders, particularly in those parts which required this mode of head-dress. Her features were regular, and corresponding; and though her eyes were not naturally strong, or distinctly brilliant, they gave a pleasing interest to her looks. To all these there was a certain modest *gaitè de cœur* in her manner and address, that at once conciliated respect and affection.

Her *forte* in Tragedy, was in the gentle and pathetic; such as Belvidera, Monimia, Desdemona, Lady Randolph, &c. &c. and in Comedy, the gay and sprightly; such as Rosalind, Mrs. Sullen, Mrs. Frail, the Widow Belmour, Widow Brady, &c. &c. In these parts we never saw her exceeded; and in the two last characters of Tragedy, perhaps, she had no equal.

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Though, for the sake of giving a continued sketch of the memoirs of Mr. and Mrs. Barry, (performers of too much eminence to be introduced in *profile* to the public,) we have been obliged to anticipate the order of time, we now return to that point from which we set out, which was about the year 1747, when Macklin had been for some time reinstated in Drury Lane Theatre, and when he was considered as an actor of very considerable talents in many characters beside his Jew; which, with the abilities of his wife, rendered their engagement at any theatre a very considerable acquisition.

We therefore find, that, although Garrick, in conjunction with the late Mr. Lacy, became joint Manager of Drury Lane in 1747-8, he forgot all former disputes, and engaged the Macklins at a very considerable salary. Garrick, like a true politician, "neither loved, or hated," in the way of business; if the parties were useful to him, that was sufficient: it was his duty to form as strong a company as he could; and Mr. and Mrs. Macklin could do so many things, and so well, he thought his *corps* could not be complete without them.

Macklin, however, was the reverse of Garrick in temper and prudence—he was never long constant to any Theatre. Scrupulously attached to what

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what he called fame, unconciliating in his manners, and suspicious in his disposition, it was at best difficult to make him draw quietly in the team; but when he found, or perceived he found, the least difficulty thrown in his way, he became restive and ungovernable. The late Mr. Sheridan, Manager of Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, caught him in one of those moods, in the spring of 1748, when he had been but one season at Drury Lane; and making him and his wife the tempting offer of 800l. per year, he articled with them for two years; and they soon after landed in Dublin to perform their engagements.

But the proverb of "*Cœlum non animum mutant, &c.*" was exemplified in Macklin. His disposition to jealousy and dissatisfaction still prevailed; for scarcely had he been a month in Dublin, when he began to find out, that the Manager chose to perform Tragedies as well as Comedies at his Theatre; that his name stood in larger characters in the play-bills; and a variety of such *grievous* matters; not considering that his and his wife's salary was fixed, at all events, for two years; and that any reasonable arrangement which the Manager might adopt for his own emolument, would the more enable him to perform his contract with them; but consideration was lost upon a man of Macklin's temper when once resolved; he therefore gave a loose to his passions, which at last be-

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came so intolerable, that, according to the language of Trinculo, "though Sheridan was King, Macklin would be Vicegroy over him;" which the former not agreeing to, determined him to shut the doors of his Theatre against both Macklin and his wife.

This, however, so far from bringing him to reason, provoked his irritabilities the more. He several times presented himself at the stage door—No admittance. He then sent the Manager an attorney's letter—No answer. He then commenced a chancery suit; and, after waiting the whole winter unemployed, he returned to England with some hundred pounds *minus*, and a snug law-suit upon his shoulders into the bargain.

On his return to England, he commenced Manager at Chester for that season; and in the winter was restored to Covent Garden Theatre, where he performed *Mercutio* during the celebrated run of Romeo and Juliet between the two houses. How Macklin could have been *endured* in a character so totally unfitted to his powers of mind and body, is a question not easily resolved at this day; particularly as Woodward played this very character at the other house, and played it in a style of excellence never perhaps before, or since, equalled; so that those who could not even judge of the Poet's design in the character, one should

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should suppose, might judge by comparison of the actors. That he might have thrown some tricks and buffoonery into *Mercutio*, so as to make it laughable to the crowd, was a talent which we have seen him occasionally exercise; and perhaps this was his passport, as the journals of those days afford no proofs of public reprehension. We have talked to him upon this subject as delicately as the nature of such a conversation would admit; and, what is rather strange, he always spoke of *Mercutio* as one of his favourite parts, and enlarged upon it in full confidence of his powers.

He continued at Covent Garden a season or two longer; when, towards the close of the year 1753, having obtained from Mr. Garrick the use of his Theatre for that night, he took a formal leave of the Stage in the following Epilogue, written on the occasion by Garrick, in which he introduced his daughter as an actress to the protection of the public.* EPILOGUE,

* Miss Macklin had performed the Duke of York in Richard the Third, so early as the 20th of December, 1742. In the season of 1751-2, she performed Jane Shore twice, and Lady Townly once. On her father's relinquishing the Stage in 1753, she engaged at Drury Lane, and performed with Mr. Garrick with great success till 1760, when she changed to Covent Garden, and quitted the Theatre about 1776. She was an actress highly accomplished, but had little of the force of native genius about her. She was, however, always received with great favour whilst at Drury Lane, but fell off in her acting at Covent Garden. She died the 3d of July, 1781. Farther particulars of her will be found in the course of these Memoirs.

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EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. MACKLIN, *upon taking leave of the Stage, 20th of December, 1753, after the Comedy of "The Refusal."*

Poor I, toss'd up and down from shore to shore,
Sick, wet, and weary, will to sea no more;
Yet 'tis some comfort, tho' I quit the trade,
That this last voyage with success is made,
The ship full laden, and the freight all paid.
Since, then, for reasons, I the Stage give o'er,
And for *your sakes* write tragedies no more,
Some other schemes of course possess my brain;
For he who once has eat, must eat again;
And lest this lank, this melancholy phiz,
Should grow more lank, more dismal than it is,
A scheme I have in hand, will make you stare:
Tho' off the Stage, I still must be the player;
Still I must follow the theatric plan,
Exert my comic powers, draw all I can,
And to each guest—appear a different man.
I, like my liquor, must each palate hit;
Rake with the wild—be sober with the Cit;
Nay, sometimes act my least becoming part—the wit.
With politicians I must nod—seem full,
And act my best becoming part—the dull.
My plan is this—Man's form'd a social creature,
Requiring converse by the laws of Nature;
And as the moon can raise the swelling flood,
Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
So do I make myself well understood.
I'm puzzl'd, faith—Let us, like Bayes, agree it,
You'll know my plot much better when you see it.

But truce with jesting, let me now impart
The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart.

Come

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Come good, come bad, whilst life or memory last,
My mind shall treasure up your favours past;
And might one added boon increase the store,
With much less sorrow should I quit the shore.
To *mine* as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the pledge my kindness leaves behind:
To you, her guardians, I resign my care,
Let her with others your indulgence share.
Whate'er my fate, if this my wish prevails,
'Twill glad the father, tho' the schemist fails.

What induced him to quit the Stage in the full vigour of fame and constitution, was one of those schemes which he had long previously indulged himself in, of suddenly making his fortune by the establishment of a tavern and coffee-house in the Piazza, Covent Garden; to which he afterwards added a school of oratory, upon a plan hitherto unknown in England, founded upon the Greek, Roman, French, and Italian Societies, under the title of "The British Inquisition."

The first part of this plan was opened on the the 11th of March, 1754, by a public ordinary, (which was to be continued every day at four o'clock, price three shillings,) where every person was permitted to drink port, claret, or whatever liquor he should choose—A bill of fare, we must confess, very encouraging, even in those times, and which, from its cheapness and novelty, drew a considerable resort of company for some time.

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As curiosity must not be a little excited to know something of Macklin in this new light of a tavern-keeper, we have it in our power, partly, to gratify them, on the authority of a literary Gentleman now living, who often formed one of the ordinary during the course of the first season; and his relation is as follows.

Dinner being announced, by public advertisement, to be ready at four o'clock, just as the clock had struck that hour, a large tavern bell, which he had affixed to the top of the house, gave notice of its approach. This bell continued ringing for about five minutes: the dinner was then ordered to be dished; and in ten minutes afterwards it was set upon the table: after which the outer room door was ordered to be shut, and no other guest admitted.

Macklin himself always brought in the first dish, dressed in a full suit of clothes, &c. with a napkin slung across his left arm. When he placed the dish on the table, he made a low bow, and retired a few paces back towards the sideboard, which was laid out in a very superb style, and with every possible convenience that could be thought of. Two of his principal waiters stood beside him; and one, two, or three more, as occasion required them. He had trained up all his servants several months before for this attendance;

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tendance; and one principal rule (which he laid down as a *sine qua non)* was, that not one single word was to be spoken by them whilst in the room, except when asked a question by one of the guests. The ordinary, therefore, was carried on by *signs* previously agreed upon; and Macklin, as principal waiter, had only to observe when any thing was wanted or called for, to communicate a *sign*, which the waiters immediately understood, and complied with.

Thus was dinner entirely served up, and attended to, on the side of the house, all in dumb shew. When dinner was over, and the bottles and glasses all laid upon the table, Macklin, quitting his former situation, walked gravely up to the front of the table, and hoped "that all things were found agreeable;" after which, he passed the bell-rope round the back of the chair of the person who happened to sit at the head of the table, and making a low bow at the door, retired.

Though all this had the shew of a formality seemingly touching too much on the freedom of social meeting, it appeared to have a general good effect: the company not only saw it as a thing to which they had not been accustomed, but it gave them by degrees, from the example of taciturnity, a certain mixture of temper and moderation in their discourse; and it was observed, that

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that there were fewer wrangles and disputes at this ordinary, during the time Macklin kept it, than could well be expected in places which admitted of so mixed an assembly of people.

The company generally consisted of wits, authors, players, Templars, and lounging-men of the town.

Of the other part of his plan, which he called "The British Inquisition," it is impossible to think, without ascribing to the author a degree of vanity almost bordering on madness. By this plan, he not only incited a discussion on almost the whole circle of arts and sciences, which he was in a great measure to direct, but took upon himself solely to give Lectures on the Comedy of the Ancients; the use of their masks, flutes, mimes, pantomimes, &c. He next engaged to draw a comparison between the Stages of Greece and Rome. To conclude with Lectures upon each of Shakespeare's Plays, commenting on the different stories from whence his plots were taken, the uses which he made of them, with strictures on his fables, morals, passions, manners, &c.

But, in order to let the *projector* speak for himself, we here subjoin a copy of his first advertisement to the public on the occasion.

"*At*

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"*At Macklin's Great Room in Hart-Street, Covent Garden, this Day, being the 21st of November, will be opened*

"THE BRITISH INQUISITION."

"This Institution is upon the plan of the ancient Greek, Roman, and modern French and Italian Societies of liberal investigation. Such subjects in Arts, Sciences, Literature, Criticism, Philosophy, History, Politics, and Morality, as shall be found useful and entertaining to society, will be there lectured upon, and freely debated; particularly, Mr. Macklin intends to lecture upon the Comedy of the Ancients, the use of their masks and flutes, their mimes and pantomimes, and the use and abuse of the Stage. He will likewise lecture upon the rise and progress of the modern Theatres, and make a comparison between them and those of Greece and Rome; and between each other he proposes to lecture also upon each of Shakespeare's Plays; to consider the original stories from whence they are taken; the artificial or inartificial use, according to the laws of the drama, that Shakespeare has made of them: his fable, moral character, passions, manners, will likewise be criticised; and how his capital characters have been acted heretofore, are acted, and ought to be acted. And as the design of this inquiry is to endeavour at an acquisition of truth in matters of taste, particularly theatrical, the lecture being ended, any gentleman may offer his thoughts upon the subject.

"The doors will be opened at 5, and the lecture begin precisely at 7 o'clock, every Monday and Friday evening.

"Ladies will be admitted, price one shilling each person.

"The first lecture will be on Hamlet.

"N. B. The question to be debated after the lecture, will be, whether the People of Great Britain have profited by their Intercourse with, or their Imitation, of the French Nation?

"There

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"There is a public ordinary every day at 4 o'clock, price three shillings each person; to drink port, claret, or whatever liquor he shall choose.

"N. B. This evening the public subscription Card-room will be opened. Subscriptions taken in by Mr. Macklin."

In respect to his knowledge of ancient Comedy, and his attempt to draw a comparison between the Greek and Roman Stage, he must have obtained it (if he made any literary inquiry at all) from Dryden's prefaces, and other detached English writers on the subject; as he was totally unacquainted with either the Greek or Latin languages, and did not understand French well enough to avail himself of their criticisms. As to the original of Shakespeare's stories, and the uses he made of them, &c. he was still in a worse predicament, as this required a course of reading in the contemporary writers of Shakespeare's age, too multifarious either for the grasp of his mind, or for the time which, from other avocations, he could spare; so that to every body, but *himself*, Macklin stood in a very ridiculous point of view—under the responsibility of large promises, with very little capital to discharge them.

Of his illustration of Shakespeare's plays, we believe, there are no records, as he was not quite fool enough to print them, nor has even ridicule consigned them to memory; but, as a proof of

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what he was capable of doing as a *critic* in this line, we subjoin the following proposal he made to Garrick, as a kind of grateful compensation to him, for giving him the use of his Theatre for one night, and for writing a farewell Epilogue for him on the same occasion.

In a conversation he had with Garrick about the great run of Romeo and Juliet, he told him, that as the town had not properly settled which was the best Romeo, Barry or him, he meant ultimately to decide that question in his next lecture on that Tragedy. Garrick, who was all alive to fame, instantly cocked up his ear, and exclaimed, "Ah! my dear Mac. how will you bring this about?" "I'll tell you, Sir: I mean to shew your different merits in the garden scene. Barry comes into it, Sir, as great as a lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud, that, by G—, Sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet family almost dead with sleep, they must have come out, and tossed the fellow in a blanket. Well, Sir, after having fixed my auditors' attention to this part, then I shall ask, But how does Garrick act this? Why, Sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him and his house, he comes creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him *just like a thief in the night.*" At this Garrick could hold out no longer—he thanked him for his good intentions,

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intentions, but begged he would decline his purpose, as, after all, he thought it a question better left to the opinion of an audience than the subject of a lecture.

With these qualifications as a critic, much success could not be augured from the lectures. The event turned out so; as in a little time the few who resorted to his rooms gave up all ideas of improvement, and the whole assumed an air of burlesque; which was still heightened by the gravity of Macklin, who, trusting to the efficiency of his own powers, appeared every night full dressed, dictating to the town in all the airs of superior intelligence.

Foote stood at the head of the wits and laughers on this occasion. This extraordinary genius, whose memoirs form one of the greatest *desiderata* of modern biography, had been introduced a few years before to the town, and was then in the full flow of wit and humour: his constant lounge was the Bedford Coffee-House, the resort of the wits at that time, where he was the idol of the place: every body who knew him came early, in hopes of being one of his party at supper; and those who were not acquaintances, had the same curiosity in engaging the boxes near him. Foote, in return, was no niggard in his conversation; but, on the contrary, was as generous as he was affluent:

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affluent: he talked upon most subjects with great knowledge and fluency; and wherever a flash of wit, a pun, or a joke, came in his way, he gave it in such a style of genuine humour as was always sure to circulate the laugh; and this laugh was his glory and triumph.

To a man of this character, Macklin was as the *dace* to the *pike*, a sure prey. He accordingly made him his daily food for laughter and ridicule, by constantly attending his lectures, and, by his questions, remarks, and repartees, kept the audience in a continued roar. Macklin sometimes made battle—but it was Priam to Pyrrhus; he now and then came out with a strong remark, or bitter sarcasm; but in wit and humour, Foote was greatly his superior. Foote likewise had the talent of keeping his temper, which still added to his superiority.

One night, as Macklin was preparing to begin his lecture, and hearing a buz in the room, he spied Foote in a corner, talking and laughing most immoderately. This he thought a safe time to rebuke him, as he had not began his lecture, and consequently could not be subject to any criticism: he therefore cried out, with some authority, "Well, Sir, you seem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, Sir," says Foote; "Pray *do you?*" The ready

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ready and unembarrassed manner of this reply drew on such a burst of laughter, as silenced the lecturer for some minutes; nor could he then get on, till called upon by the general voice of the company.

Another time, Macklin undertook to shew the causes of duelling in Ireland, and why it was much more the practice of that nation than any other. In order to do this in his own way, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history, as it respected the customs, the education, and the animal spirits of the inhabitants; and, after getting as far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he was again proceeding, when Foote spoke to order. "Well, Sir; what have you to say upon this subject?" "Only to crave a little attention, Sir, (says Foote, with much seeming modesty,) when I think I can settle this point in a few words." "Well, Sir, go on." "Why, then, Sir," says Foote, "to begin, what o'clock is it?" "O'Clock!" says Macklin; "what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?" "Pray, Sir," says Foote, "be pleased to answer my question." Macklin, on this, pulled out his watch, and reported the hour to be half past ten. "Very well," says Foote; "about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland, that can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk: from drunkenness proceeds

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proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling, duelling; and so there's an end of the chapter." The company seemed fully satisfied with this abridgment; and Macklin shut up his lecture for that evening in great dudgeon.

Another night, being at supper with Foote and some others at the Bedford Coffee-house, one of the company was praising Macklin on the great regularity of his ordinary, and, in particular, his manner of directing his waiters by *signals*. "Aye, Sir," says Macklin, "I knew it would do. And where do you think I picked up this hint? Well, Sir, I'll tell you. I picked it up from no less a man than James Duke of York, who, you know, Sir, first invented signals for the fleet." "Very apropos! indeed," says Foote, "and good poetical justice; as *from the fleet* they were taken—so to *the Fleet* both master and signals are likely to return."

All this, though galling to Macklin, was fun for the public; and if it had ended here, would, perhaps, have served Macklin in a pecuniary way, as much as it hurt his feelings in another: but Foote did not know when he had enough of a good thing; he introduced him into his Theatre at the Haymarket, where neither cut so good a figure as they did in the British Inquisition; and Macklin, in return, retorted in all kind of abuse and calumny. The public at last grew tired of the con-

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troversy, from being taken out of its proper place; and the *British Inquisition* soon after this began to feel a gradual decay in all its departments.

Most people, beside the projector, saw the seeds of a speedy dissolution in the very principles of this scheme. In the first place, it was upon a large expensive scale, and quite novel in this country; it, therefore, not only required a greater capital than Macklin was master of, but much greater talents; as he had neither learning, reading, figure, or elocution, for the oratorical part; nor assiduity, knowledge, or temper, for keeping a coffee-house and tavern. Whilst he amused himself with drilling his waiters, or fitting himself for the rostrum, by poring over the *Athenian Oracle*, or *Parliamentary Debates*, his waiters, in return, were robbing him in all directions. His cook generally went to market for him; and his principal waiter was his head butler. In short, Macklin had left himself little more to do in the essential parts of this business, than paying the bills; and these soon poured in upon him so fast, that he could not even acquit himself of this employment.

Things could not long continue in this deranged state. He soon found a difficulty in supporting the daily expences of the house; but still he trusted to the forlorn hope of better times, and luckier

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luckier opportunities. His friends had now the confidence to tell him, that his scheme, from the beginning, was ill-matured, and he, above all others, the most unlikely to succeed in it. This, instead of instructing him, piqued his pride: he called his want of success ill luck; and that, as luck would turn if money would hold, he would try it another winter. Accordingly, the next winter did ultimately decide the question, as we find him a bankrupt on the 25th of January, 1755, under the title of "vintner, coffee-man, and chapman."

On his examination before the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, every thing turned out to his character, but his *prudence*, as it appeared he lost his money partly by the sums incurred in building and fitting up the rooms, and partly by the trade not being adequate to such a scale of expenditure. One circumstance, however, should not be omitted here, which redounds to his character as a father, which was—that it was proved, by sufficient documents, that he laid out no less a sum than *twelve hundred pounds* on the education of his daughter—an education not ill bestowed, as it respected exterior accomplishments, &c. but which made so little impression on her gratitude, that, at her death, (which happened when her father was above eighty years of age, and when, it was well known, he was far from being independent,)

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she bequeathed the best part of her fortune to strangers—giving him, at the same time, such an eventual title to the other part, as was worse than absolute neglect—it was a legacy in mockery, as if she only thought of her father to tantalize him with fruitless expectations.

Macklin being now released from the duties of a Lecturer and Tavern-keeper, (duties which neither his talents or temper ever designed him for,) "the world was all before him, where to choose his place of happiness and rest;" but his passions were too turgid to admit of much rest, and his judgment too much governed by his passions to seek the proper sphere of happiness. However, indolence was never amongst his vices: he was always doing something, or had a project in his head which was to do a great deal. The project of the moment was, to found a new Theatre in Ireland, in conjunction with the late Spranger Barry, (for this was the first sketch of the plan,) which was to outdo all former outdoings.

Barry (as we have before observed in the course of these anecdotes) was then in the height of power and reputation; and nothing but the very irritation and restlessness of ambition could have prompted him to change a situation so desirable: whereas Macklin, just emerged from bankruptcy, and not having as yet recovered his situation on the

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the London Theatre, had nothing to lose, with a certainty of gaining something by the struggle. With these prepossessions he *earwigged* Barry (himself "nothing loth") so constantly about the power of a Manager, and the fixed and permanent profits of a Theatre, which by its deputations could command the whole kingdom, that he determined on the trial, and proposals were sent over to Ireland for that purpose.

During this interval, Macklin's house under the Piazzas, Covent Garden, was constantly open for the *Tyros* of the profession to give specimens of their different talents: from ten to twelve o'clock, three times a week, he gave audiences for this purpose; and it formed an object of no little curiosity to see the veteran, in all the formality and port of a Theatrical Inquisitor, settling their various pretensions.

Many stories flew about the town, at that time, of the various odd and whimsical characters who presented themselves for engagement: some real, no doubt; and some which may be set down to the account of Foote, (his old and constant ludicrous tormentor,) which may be classed under the title of "poetical prose."

One was of a man who offered himself for Othello, who, as he was giving, by way of speci-

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men, the speech before the Senate, was observed to throw back his left arm with great violence pretty constantly. "Pray, Sir," says Macklin, "keep back your *left arm* a little more: you are now, consider, addressing the Senate, and the *right-hand* is the one to give grace and energy to your enunciation." "O, Sir, (replied the candidate very coolly,) it is only the sleeve of my coat, which I forgot to pin back, as I lost my left arm many years ago on board a man of war."

Of another, who presented himself as a candidate for Kent in King Lear; but Macklin suspecting the man's qualifications from his appearance, asked him what sort of character did he suppose Kent to be. "Character," replied the man, "why a *Physician* surely!" "Physican, Sir!" cried Macklin: "d—mn it, how do you make that out?" "Oh! very clearly, from this reply of Kent's—"Do—kill thy Physician, Lear."

Of another, who offered for the *Cock in Hamlet*; and of another, who sent in a list of female capital tragedy parts, who, on an interview, turned out to be a Blackamoor.

Whilst Macklin was thus employed, a scene of another nature took place, which ranks his character in a more respectable point of view. We have already observed, that Macklin, previously to

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to his turning Orator, Inquisitor, and Tavern-keeper, had introduced his daughter to the Stage, in a Prologue written for that purpose. Though Miss Macklin was not handsome, she was genteel in her person, and being highly educated, was fashionable in her manners and deportment. She was, beside, a very rising actress, and gave specimens of her singing and dancing in occasional entertainments, which made her a great favourite with the town.

Some days previously to her benefit, whilst Macklin was sitting at breakfast, a loud knocking at his door announced the name of a Baronet, at that time as well known on the turf, as he has since been in the character of a *Noble Lord*, and *Great Legal Practitioner*. After the ceremonies of introduction were over, Macklin hoped "he would do him the honour of breakfasting with him;" which the other very frankly accepted of, and the conversation became general. The stage, of course, formed one of the topics; when the Baronet took this opportunity to praise Miss Macklin in the highest strains of panegyric. This Macklin thought a good omen for his daughter's benefit night, and bowed most graciously to all his encomiums. At last, after a short pause, (arising, as Macklin thought, from his embarrassment about the manner of asking for tickets,) the

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Baronet began the following curious conversation.

"After what I have said of your daughter, Mr. Macklin, you may suppose I am not insensible of her merits. I mean to be her friend; not in the article of taking tickets for her benefit, and such trifling acts of friendship, which mean nothing more than the vanity of patronage—I mean to be her friend for life."

"What do you allude to, Sir?" says Macklin, roused at this last expression.

"Why," said the other, "I mean as I say; to make her my friend for life: and as you are a man of the world, and 'tis fit you should be considered in this business—I now make you an offer of four hundred pounds per year for your daughter, and two hundred per year for yourself, to be secured on any of my estates during both your natural lives."

"I was at that time," said Macklin, "spreading some butter on my roll, and happened to have in my hand a large case-knife, which grasping, and looking steadily at the Baronet, desired him instantly to quit my apartments; telling him, at the same time, that I was as much surprised at his folly as his profligacy, in thus attempting the honour

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honour of a child through the medium of her parent. He affected not to mind me, and was proceeding with some coarseness, when instantly I sprung from my seat, and holding the knife near his throat, in a menacing manner, bid him make the best of his way down stairs, or I would instantly drive that instrument into his heart, as the due reward of such base and infamous proposals.

" Sir, (continued the Veteran,) I had no occasion to repeat my menaces a second time. By G—, the fellow made but one jump from his chair to the door, and scampered down the stairs as if the D—l was in him. He ran across the Garden in the same manner, thinking I was still at his heels: and so, Sir, I never spoke to the rascal since."

Previously to the indentures being drawn up between Barry and Macklin, as joint Managers of Crow-Street Theatre, Dublin, Macklin gave in a list of parts, and a plan of managerial arrangement, as it respected his own power, which roused Barry to pause on such an agreement. Beside the parts which he was in stage possession of, such as Shylock, Sir Paul Pliant, the Miser, Ben in Love for Love, Sir Gilbert Wrangle, Scrub, Trinculo, &c. &c. he was for articling to play Hamlet, Richard, Macbeth, &c. *occasionally*. Seeing Barry rather surprised at this last proposal,

—" Not,

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—"Not, my dear Spranger, (says he,) that I want to take your parts from you, but by way of giving the town *variety*. You shall play Macbeth one night, and I another, and so on, Sir, with the rest of the tragic characters. Thus we will throw lights upon one another's performance, and give a bone to the lads of the College, who, after all, form a part of the most critical audience in Europe."

Barry remonstrated in vain against this absurd project, by telling him, in his soft, conciliating manner, that the very reverse of what he predicted must happen, as, in the proportion of one of them being a favourite in any of those characters, the other must feel the degradation, and of course the receipts of the house would suffer—that he, Macklin, had a large circle of comic parts to range in, all at his own disposal, which he could vary as he liked—which would be sufficient both for fame and fortune, and not *risque* the taking up of new business at his *time of life*.

Macklin caught fire at the word *risque*, and, perhaps, *time of life*, and told him, it was more a *certainty* than he or Garrick were aware of; that he had long thought of these parts, that he had long studied them; and though he had never before then had a power to demand them, he would not now lose the opportunity! "And, by G—d, Sir,

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Sir, let me tell you, I think I shall be able to show the town something they never saw before."

To such reasoning, nothing could be applied, but by breaking off the engagement, which accordingly was dissolved: but Barry afterwards recollecting that such a man as Macklin, with the assistance of his wife, would be useful to him, he got a third person to bring him round, by offering him a large salary, with a privilege of playing twice a week in any of the comic characters of the list he first delivered in, without being concerned in any respect as a Manager. After some interviews, this was at last acceded to. When Barry, in the mean time, articled with the late Hary Woodward as joint Patentee and Manager of the intended Theatre.

In the Spring of 1757, Macklin went to Ireland along with Barry, and was present at laying the foundation stone of Crow-Street Theatre. He was likewise a constant inspector of the progress of that building whilst he stayed in Ireland, where he was often heard descanting on the structure of the Greek and Roman theatres, the nature of their masks, scenery, &c. to the no small entertainment of the by-standers, and often to the interruption of the workmen; one of whom at last told him, "That they were building an Irish, not a Greek Theatre, and must build according to the plan laid

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laid down for them." This offended Macklin's *virtù* so much, that he declined all future visits.

About the September of the same year, Barry having obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to his new Theatre, and arranged every other matter relative to his great design, returned to London, leaving Macklin as his *locum tenens*, who, to do him justice, was so very vigilant and industrious in all the departments of his trust, that, upon Barry's return to Dublin, towards the close of the summer of 1758, the Theatre was nearly ready for their performance.

Mrs. Macklin died about this time, before her husband could receive any benefits from her engagement; and he seemed much afflicted at her loss, as her judgment and good sense often kept him within the pale of propriety. He used often to confess this; and at the same time arraign the quickness and turbulence of his passions, which too frequently got the mastery of his understanding. She was esteemed an excellent actress in the walk of her profession; a very considerable reader; and possessed the accomplishments of singing and dancing to that degree, as would have enabled her to get her bread in those lines, was not her acting considered as the most profitable employment.

Crow-

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Crow-Street Theatre opened on the 23d of October, 1758, with an occasional Prologue spoken by Barry, after which was performed the Comedy of "She Would, and She Would Not; or, the Kind Impostor." Macklin joined this corps as soon as decency for the loss of his wife would admit; but such was the versatility of his temper, that he not only quitted his engagements with Barry and Woodward, and returned to London the middle of December, 1759, but made an engagement to perform at Smock-Alley Theatre (the opposition house) towards the close of that season; and Victor, the Deputy Manager of that Theatre, relied so much upon this engagement, that we find him cheering his broken troops, by assuring them, "That he should have the assistance of Mr. Macklin and his daughter for a dozen nights, who, by their joint novelty, and the father's exhibiting a new piece or two of his own writing, would, he was in hopes, close the season with considerable advantage."

This advantage, however, they were excluded from, as Macklin, towards the latter end of the month of March, again changed his mind, and acquainted Victor by letter, "That it was impossible for him to fulfil his promise, as his daughter's ill state of health would not permit her to undertake such a journey, and such a voyage."

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The consequence of this letter was, that Victor was obliged to dissolve the company from acting any longer on Mr. Sheridan's account; and as this was so early as the 20th of April, when they were not only sufferers by arrears of salary, but few of them had commenced benefits, this prompted them to solicit the favour of the town, independent of their Manager, (which Sheridan very readily granted, by giving them the use of the house, scenery, clothes, &c.) in a long advertisement, signed with all their names, and concluding in the following humiliating manner:

"Unforeseen losses will, it is hoped, recommend us to the continued patronage of the town: and we beg leave to assure the public, that it shall be our pride and study to perform the ensuing representations with as much accuracy and diligence, now we are left to our own conduct, as we have been compelled to suffer irregularity and confusion, from having been subjected to a variety of disappointments."

But, alas! this advertisement did them no service: the warm weather was too far advanced; and their endeavours ended with three or four unsuccessful performances, which threw this little *corps* under the greatest embarrassments. Macklin, however, had greater projects before him than joining the Irish Theatres: at this time he got an en-

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gagement at Drury-Lane Theatre, at a very considerable salary; and, beside, had it in meditation to bring out his farce of *Love-a-la-Mode*; which, though it met with some opposition in the beginning, afterwards received such applause, both here and in Ireland, as made amends for all his former dramatic miscarriages, and crowned him with no inconsiderable share of reputation.

Of the origin of this little piece we have often heard Macklin speak, and speak with a pleasure which most men take in telling of events which, trifling or ludicrous in their beginnings, lead to happy and prosperous consequences. It was as follows.

Some time before their going to Ireland on the Crow-Street expedition, Barry and Macklin had been spending the evening at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, when they were joined by an Irishman who had been some years in the Prussian service, and who, from his first appearance, attracted their notice. In his person he was near six feet high, finely formed, of a handsome manly face, with a degree of honesty and good humour about him which prejudiced every body in his favour.

He happened to sit in the same box where Macklin and Barry sat; and as Barry perfectly understood

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stood the Irish character, could tell many agreeable stories in that way, and was beside considered as no inconsiderable *humbugger*, (a species of wit very much attached to an Hibernian humourist,) he soon scraped an acquaintance with his countryman, and brought him out in the full blow of self-exhibition.

The stranger told them of his birth, parentage, and education in Ireland; "of his being originally designed for a priest, and following an uncle of his to France, who was in that profession, for that purpose: that *luckily* his uncle died, and left him at liberty to follow the profession of his soul, which was the army: that he afterwards listed in the Prussian service, and was in most of the early battles of the great Frederick, who rewarded him with a lieutenancy for his services; and that he was just come over to England to receive a legacy left him by a cousin of his mother's, who was a cheesemonger in the Borough."

To this account he gave them a long list of his amours both in France and Prussia, accompanied with some humorous Irish songs, as made him, on the whole, a most diverting character. With all this, he was so extremely simple and unsuspicious, that when Macklin (who passed himself off for an Englishman all the while) attributed his successes with the ladies from having a *tail behind*,

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as common to all Irishmen, he instantly pulled off his coat and waistcoat, to convince him of his mistake, assuring him, "that no Irishman, in *that respect*, was better than another man."

Macklin, who seldom wanted observation in his profession, saw that this was a character who would stand prominent in a Comedy. He therefore helped to draw him out in all his absurdities, till he had satisfied himself in sketching the full outline of the portrait. The next day he communicated his idea to Barry, who so much approved of it, as to offer to play the principal character himself; and, by way of encouraging Macklin to go on, offered him a wager of a rump and dozen, he would not produce a dramatic piece upon that subject in the course of three months.

The wager was accepted; and Macklin, according to his own account, produced a Comedy of five acts, sketched out in plot and incidents, without having all the parts of the dialogue filled up, in the course of six weeks; which Barry was so pleased with, that he paid him his wager; Macklin pledging himself, at the same time, to finish it before the end of the season.

Though Macklin's outline of "Love a la Mode" was thus planned, and highly approved of by Barry, for whom the principal character was intended, it

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was far from being finished. In the early part of his authorship, Macklin had suffered from hasty sketches; and he seemed to be determined, in respect to the present piece, to give it every kind of attention in his power.

His first design was to make it a play of five acts, and he had disposed the business of it in that manner. However, before he brought it before the eye of the public, he determined to take advice; and as there was nobody to whom he could with more friendship and propriety address himself than Mr. Murphy, who was, and is, considered as one of our first dramatic writers, he wrote a letter inviting him to dine with him on a certain day, in order to sit in judgment on his Comedy.

This was in the summer of 1760. Murphy had country lodgings in Kew Lane, and Macklin and his daughter lived upon Richmond Hill. They met two hours before dinner for this purpose, when Macklin began, with great gravity, to read his piece, first requesting the Critic "to use the pruning knife, if necessary, with an unsparing hand." Murphy accordingly called for pen, ink, and paper; and as Macklin read, he made his remarks. They had not proceeded long in this manner, when Macklin (who, from the beginning, was on the tenter-hook of expectation) called out,

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out, "Well, Sir,—come, let's see what you have done." "No, Sir," said the other; "read through, and then I will shew you my remarks." Macklin's impatience could not well brook this delay, and he talked "of his having a rod over him, and that he should like to have some *presentiment* of his fate, and not, perhaps, be d—n'd altogether." Murphy remonstrated upon this, and told him, "that as his Comedy could not be well judged of till it was entirely read, so his criticism would be imperfect till the whole was equally finished." "Well, Sir, (said the growling author,) I have put myself in your power—go on." He accordingly read through his piece, when Murphy gave the following judgment.

"That he in general approved of the plot, the characters, and their appropriate discriminations: but that both plot and characters suffered considerably from being drawn out into *five acts*. From this extension, the business lingered; and that *eclat* which would be produced by the bustle and incident of a *two-act piece*, must suffer from a further continuation."

Macklin remonstrated strongly against this, and made a long dissertation on the different divisions of Comedy; its beginning, middle, and end; its intricacies, *denoument*, &c. &c. but in vain! Murphy held his friendship and judgment

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too highly to yield to what he thought partial or false reasoning; he positively told him, "that it was his opinion, it must be cut down to a farce, to give it a greater chance of success, and *then* he had no doubt of its bringing him both profit and reputation." This did not convince, and the conference broke off. Before they parted, however, Macklin requested a copy of his remarks in writing; said "he would give them a further consideration; and if he still found himself positive in his first opinion, he must reject them; if the contrary, he would adopt them."

In a day or two afterwards meeting Murphy, he told him, he was by no means convinced of the justness of his criticisms; but that he would make one more trial, by laying his piece before his friend Mr. Chetwynd, who lived at Moulsey-hurst; a gentleman of fortune and talents, and well known atthat time as one of the first theatrical critics. He accordingly did so; and Chetwynd agreeing with Murphy, that it should be reduced to an afterpiece, Macklin at length yielded, and brought it out, in that shape, the ensuing winter at Drury Lane.

The name of *Chetwynd*, though now remembered by few—very few of the dramatic *amateurs*—formed too conspicuous a figure in the annals of polite literature to be omitted in this place. He was

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was a gentleman of very considerable family and fortune, who lived with the first wits and scholars of his time; a man of deep learning, quick comprehension, and most agreeable conversation. He generally made one of Foote's select convivial parties, which otherwise consisted of the late Dr. Schomberg, Mr. Murphy, and the late Sir Francis Delaval. These the humorist used to call the *quintetto;* and in the company of such it may well be supposed there were few "heavy hours." Foote always gave the palm of scholarship to Chetwynd, whilst, at the same time, he allowed him his proportionate share of wit and pleasantry.

Mr. Chetwynd's country residence was Moulsey-hurst, which was the retreat of his literary friends in summer; and in the winter, for their accommodation, as well as his own, he had lodgings in town. His judgment and taste in dramatic matters was decisive; and though we do not know that he wrote any thing himself beyond some fugitive pieces, whatever author had his approbation, was pretty well secured of his passport to fame.

But neither learning, or talents, or the easy accommodations of fortune, will sometimes afford content. He married, rather late in life, a woman much younger than himself; and though he lived to near fourscore years of age, (a time of life when love, and all its joys and anxieties, are ge-

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nerally at rest,) he was not insensible to the passion of jealousy. Whether this arose from suspicion, or conviction, it is difficult to tell, as he never brought the subject under proper discussion; but the consequence was fatal to him; it first preyed upon his temper, and rendered him peevish and unsocial; he next grew careless of his person; and was at times so absent, as to be insensible to every thing around him.

His old companions saw this change, and wished to draw the secret from him, in order, if possible, to cure him: but it lay too near his heart, and, by constant brooding over it, instead of decreasing, "it made the meat it fed on." He at last formed his final resolution, which was, to get rid of a life that, every day, gave him nothing but additional torments.

For this purpose, he came from the country to his house in Gerrard Street, Soho, attended only by one servant: here he lived three days by himself, by candle-light, never suffering the window-shutters to be opened, or ever going regularly to bed. On the fourth day, early in the morning, he sat down before his bed-chamber fire, and resting a horse-pistol in his mouth, instantly put an end to his existence.

His servant heard the report of the pistol, and immediately ran up stairs—but the deed was not only

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only done, but formed a spectacle too horrid to be looked at. Having loaded the pistol with a brace of balls, and, as it is supposed, put the muzzle into his mouth, the explosion was so forcible as to carry off above the half of his skull, and left him little more than a human trunk, streaming with gore.

In adding this instance to the long list of those who have unfortunately fallen victims to *jealousy*, let it be remembered, at the same time, "that every old man who marries a young woman, lays *himself* the corner-stone of his wife's infidelity."*

But to return to Macklin.—The success of "Love a la Mode," in the end, fully answered his expectations: for though there were some prejudices against the Author in the beginning, heightened, perhaps, by the partiality he has shewn his country, the good taste of the town not only terminated in his favour, but brought considerable reputation and emolument to the writer.

* This account has been partly contradicted by a lady under the signature of C. H. stating, that Mr. Chetwynd was never married; and that it was the extreme pains of the gout, to which he was subject twice a year, that induced him to commit that fatal action: but the Editor of these Memoirs had the above fact as stated from a friend of Mr. Chetwynd, who lived in great intimacy with him at the time; and who is too much a man of veracity, not to be relied on.

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The critical objection to this farce seemed to be, in giving to his hero, who is an Irishman, a degree of affection for his mistress, of a purer and more disinterested nature than the Englishman, the Scotchman, and the Jew, who were his rivals; contrary to the received opinion, "that the Irish are generally fortune-hunters." To this we reply, that if the Author meant to fall in with this vulgar opinion, he might have succeeded with less danger: but it should be remarked, that Macklin did not draw his character from the common herd of needy adventuring Irish, who are ready to snap at any thing in the way of fortune, but from a purer source. His hero had been educated in the simple manners of the interior part of Ireland, where an unsuspicious temper, courage, generosity, and fidelity, are qualities that seem peculiarly congenial to that soil. From thence he is transplanted into the military line, which is no bad soil for the further culture of those qualities: so that, on the whole of such an education, it is no wonder he should carry away the prize from a *foolish Jockey*, an *unfeeling Jew*, and an *avaricious Scotchman*. The qualities that are attached to this species of character form the distinction; and this distinction, in our opinion, is rationally and dramatically preserved in "Love a la Mode."

But, as a further proof that prejudice, more than sound criticism, operated upon this piece, when its

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its success could no longer be withstood, it was said to be *none of his own*—the last resource of ill-nature, and which has been occasionally charged to the best authors, from the days of Virgil to the present times. If it was not his—whose was it? An author is generally as unwilling to part with his literary as his landed property, and sometimes more so, as the former gives a celebrity which mere money cannot bestow: beside, it is now above forty years since the piece has received its public protection, and no living witness—nay, "no ghost from the grave," has stepped forward to claim it.

The title of this play, however, is not new to the Stage, as there was a Comedy called "Love a la Mode" acted at Middlesex House in 1663, it is said, with great applause. This Comedy, there is every reason to believe, Macklin never saw; and if he did, could not avail himself of the materials, which are totally of a different species from the modern characters which he has introduced, and which are evidently the growth of his own times.

In the winter of 1762, Macklin having an engagement at Crow-Street Theatre, carried this afterpiece with him to Ireland, and there had an opportunity of performing his original promise, by consigning the part of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan to his friend Barry; Squire Groom to Woodward,

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Woodward, and Beau Mordecai to Messink; whilst he retained the character of Sir Archy M'Sarcasm for himself.

Never was a little piece cast with greater strength; particularly the part of Sir Callaghan by Barry. It was partly the character of the player himself in his convivial moments; for as he excelled in telling humourous stories relative to Irishmen and their blunders, he knew how to fill up all the minutiæ of the picture to advantage. The heroism of his figure, and the frankness of his manners, gave that finish to the whole, which rendered it as perfect a piece of acting as perhaps ever was exhibited. The town followed it with unabating curiosity for a whole winter, as one of their never-failing dishes of entertainment.

The very great success of this piece induced Macklin to bring out another farce the next year, of equal celebrity, entitled, "The True Born Irishman." The principal characters of which were as follow:

Morrough O'Doherty, - -	Mr. Macklin.
Counsellor Hamilton, - -	Mr. Aickin.
Count Mushroom, - -	Mr. Ryder.
and	
Mrs. Doherty, - - -	Mrs. Dancer, (the late Mrs. Crawford.)

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The design of this piece was to ridicule the affectation of the Irish fine ladies of fashion on their return from England, (where they are never supposed to reside above a month or two,) aping the pronunciation and manners of the English, in contempt of their own native dialect and customs. To this was added the character of a *prejudiced* Englishman, who saw every thing in Ireland with so jaundiced an eye—"That the fish was too *new* for him—the claret too *light*—and the women *too fair*."

The parts were admirably sustained. Moorough O'Doherty, an hospitable Irish country Gentleman, of unaffected manners, was happily hit off by Macklin, who knew the points of such a character, and gave them a full colouring both in the writing and acting. Count Mushroom was meant to ridicule Mr. Hamilton, (technically called *Single Speech Hamilton*,) who was then Secretary to the Earl of Halifax, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was reckoned a strong likeness; and Ryder was at that time, in the light fantastic characters of Comedy, in high reputation. But the part which attracted the greatest applause of all, was Mrs. Dancer in Mrs. Doherty: she was then in the bloom of youth and beauty, and, with other high qualifications of profession, possessed a vivacity of manner and countenance that was irresistible: she had likewise, from her residence in Ireland, acquired that pleasing part of the language

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gunge which is called "the Brogue," and which, mixed with her own native enunciation, was the very character the Author could have wished for.

The success of these pieces lifted Macklin rather high in the public estimation; and not only amongst the generality of playhouse frequenters, but people of the first fashion and consideration. In "The True Born Irishman," opposition courted him for caricaturing a person who, from his office, generally becomes obnoxious to them; whilst those on the side of Government, to show they felt nothing personal in *Count Mushroom*, not only constantly frequented the Theatre when this piece was acted, but entertained the Author at their houses, and attended him on his benefit nights; and in this list was Hamilton himself, who being one of the first to laugh, took off, in a great measure, the degree of ridicule which would otherwise attach to him.

But though the merits of this little drama met with such deserved success in Ireland, it shared a contrary fate in London a few years afterwards, under the character of "The Irish Fine Lady;" and both audiences were perhaps right in their different decisions. In Ireland, it mostly touched upon *local* circumstances, which, though naturally and accurately drawn, were only known to the natives, and by them relished in a degree propor-

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tioned to that knowledge—it had likewise the degree of *personality* to support it; always a sure ingredient, though temporary, in popular estimation; whereas in England, it had none of those powerful supports: the mixed idiom of the *Brogue* and the *Cockney* had no charms for John Bull; and the personal ridicule of an Irish Secretary of State, was totally out of his contemplation: in short, it was one of those kind of plants that was so truly indigenous as not to bear transplantation, and it accordingly soon withered in a foreign soil.

Macklin, however, could well bear this disappointment; as he not only got reputation by it in his native country—but *pudding* with his praise; a test of merit which authors are always ready to allow as such, when they receive it, though not so much when it does not accompany the labour of their performances. For this, and his "Love a la Mode," to be played at the option of the Manager, he was to be paid at the rate of 30*l.* per week; and this money, if required, to be paid every Saturday morning at the Treasury Office, Crow-Street Theatre.

The punctuality of this agreement went on for some time pretty regular; but as Barry (whatever his profits might be) always thought paying his actors, or tradesmen, "as only making them troublesome,"

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blesome," Macklin, on the Saturday morning, was frequently told, "the treasurer was out of the way—that he was sick, &c." or some other excuse, by which he could not get his money. Macklin, however, who was always "a man of the world," and who had long before taken full measure of his Manager, was not at a loss for his remedy, and was accordingly determined not to be the dupe of such artifice. He therefore roundly demanded, why he was not paid; asserting with an oath, "that if he was not, and that regularly, according to agreement, he would take himself and his pieces to the other house."

Barry now found he must make a new tack; and as he was endless in his arts of fencing against an importunate creditor, thought of a scheme of operating on his fears—in order to delay the payment. Accordingly, he frankly acknowledged all the services which his farces did the house, besides the benefits of his other performances, for both of which he was very ready to fulfil his engagements with him.—"But, my dear *Mac*," added he, "as you live above two miles out of town, (Macklin had at this time country lodgings,) and as it is well known that you do so, the taking down such a sum as *thirty pounds* every Saturday night, subjects you very much to be robbed, and perhaps otherwise ill-treated by the way: therefore, you had better let your money lie in

in the treasury, which you may command at all times."

Macklin heard this with one of his usual sarcastic grins; and pulling a large clasp knife out of his pocket, cried, "Look'ee here, Sir—here is my remedy against thieves—The man who attempts to rob me, shall have this steel in his belly first.—No—No—No robberies!" "Well, but, my dear *Mac*," cried Barry, "consider, determined as you are, you are but one man, and these fellows go in gangs, so that your knife will do nothing against numbers." "Very true, Sir—But, allowing all this to be true, I have still but a *chance* of being robbed on the highway—whereas in the other case, my dear Spranger, (looking him full in the face,) *you know* there is a *certainty* of my being *robbed in town*: therefore I'll chuse the least risque. Pay me my money, or, by G—d, I'm no longer your actor."

Barry finding it was in vain to parry a man of his determined temper any longer, was obliged to comply: and both parties found their account in the accommodation.

Established as the Managers of Crow-Street thought Macklin was in their Theatre, with such a weekly receipt, and so great a favourite of the town, his old and never-ceasing itch of change

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and variety led him to turn his thoughts to Smock-Alley Theatre, then under the management of the late Henry Mossop; an actor now little known but by his misfortunes and his follies, but who, in particular lines, divided the laurels with those of the ablest and most celebrated in his profession.

Henry Mossop was born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College, where he had a considerable reputation for talents and learning. The dramatic mania, which raged from Garrick's first trip to Ireland, and which was much increased by the additional abilities of Barry and Sheridan, had caught young Mossop, who, though originally designed for the church, (where he had some prospects from family connexions,) made his election for the stage; and, notwithstanding all the entreaties of his friends to the contrary, made his first appearance in *Zanga* at Smock-Alley Theatre, in the winter of 1749.

Though Mossop, in his figure, did not owe many obligations to nature, his person was well enough adapted to the general line of parts which he chose. He possessed, beside, a strong, full, harmonious voice, which, tutored by a sound judgment, and seconded by great assiduities in his profession, soon raised him to the first class. From a long and previous study of the character of

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of *Zanga*, which seemed most happily suited to his powers, he almost reached perfection on the very first night of his appearance; as through the whole course of the play, he met with the most unbounded and merited applause. The public saw in him a genius for the stage, which, matured by science, promised every thing which the profession could bestow. He did not disappoint their hopes. His subsequent characters, though not so highly relished, or congenial to his natural abilities, as Zanga, yet all partook of excellence: the town followed him with a kind of rage the whole of the season; and as he was regularly supported by the young Gentlemen of the College, this was one of the most profitable seasons to the Manager he ever experienced, being two thousand pounds more than any of the preceding years.

Though Mossop had established his reputation as a first-rate actor, had his choice of parts, with a salary proportioned to his merit, yet, on some trifling dispute with the Manager, he left him on the close of the season, and coming over to England, got an engagement at Drury-Lane Theatre on very advantageous terms.

He chose Richard III. for his *debût;* and though it often happens that the fame of an actor on the other side the water does not bear an equal value here, yet Mossop's excellence was of that sterling

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merit, as to pass current in any country. He had, however, to struggle in the comparison with Garrick's Richard, reckoned one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of that incomparable actor; but, notwithstanding these difficulties, he was received with universal applause. His strong and harmonious voice, which he could sound from the lowest note to the highest key, gave great energy and dignity to the dialogue; and though he did not show all that versatility which Garrick exhibited in this character, yet his level speaking, and declamatory speeches, possessed a considerable share of merit.

His next representation was *Zanga*; and in this he was allowed through life, and by the best critics, to be *unequalled*. There was a pride, a turbulence, and jealousy, in the natural character of the man, that seemed to correspond with the feelings of the actor; and from the moment he opened the play to its last scene, he never lost sight of the part. "It was, in fact, a master-piece; and his wild burst of perfidy, acknowledged and justified in the fifth act, struck every auditor with a degree of astonishment."

To *Zanga* followed Pierre, in Venice Preserved, where, by his full-toned voice, and strong expression of sentiment, he gave uncommon spirit to the

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the warmth and passion of the character; and in the interview with the conspirators in the third act, threw a gallantry into his action as striking as it was unexpected. By-the-bye, this scene, which not only developes great part of the main business of the play, but is otherwise a fine picture of the different characters of the conspirators, was formerly much disgraced by Pierre's addressing one of the conspirators in the following words:

"Or thou! with that lean, withered face!"

On this challenge, an actor (who was selected for the purpose) of a most unfortunate figure, with a pale countenance, stood up with a half-drawn sword, and presenting himself to the audience, turned this fine scene into a burst of ridicule. The famous Tony Aston, the well known itinerant Comedian, was the last performer of this absurd part.

Mossop's reputation being fully established in these parts, Garrick, with his usual judgment, selected others for him, which would equally add to the Actor's fame, and the Manager's treasury; such as Caled in the Siege of Damascus, the Duke in Measure for Measure, Memnon in the Ambitious Stepmother, &c. &c. But, notwithstanding his allowed excellence in all these parts, he was

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not satisfied in the *niche* he filled at this Theatre. Whether it was that he envied Barry his success in the *lover* and the *hero*, or that his ambition led him to aspire to general excellence, he would make the experiment, and that experiment failed: his tones were totally unfit for tenderness, or joy; gaiety, or vivacity; nor did his solemn tread, and formal figure, correspond with such characters.

But although the town and the Manager knew his unfitness for these parts, he either did not, or affected not, to know it himself: he was ever too much the dupe of his own flattery; but in this instance he had the assistance of an injudicious acquaintance.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, a Gentleman of independent fortune, and a critic of some note in his time, having had some trifling dispute with Garrick at a club they belonged to, was mean enough to carry his resentments to the actor, and, like all men possessed of the spirit of malice, sought his revenge at the expence of his judgment; hence he exposed himself, by almost daily criticisms on the action and elocution of Garrick. The town laughed at these impotent attempts; but, fed by his own vanity and resentment, he went on; and Mossop imagining himself injured by Garrick, Fitzpatrick took him up as an engine to fight his quarrels, and a new vehicle for his invective.

With

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With this malicious view, he not only magnified Mossop's talents for the more imperial parts of tragedy, but in the softer scenes of love and tenderness; and that it was to reserve the character of an *universal actor* exclusively to himself, which induced Garrick to shut him out from those superior claims.

What could induce Fitzpatrick to carry his resentments against Garrick, even at the expence of duping the man whom he called his friend and protegeè, will be best explained by the following anecdote.

Fitzpatrick was a considerable supporter of what was then humorously called "the fourth Estate of the Constitution;" that is, he was a member of "The Shakespeare Club," which consisted of a number of critics, who occasionally resorted to the Bedford Arms, and who, being *amateurs* of our immortal Bard, under this title, added to their convivialities the pleasures of the drama, and dramatic criticism. Garrick was likewise a leading member; when one evening it being proposed to dedicate some peculiar marks of honour from their Society to the memory of Shakespeare, a Gentleman moved, "That as Mr. Garrick, who was allowed to be a great admirer, and the best speaking commentator, of the poet, was absent, a business of that

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kind should be postponed till another opportunity."

This fired Fitzpatrick, who, feeling too warmly the comparative merit between a liberal and, what he might think, a *mercenary critic*, replied, "that he wondered any gentleman should propose deferring the business of the Club on account of a member's absence, who was certainly the most *insignificant* person that belonged to their Society." Garrick was told this, and called for an explanation, and several conferences were held, but to no purpose. Fitzpatrick attacked him in newspapers and pamphlets, and so far obtained a victory over Garrick, by raising a party for preventing full price being taken on the night of a revived play after the third act; and Garrick had his revenge in turn; first, by the publication of a poem of his, called, "The Fribbleriad," in which, with considerable humour and vivacity, he plays with the character of *Fitzgig*, the hero; and next, by the poetical interference of his friend Churchill, who, in his rough, broad, satiric manner, depicted Fitzpatrick as one of the very worms of the creation.

Under such a seducer, Mossop's plain, unsuspicious, yet proud temper, could not long be at rest: he constantly demanded such characters as were totally unfit for him, whilst Garrick as constantly remonstrated on his impropriety; and brought

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brought the receipts of the treasury on those nights he played such characters as the best vouchers for what he asserted. This, however, brought no conviction to Mossop's mind—'twas "all for *Love*, or the world well lost"—He quitted Drury-Lane Theatre with disgust, and went to Ireland, where, for one or two seasons, he played with considerable success.

On his return to London about the year 1759, Garrick, forgetting all rival jealousies, again sought him, and again reinstated him in his former parts; but the dæmon of dissatisfaction still pursued him, and in 1761, he quitted Drury Lane and the English Theatre for ever, in search of Irish adventures.

Barry and Woodward at this time were joint Managers of Crow-Street Theatre, Dublin, and knowing Mossop's abilities, and that they would clash less with Barry's powers than with Garrick's, were glad to engage him at a considerable salary. The arrangement of their plan was well laid; and Mossop's abilities being directed to a right point, their list of Tragedies were strengthened in such a manner, as to afford the highest entertainment to the *amateurs* of the drama. As an exemplification, take the following cast of parts: Ventidius to Barry's Marc Antony, Pierre to his Jaffier, Chamont to his Castalio, Bajaset to his Tamer-

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lane, Horatio to his Lothario, Caled to his Phocyas, &c. &c. In short, Imperial Tragedy, for such parts, perhaps, was never better sustained.

The Stage thus ably supported, Mossop's fortune and reputation were at full tide, till his unhappy genius again crossed him in the idea of becoming a rival Manager. Barry and Woodward were the first who saw this, and saw in it consequences that would be fatal to both Theatres. To prevent this, they made Mossop the tempting offer of a *thousand pounds per annum*, with the restriction of only playing twice a week, to relinquish his scheme—but in vain—"*aut Cæsar, aut nullus*"—There should be but one Theatre in Ireland, and he would be at the head of it. This was not only the language of his own vanity, but of a number of fashionable females who protected him, and who, without either judgment or discretion, would take him from almost a sinecure situation, to place him at the head of Smock Alley Theatre, under all the responsibilities of such an undertaking, and with a rival and established Theatre in opposition.

The scandalous chronicle of the day gave likewise other reasons for Mossop being prevailed on to become Manager. Several of these females were deep gamblers; and as they had a certain degree of influence from their fashion, and interest amongst

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amongst their tradesmen, to favour the receipts of his house, he would be the better enabled to become their dupe in another way. A well-known Countess (long since called to a reckoning, for this and other *loose* accounts) was at the head of this party, and is said to have played the part of a *rook* with great rapacity. Thus, though Mossop's first season (from novelty, variety, and the influence of his friends) nominally filled his treasury, he might have parodied the words of Macheath, by saying, "The Stage has done me justice—but the gaming-table has been my ruin."

A paper war likewise ensued about this time between Barry and Mossop, relative to the abrupt manner of the latter's quitting his engagements at Crow Street Theatre, in which the lowest and most scurrilous abuse took place of all reason and argument. The rival newspapers became so disgusting on this account, that the public at large took it up, and either laughed at, or reprobated, the conduct of these *soi-disant* potentates. The last couplet of an epigram written on this occasion we remember, and which had a considerable share in silencing the dispute, was as follows:

"Then as to the public, it is but a toss-up,
"Whether Mossop kick Barry—or Barry kick Mossop."

In short, ruin, at last, was the end of this theatrical experiment; for, after struggling in vain for seven

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seven or eight years, and endeavouring to allure the town by all manner of exotic entertainments, Mossop found himself reduced to an absolute state of bankruptcy, and in this situation arrived in London, upon which place he had so wantonly turned his back, broken down in spirits and constitution, and at the mercy of an affronted Manager for a livelihood.

In this state of his fortune, his friends advised him to apply to Mr. Garrick for an engagement; urging, that his talents must recommend him to any Manager; and that, with economy, and the experience of past misfortunes, he had yet time enough to extend his reputation, and secure a competency for old age: but his spirit was too high for this application; he replied to his friends, with some conscious dignity, "that Garrick knew very well that he was in London;" insinuating by this, that the proposal of an engagement should first come from him. The Manager, however, if he knew Mossop was in London, (which he probably did,) would not know it without an *official* notice; and the season passed off without his making any engagement.

In the summer of the same year, Mossop accepted an invitation from a friend (Mr. Smith, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and much attached to him) to take a tour through several parts

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parts of Europe. He returned in about a year afterwards, greatly altered in spirits and appearance. Instead of the smart eagle-eyed character of his youth, he appeared emaciated, thoughtful, and dejected, shunning the company of his former friends and associates, and nursing by himself the gloomy melancholy of his mind.

His friends now made another effort to get an engagement for him at Drury Lane—but he would make no application himself, though ready to receive one. None, however, being made, his friends thought to *force* him on the Manager, by the publication of a pamphlet, wherein the Author not only took infinite pains to set Mossop's powers in the most striking point of view, but took equal pains to degrade the excellencies of a man (Garrick) who was most capable of serving him, by an invidious delineation of the decaying faculties of his mind. "The lustre of his eye," 'twas stated, "was greatly diminished, and the strong expression of his countenance was every day wearing out; his voice was husky, broken, and inarticulate; and, in short, he was so reduced in all his powers, that he could not now tread the stage with any thing like that vigour, with which it was owned he had *formerly* been the greatest ornament."

The malevolence of such a pamphlet, our readers will readily see, could only be equalled by its

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its folly. Admitting the facts stated to be true, is it to be supposed that Garrick (who of all men was most alive to fame) would bring his own defects more glaringly before the public, by shewing them the comparison? Or, sensible of the full vigour of his powers, and in no fear of a rival, would he let his enemies see he was trapped, or dragooned, by so shallow an artifice? The attempt was ridiculous in the extreme; and is another proof, out of many, how absurd it is for *one man*, or a *particular* party, to lead or force the general voice of the public.

The attempt of restoring Mossop to Drury Lane Theatre through the aid of a party, and the publication of an ill-judged pamphlet, failing, he had recourse to the Managers of Covent Garden, who seemed, at first, very willing to engage a man of his merit, and one who, by performing with Barry, could, by their joint weight, give new vigour and variety to many Tragedies.

But in the arrangement of this business, it was said, that a celebrated Actress at that Theatre (Mrs. Barry) positively refused to act in any play with this unfortunate man. What could be her reason for this resolution it is now difficult to tell! Perhaps she might have received some supposed affront from him in Ireland—never to be forgiven—or perhaps she might have dreaded a rival

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a rival in Mossop to her husband, who was then visibly in the decline of his powers, and principally engaged through the ascendency of her abilities—or perhaps *caprice*, which has its peculiar influence on the heroines of the Stage, more than any other influence whatsoever. Let the cause be what it will, its effects greatly depressed a man under Mossop's circumstances. His friends, however, advised him to wave this circumstance, and to play with any other Actress the Managers might think proper to assort him with: but their answer was, "that their business was already settled, and it was not in their power to employ him."

We have related the above circumstances as the state of Mossop's conduct relative to his theatrical engagements after his return from Ireland. But from whatever principle he acted upon, in regard to his apparent readiness to engage as a performer, we speak from *positive knowledge*, that it was not *physically* in his power to fill any part of Tragedy, or Comedy, to any advantage at that time, as his power of voice was not only considerably diminished, but his whole person emaciated, and in an apparent state of decay. His mind suffered with his bodily powers, and he moved and talked very like a man approaching to melancholy madness. In this state, it was impossible for him to fulfil the expectations either of the Managers, or the town;

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town; though he suffered his name to be made use of by his friends in the negociation. A few weeks after proved the truth of this assertion, as he fell a victim to a broken heart in the month of November, 1773.

He saw his own dissolution approaching fast, but concealed it, and the extreme poverty of his purse, from his most intimate friends. When his voice was so hollow as to be scarce audible, he used to say, "he was better;" and when asked about the state of his pecuniary matters, his answer was, "he wanted nothing." In this lingering state of person and of purse, he was found dead in his bed one morning, at his lodgings in the Strand, with only *four pence-halfpenny* in his pocket.

After his death, his remains met with the fate of many men of genius and talents, viz. that of finding *posthumous patrons*. Garrick, who, by engaging him in the beginning, might have saved him from his fate, now lamented his forlorn condition, and offered to bury him at his own expence; and Mossop's uncle, who was a man of some fortune, and a Bencher of the Inner Temple, (and who, it is said, refused him the means of subsistence during life,) now made the same offer. The last was, through decency, accepted;

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and Mossop was carried to his gave, attended by a few old friends, in the forty-ninth year of his age. Another sad example of the insufficiency of talents without the aid of discretion.

Mossop was in his person of the middle size, tolerably well formed, with a face of much expression, and an eye that evidently marked a proud and independent mind. His voice was deep and loud, when at the extent; and though he could not accommodate his tones to the soft and tender passions, his level speaking had great force and dignity.

He was, no doubt, born to be an *actor*, but not in the universal sense which he conceived, and which the early and continued flattery of some friends supported. His outset was in *Zanga*, as we have before noticed; and his applause was so deservedly great in this character, that he for some years afterwards never attempted to move from this line of performance: it was Barry's fame for *lovers* that first roused his emulation, and diverted his talents from their natural source; and though he failed on the very *threshold* of the attempt, his vanity forced him on, even at the expence of those powers which his natural and acquired talents had so liberally bestowed upon him.

However

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However strong this bias was on him, he had not a full opportunity of indulging it till he became Manager of Smock Alley Theatre. Previously to this time, we find him both here, and on the Dublin Theatre, engaged in such business as was suitable to his figure and real talents. In his *Zanga* he has never been *equalled;* and the haughty pride, and deep revenge, which he discovered in the first speech of this tragedy,

> " I like this rocking of the battlements,
> " It suits the gloomy horror of my soul,"

he supported with progressive force and feeling, till he bestrides the unfortunate Alonzo in the last Act; and here the animated glow of revenge appeared so forcible as would render all description languid: like a powerful shock of electricity, it carried the impression home to every breast.

Caled, in " The Siege of Damascus," was nearly of equal excellence with his Zanga, as he gave to this wild, savage, and enthusiastic Arabian, all the fury and fire which the character demanded; and yet so little did he know his own strength, or, rather, so apt was he to flatter his own vanity, that, when complimented on his performance of this part, he frequently exclaimed, " I wish you could have seen my Phocyas."

Pierre, in " Venice Preserved," was another of his capital parts: the rough, high-spirited, disappointed

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appointed soldier, was perfectly in unison with his talents; and in the scene with the conspirators, always obtained, and deserved, unbounded applause.

His *Richard the Third* would have likewise stood in the first line of performance, was it not for Garrick, who excelled him in the love scene with Lady Anne, as well as in all the quick animated passages of the play: but to be *second* to such an actor as Garrick, was to stand in no inconsiderable line of praise; and that Mossop did so, was evident from his performing the part alternately with this great original for some seasons.

To the fine sentiments of the *Duke*, in "Measure for Measure," he gave full force and dignity. And in "The Ambitious Stepmother" of *Rowe*, his *Mennon* was venerable and intrepid; particularly his scene with the Priest of the Sun in the first act, which he spoke with such an honest glow of animation, as totally overpowered the subtleties and frauds of superstition and priestcraft.

These were his principal parts. He had many more, both in Tragedy and the graver species of Comedy, in which he acquired great reputation. He has been accused by the critics of too great a mechanism in his action and delivery; and he was, in some degree, open to this

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censure—the frequent resting of his left hand on his hip, with his right extended, has been often ludicrously compared to the *handle and spout of a tea-pot;* whilst others called him, "The Distiller of Syllables." But these criticisms were evident exaggerations. Persons whose narrow judgments, tempers, or prejudices, induce them to look *only* for faults, will find them in the most perfect artists; and though he sometimes, in level speaking, exhibited rather too much stiffness in his attitudes, and too much length in his pronunciation, his energy and correctness, in a great measure, atoned for these trifling defects; whilst in the more impassioned parts he was excellence itself.*

This degree of fame, however, did not satisfy Mossop. He would be the *lover* both in Tragedy and Comedy; and if we might guess at his principal motive for quitting Barry and Woodward, at a proffered salary of *one thousand pounds per year*, and becoming Manager of Smock Alley Theatre with little or no hopes of success, we must

* One of the Italian Poets, whose name we do not immediately remember, ridicules this species of *hypercriticism* in the following little fable, with great justice and propriety. "A critic brought his work to Apollo, (wherein he did nothing but *find fault* with his Author,) claiming a reward. "Where are the beauties?" says the god. "Oh! I never troubled my head about them," cried the critic. "Very well," says Apollo; "bring me here a sack of unwinnowed corn. Now, my friend, sit down, and winnow this corn as carefully as you detected the faults of this poor Author, and you shall have the *chaff* for your pains."

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must attribute it to the power of casting himself in those parts so favourable to his inclination, but at the same time so inimical to his real talents.

Many instances could be given of the effects of this absurd prepossession during his diversified and tumultuous management. One, however, will be sufficient for this purpose. The fame of the Opera of "The Maid of the Mill" reaching Dublin under his management, he very properly thought of getting it up at his Theatre, as one of the novelties of the season. He had vocal performers sufficient in his company, and a band uncommonly good at that time; the Opera, therefore, was announced in the Green Room for rehearsal, and all the parts distributed, except that of Lord Aimworth. This excited some curiosity amongst the performers, to know who would be the person cast for the part. The secret was, however, kept back till within a few days of the performance, when the bills pompously announced in capitals, "The part of Lord Aimworth *(without the Songs)* by Mr. Mossop."

The hero of an Opera without singing, was a species of novelty one would think too much bordering on the *brogue* for any performer to adopt, or any audience to countenance; but, however strange to tell, both succeeded: the *castrated* Opera run *eight* nights to crowded audiences! whilst Mossop received the flatteries of his friends,

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and the town, on his success in *a new department of acting.*

This business, however, was effected by an *under-management*, more or less practised by most Managers when the means are in their power, viz. that of *imposing on the Town.* Mossop, as a man, had the art of attaching many friends to him in the various trials of life—his misfortunes, as they were called, though all the acts of his own indiscretion, rivetted those friends the closer to him. Whilst the Countess of B——, who then led the fashion in Dublin, was his avowed protectress, this Lady, beside the high company she every night drew to the boxes, commanded a great part of her tradesmen. These, with the young men of the College, (Mossop's contemporaries,) formed the principal part of the audience, who, by saving the remaining part *the trouble of thinking for themselves,* dictated to the town; and thus was a project which, left to itself, would have soon worked out its own damnation, carried through, by artifice, with profit and applause.

However absurd this dramatic licence may be considered in Mossop, Sheridan, who had still higher claims to critical *acumen,* was at least equally culpable, by transferring Mercutio's fine description of a dream, in the first act of Romeo and Juliet, to the part of Romeo—merely because he would monopolize so fine a speech to himself.

Sheridan,

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Sheridan, though a good actor in grave and sentimental parts, had neither the voice or tender *d'abord* of a lover: but admitting he had, how he could so violently wrest this speech from its proper place, to give it to a character which it fitted in no one instance, can scarce be accounted for, but by the predominancy of *self-love*, which not only trampled upon his own judgment, but on the common sense, and common feelings, of his audience.

That the public may better judge of this impropriety, we shall recall to their recollection a part of the poetical and beautiful description we allude to.

"Ha! ha! a dream.
Oh! then, I see Queen Mab has been with you:
She is the Fairy's midwife, and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs;
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces of the smallest spider's web;
The collar of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone—the lash of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner Squirrel, or old Grub,
Time out of mind the fairies coachmaker:
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and thus they dream of love."

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Whilst we can now laugh at these follies with becoming contempt, may we not ask ourselves, in the language of the Roman Satirist,

Quid rides? &c.

Do not we nightly see, under our very noses, Congreve *fitted* to the *last* of the present times, (with all the neatness and address of a modern shoe-maker,) and as such recommended by *soi-disant* critics, as the newest *town-made* goods for the use of Country Managers? Do not we see Shakespeare *made more natural* by daily emendadations, additions, and omissions? And have we not frequently seen, for years back, the scene of *Diana Trapes* totally cut out of the Beggar's Opera, (though upon that scene hinges a principal part of the plot,) merely to save Captain Macheath the trouble of re-dressing himself? O yes! we have often seen these things; and are, perhaps, doomed to see many more, whilst audiences will suffer their judgments to be counted by—*Proxy*.

But, to return from this digression, and advert more particularly to the character of Mossop.—We must not judge of him from these professional eccentricities: he was led to them principally from his necessities, which, though it must be confessed he in a great degree brought on himself, they were rather the faults of an easy, ductile temper,

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temper, than any original bad principles. In the career of success, he got up the best and most approved Tragedies and Comedies, and cast them with strength and judgment. He attended himself regularly at rehearsals, and paid his performers punctually, whilst the receipts of the treasury answered their demands; and could he have confined himself entirely to the duties of his profession, he might have weathered the storm, particularly as he was, in himself, the least of a luxurious or expensive man belonging to the stage. His ruin was the love of gaming; or rather the vanity of being under the wing of female persons of high fashion, who gamed deep: they at first fooled him into this pursuit, under the pretence of supporting his Theatre in opposition to Barry and Woodward; and they did it to a degree, but with the secret purpose of bringing grist to their own mills; for what they gave to the stage through their influence or interest, they principally brought back with exorbitant profits to their private purses.

Such was Mossop in his public character; a man who had qualified himself for the stage by a previous course of classical education, and was inducted to it by the hand of *Genius*; without which, all learning, all assiduity, all mechanism of profession, are but as "a tinkling cymbal." The departments which he filled in the Theatre were

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exclusively his own; for, except Garrick in Richard, he had no competitor. Holland, indeed, may be said to follow him, but *haud passibus equis!* It is true, Holland was not deficient in figure, voice, or attitude; and, to people who judged merely by the effect of those powers *mechanically* employed, he had his admirers; but, alas! the divine fire of the player was wanting; that "unresisting power which storms the breast," and realizes the scene, we looked for in vain. The two Zangas, comparatively speaking, were as fire and water—substance and shadow. In short, this Tragedy, though excellent in various parts of the writing, owes its celebrity on the stock list, principally to the powers of Mossop; and as it was revived by him, so it has, in a great measure, died with him; and, like some other high-wrought characters of our best poets, must wait in sullen silence till some master spirit shall arise, who "shall bestride the Conqueror of Africa, and its hundred Thrones," with equal dignity and triumph.

As a *man* (abstracted from the seduction of gaming, and its innumerable bad consequences) he was retired, frugal, and abstemious; and as little tainted with the *olinquant* and vices of his profession, as any man of his time. He is likewise said to have had a heart capable of friendship, and had that happiness of temper to make almost

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almost as many friends as acquaintances. His natural love of independence was such, that he would receive no favours from his nearest friends, even in the lowest declension of his fortune: here, indeed, his pride seemed to be at the highest, as he, in the end, sacrificed his life to its punctilios.

How miscalculating is the mind of man! Morsop had talents and natural inclinations to be one of the most independent characters in his profession; he added to the powers of conversation, a sincerity of conduct, and a simplicity of manners, that would have gained him respect and honourable friendships; but the *vanity* of being the idol of a set of *Right Honourable Harpies*, who seduced him from base and interested motives, was principally his ruin. In vain he sought to recover in *detail* what he so prodigally lost in the *gross* —in vain did he look to the little *items* of personal disbursements, and the frugal management of his Theatre, when the gaming-table nightly presented a gulph of incalculable extravagance.

In short, the fall of this unfortunate man evidently arose from two causes: the first, his becoming *Manager*, so as to indulge his self-love in being an universal actor; the second, that of his becoming a *gamester*; a profession which, in itself, carries with it ruin and disgrace, and is as inimical

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inimical to fortune, as it is to all the manly and social virtues.

Having carried on the life of Henry Mossop to its conclusion, with a view not to interrupt the story of that unfortunate man, we now return to that period of his management at Smock Alley Theatre, where Macklin was not only concerned with him as a principal actor, but frequently employed as a kind of *Assisting Manager*—an office which he ever loved, but which always suited his inclination more than either his temper or his judgment.

Be it remembered, that Macklin had just quitted Crow-Street Theatre from *pique*, or rather from the love of vanity, which was ever a great drawback upon his fortune, if not upon his talents. We now find him at Smock-Alley Theatre, equally bustling as an Actor and Author: for as the two late pieces which he brought out at Crow-Street Theatre turned out so successful to him, he this year (1764) produced a new petite piece, called "The True-Born Scotchman," which met with equal success.

This little piece has been since extended to five acts, under the title of "The Man of the World," which is well known to have met with a favourable reception, and which stands as one of the *phænomena*

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phænomena of the drama, considering the very advanced age of the Author and Actor. It was then in its *embryo*, but even in this state was highly applauded. It was generally performed twice a week, during the season, to full and respectable audiences; and the character of Sir Pertinax Mac-Sycophant was thought so strong a picture of a Scotchman, that Macklin is said to have received a note from a young Scotch Nobleman, then in high favour at the Castle, accompanied with a suit of handsome laced dress clothes, saying, "that he begged his acceptance of that present as a small mark of the pleasure he received from the exhibition of so fine a picture of his grandfather."

During the career of this little piece, Mossop, who was always pushing business too rapidly to answer the demands which his own follies led him into, had engaged a number of French Opera Dancers at very considerable salaries, and which he had calculated very highly upon; but as his credit was very low at this time, Macklin became security for the payment of their salaries up to the expiration of a certain time. That time had expired; and as they were under engagements to be at Paris at the opening of the season, they were rather importunate for the balance of their account.

Shuter

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Shuter was at that time in Ireland, engaged at the same Theatre, and as humanity was always a predominant feature in this droll's character, he kindly undertook to be their negociator in this business. He accordingly first applied to Mossop, from whom he received apology after apology—but no money. He then, as a last resource, applied to Macklin, who acknowledged himself bound to pay the balance, but requested they would stay a few weeks longer, in hopes of better luck. To which Shuter replied, "That as they were servants of the King's Theatre, they were indispensibly bound to be in Paris by a certain day."

"Well, Sir," says Macklin, "since you are so peremptory, bring them here to-morrow, and they shall be paid." They accordingly next day attended, when Macklin appeared in great form with his book of accounts, bank-notes and cash before him, and again put the question to them, "Why they could not stay a few weeks longer." "Because," says Shuter, in his irresistible arch manner, "they are afraid the King of France would *cut off their heads*."—"Cut off their heads! Sir," says Macklin in astonishment, "what do you mean by that?"—"Why *they tell me*," says Shuter, "that the King of France is an *arbitrary* Monarch, and can cut off a man's head as easy as you'd say "Jack Robinson."

"*Oui*,

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"*Oui, Monsieur*, (echoed the troop behind, who were previously instructed by Shuter,) *couper la tete.*"—"Oh! oh!" says the veteran, "now I understand you. Come, there's twenty pounds (putting down a bank-note;) and here's five more, that's twenty-five: (then looking at Shuter) —*Cut off their heads*, Sir! D—mn me, Ned, this is a new trick. Well, Sir, where did I leave off?—Oh! aye! twenty-five, and ten, that's thirty-five —thirty-five, and fifty, that's eighty-five.—This I believe is the balance. And now, Gentlemen and Ladies, if the King of France won't cut off your heads, send him to me, and he shall cut off mine if he pleases, for being such a d—mned ass as to become bail for a bankrupt Manager."

A less circumstance than this would be quite sufficient to disgust Macklin, whose temper was of that changeling nature, as never to continue in one stay. Accordingly we find him engaged the next season again at Crow-Street Theatre, where he continued, with some interruptions, occasioned by his trips to England, till the year 1767.

During this time, he was very serviceable to the Managers, both by his performance in the list of stock plays, and in the exhibition of his petite pieces. He was likewise a good Drill Serjeant, (an officer particularly wanted in the Irish Theatres,) and was in this capacity very serviceable, both

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both in regard to keeping the decorum of the Stage, the regularity of rehearsals, &c. &c. Barry was always idle in these matters; and not being so intelligent as Macklin, he readily committed them to his supervisal, always taking care that the *spirit of reformation* should fall short of the *spirit of revolution*.

On Macklin's return to England, in 1767, he brought out, towards the latter end of that season, at Covent Garden Theatre, his last new Farce of "The True-Born Irishman," under the new title of "The Irish Fine Lady;" but the humour of this piece being entirely local, (as we have before observed,) it met with so cold a reception, that it was withdrawn after the first night. Macklin himself was so satisfied with the justice of this, that he said, in his strong manner, "Sir, I believe the audience are right—There's a *geography* in *humour* as well as in *morals*, which I had not previously considered."

At this juncture there was a division amongst the numerous Managers of Covent Garden Theatre, owing, it was said, to the assumed authority of Mr. Colman; and as it was next to an impossibility for a man of Macklin's bustling spirit to remain an unconcerned spectator, he joined the party in opposition to Colman. The consequence of this was, a paper war amongst the critics, and a chancery-

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a chancery-suit amongst the parties. Macklin got involved in the latter, which he entered into with as much seeming spirit and alacrity, as if he had been the *solicitor* instead of the client.

This suit, according to the usual custom of the law, continued for several years; and as Macklin always thought he understood whatever business he was engaged in better than any one else, he undertook himself to answer all his bills in chancery; and his method partook of his usual originality.

Whenever he had a bill to answer, or any other law question to state to his Solicitor, he gave notice to his family to have a constant fire kept up in his study, and not to be interrupted, on any account whatsoever, till such time as he should choose to make himself visible. He accordingly, on the days of commencing business, locked himself up in this chamber, where his victuals, linen, with every convenience he wanted, were all sent in to him in *dumb shew:* Here he likewise slept; and whenever a thought struck him in the night, he was up at his desk with all the ardour and self-importance of a poet writing for immortality.

We have seen several of these bills, and, to do the Solicitor justice, they did not disgrace the profession by an *improper brevity*. The causes of complaint

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complaint we must confess to be numerous, and some of them very frivolous; but they were all set down with their accustomed *length* and *gravity*, "presenting to the tired eye many a sheet of endless repetition." So that Macklin's *rustication* (as he himself called it) sometimes continued for a month or six weeks. He then came out in the world, *boring* his acquaintance with the process and effects of his *lucubrations*, till the next bill arrived.

After a wearisome contest of many years, which must have interrupted him greatly in the course of his profession, he however obtained his cause—a victory which, taking in his loss of time, uneasiness, &c. &c. left him little better than an empty boast, and a fresh memorial, "that in being too busy, there is some danger."

About the year 1770, he returned again to Ireland; and as Miss Younge (the late Mrs. Pope) had an engagement at the same Theatre, he thought this a favourable opportunity (in order to avail himself of her talents) to bring forward his "True-Born Scotchman." Miss Younge had been then about two years at Drury Lane Theatre, and had, from the first outset, shewn that genius for her profession which afterwards rose to so distinguished a height. Macklin saw her talents with a painter's eye; and, above all, as he often

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often said, "felt the harmony and variety of her tones:" he accordingly, on their first landing in Ireland, recommended the study of *Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt* to her attention, and undertook himself to be her tutor.

An offer of this kind, coming from a man of very harsh and iron manners, attended with such a well-known attachment to his own opinions, few rising actresses would have accepted of; but Miss Younge had the good sense to know the use of such a preceptor; and though she had fully calculated on the drudgery she must undergo, she was determined on the trial. She considered the part would not only be a *novelty* in the line of her profession, but that, in the many interviews with a man of Macklin's long habits and observations on the Stage, much could be carried to the account of general improvement.

With these views she accepted the part, and Macklin assumed the robes of theatrical authority. The first difficulty she had to encounter with, was the pronunciation of the *Scotch dialect:* she had never been in Scotland herself; and though her preceptor had been often there, and had picked up some of the prominent idioms of the language, he was never considered by the natives as a good Scotchman; though what he had substituted for

T Scotch,

Scotch, was not only always accepted, but always applauded as such by an English audience.

To account for this is not difficult. In caricature, we do not want the immediate likeness, but the exaggeration of a likeness. This he had obtained to a certain degree; and without knowing that this was *all* that he had obtained, he *felt himself* perfectly master of the language, and undertook to teach it with all the authority of a connoisseur.

But it is the peculiar quality of genius, like the hand of Midas, to turn every thing it touches into gold. Miss Younge saw enough in Macklin's manner for her talents to work upon; and she so improved it by her natural taste, and the strength of her observation, that in a little time she threw her master into the back ground.

"Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
"And pupil to the youth he taught became."

In short, by her very skilful management of this character, she so looked, moved, and spoke the language of Lady Rodolpha, that the best judges of Scotch manners gave her the most unbounded applause. It was, through the whole course of her theatrical life, one of her finest performances: and when we consider the extreme difficulty of speaking a language so foreign to her own, through the length of five acts, accompanied

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panied by manners and deportment equally novel, it must produce an additional sigh of regret, to think that this celebrated Actress is now no more.

With the assistance of two such performers as Macklin and Miss Younge, the season was uncommonly profitable. The former came out in all his principal parts; such as Sir Gilbert Wrangle, Sir Francis Wronghead, Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, Shylock, &c. whilst the latter distinguished herself in Lady Townly, Lady Rodolpha, Portia, &c. beside an infinite number of tragic and comic characters, in which she stood totally dependent on her own abilities.

We are to number amongst the curiosities of this period, the appearance of Mr. O'Keefe (the present voluminous dramatic writer) as an Actor: but he seems to have come forward with no other distinctions than one of the common *dramatis personæ;* and even in this list we see him stand first for Gratiano, in the Merchant of Venice; and speedily after in Filch, in The Beggar's Opera; Fribble, in Miss in her Teens; Jessamy, in Lionel and Clarissa; and Squire Richard, in The Provoked Husband, or Journey to London.

He had been an Actor, we believe, for some little time before this, but of so little consequence, that, although married to the Manager's daugh-

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ter, he was cast for those characters more *pro speciali gratia*, than from any particular merit. O'Keefe has no reason to blush at this remark, "*non omnia possumus omnes.*" Shakespeare himself was not, perhaps, a better Actor—and happy for mankind *that he was not;* for had he possessed talents to stand high in the profession he had chosen, *Poetry* and *Morality* had lost one of its brightest ornaments. Thus, to compare *small* things with *great*, had O'Keefe risen to any considerable rank either in the sock or buskin, "the world had wanted many an idle song," and "precious foolery" a most able and successful advocate.

To criticise this Author by the rigidity of dramatic laws would be unfair, as his writings have assumed no imitations from rules, ancient or modern; they are calculated to *make people laugh*, and they have fully answered that effect. Indeed, they are for the most part of such a nature as to set all criticism at defiance—they serve as a barometer to the spirits without the aid of much judgment—and some parts of their humour are so dependent on the *congenial humour* of the Actor, that we suppose they could not be *written* for him, but only *rehearsed* between the Author and Actor, so as to give the latter a hint for the exercise of his fancy. What we particularly allude to, are the words and chorusses of some of

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his songs, &c. for these being of *no language*, cannot be so well communicated as by sounds.

Yet, with this species of talent, has O'Keefe gladdened the hearts of his auditors for near thirty years, and "sent them *laughing* to their beds"—and all this he has done in the hearing of good scholars, good writers, and good critics. He has often done more—he has been the constant advocate for virtue; and in many of his little pieces, he has given sketches of character, which, though unfinished, can boast of much *originality*—some passages that warm and meliorate the heart, and others which mark no mean attention to life and manners.

If he has not, therefore, equalled many of our dramatic writers in *genius*, he has escaped their vices; if he has not shewn as much science of the art, he is freed from their prosaic drowsiness. He is constantly looking for *fun* and *broad humor*, which are chiefly to be found in the middle and lower classes of life, and he is generally successful: he is, therefore, bounded by no dramatic laws; and if he keeps the laugh up in this view, he is free from censure. The manners of the middling and lower classes of life, have been always too much neglected by our modern dramatic writers, who do this, as Mr. Bayes says, "to shew their breeding;" but such should consider

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that, although *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* have their peculiar vices and virtues, the general character of man is best distinguished where nature is less adulterated—where the heart and tongue have full play, and consequently have less incitement to flattery, lying, and hypocrisy.

In the extensive list of dramatic writers, perhaps no one can be better compared to Mr. O'Keefe than the celebrated Tom D'Urfey, who wrote in the reign of Charles II. The latter's pieces certainly do not boast the purity of the former, as, though the Author has not been dead above seventy years, there is not one of his dramatic works entirely fit for modern representation: but this is owing to the corruption of the age he lived in, when the success of a play depended on this mode of writing—otherwise (and we have it from the pen of Addison) "there could not be a more cheerful, honest, good-natured man." But the comparison may be further extended by recurring to the following particulars.

D'URFEY.	O'KEEFE.
D'Urfey wrote *thirty-one* plays, most of which were well received by the public, and often honoured with the presence of the King and Court.	O'Keefe, we believe, has written *thirty-five pieces*, most of which have been well received by the public, and equally honoured by the presence of the King and Court.
D'Urfey	O'Keefe

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D'Urfey first brought Dogget to public notice by his admirable acting of a part in "The Marriage Hater Matched."

"Those who did not go to a Comedy to be *grave* (says the Guardian) found ample food for mirth in D'Urfey's pieces."

D'Urfey, beside his dramatic works, wrote several popular songs.

Tom had the friendship and patronage of Charles II. and "I myself (says the Author of the Guardian) remember the King leaning upon D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, humming over a song with him."

D'Urfey had a benefit night to crown his labours in the dramatic vineyard, which greatly added to the comforts of his old age.

"D'Urfey," says his old friend the Guardian, "had the merit of enriching our language with a multitude of rhimes, and bringing words together, which, without his good offices, would never have been

O'Keefe opened a rich vein of humor for Edwin; who probably could not otherwise gain such a height amongst the stock list of acting plays before his time.

To be *grave* at "The Son-in-Law," "The Agreeable Surprise," "Dead Alive," &c. &c. must exceed all power of face.

So has O'Keefe.

O'Keefe has had the patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who likewise has given him permission to dedicate his works to him.

The public has recently paid the same distinction to Mr. O'Keefe, which, we hope, with what he has already *cheerfully* earned, will be fully sufficient for that day when mental as well as corporeal faculties want repose.

Admitting the full extent of this merit, we believe Mr. O'Keefe can at least match him, for which we refer to "Lingo," and a great variety of his other dramatic characters.

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been acquainted with one another so long as it had been a tongue."

In the moral character of D'Urfey's pieces, this parallel will run no further, as out of the thirty-one plays he brought forward, not one is to be found on the present stock list of any Theatre: nor is this to be attributed to the obsoleteness of language or character, (as the Author only died in the year 1723,) but to the viciousness of the Court he first took root in, and which banished almost all decency and decorum from the Stage.

Whatever are the defects of O'Keefe's pieces, they cannot be charged with either immorality, or indecency—no man has succeeded in the *broad laugh* more inoffensively—he might at times be *trivial*, but he is seldom or never *coarse;* and though many of his plays have not the seeds of longevity in them, his "Wild Oats," "Son-in-Law," "Poor Soldier," &c. possess that simplicity of humor, and moral impression, that it must be more the neglect of the times than their demerit, if they are not long found in the course of representation.

So much for O'Keefe; an Author who has contributed too long to the *amusement* of the public, to be omitted in the dramatic history of his times.

After Macklin had exhausted, in a great degree, the novelty of his True-Born Scotchman at Smock Alley, he again veered about to Crow Street Theatre, under the management of Mr. Dawson; an inferior Actor, in point of theatrical merit, but a man who had accumulated some money, had much assiduity, and possessed the trust and confidence of his brother performers.

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With him he continued, not more than a season, with some kind of success—but not enough to satisfy his own fame, which was always impelled by a love of vanity. He accordingly, at the end of his engagement, quitted, seemingly, the Irish Theatres for ever, and came over to England—not only to obtain a permanent situation, but to open a scene of professional business, perhaps unequalled in the annals of the drama.

Macklin was now, by his own account, seventy-three years of age, (but by very strong circumstances, which we have already stated, *eighty-three,*) at either of which periods men seldom arrive; and when they do, generally dedicate the few remaining years allotted them, to repose and retirement. But our veteran was not of this complexion. By nature strong, healthy, and vigorous, he looked to no common calculations of life; and as men who feel no approximations to illness or decay, look more forward, Macklin not only felt the ardour of profession as strong as ever, but adverted to new experiments; experiments not founded merely on greater acquisitions of science, and long observation in the parts he was in possession of—but on the dignity, sublimity, and pathos of tragic character. In short, having long convinced the town of his abilities in a certain line of performance, he would now come forward in all the pomp of Imperial Tragedy; and

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and nothing less than Richard, Macbeth, and Othello, were to be the heralds of his new honours.

When he first announced his design, the public had various opinions of the cause of it. Some, for a time, looked upon it as a mere report, to exhibit the vanity and dotage of the Actor—others, that the Manager only made use of him as a mere novelty to draw a few houses—and others, to an interested view in the Performer himself, to make a last effort on the credulity of the public. But to those who knew Macklin well, none of these causes could in justice be ascribed to him. He was ever, it is true, more or less the dupe of his own vanity; but as he was never the slave of money, so he would not knowingly be the slave of any Manager for this purpose. The fact was, it was no new idea then arising from existing circumstances—it was an early and settled opinion of his own, that he was competent to those parts; and as a proof of this, he broke off as being one of the joint Managers of Crow Street Theatre, so far back as the year 1757, because he was not permitted to play those characters in turn with Barry: he likewise actually performed them in all the strolling companies in which he could command a cast of parts; and to these three characters (and we have it from his own authority) he added that of Hamlet, which he repeatedly performed at Bristol near forty years before this period, and on the same

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same nights generally figured away as Harlequin in the Pantomime.

So that this was no new idea, but a revival of past performances: and as he thought himself once favourably and justly received in those characters, and made no calculation for the lapse of years, he imagined, once a theatrical hero, and *ever* a theatrical hero. He therefore, in the early part of the season of 1772, made his engagements with the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and the 23d of October in the same year was announced for his performance of Macbeth.

Of the petty wrangles, riots, and lawsuits, which accompanied this attempt, the public have been long since in possession; we shall therefore only observe, that whatever his merits as an Actor might have been, he was very ill treated by a party raised against him, and that he repaid that ill treatment by an act of generosity, when he had his enemies at his feet, which reflects great credit on his memory. The manner, however, in which he played this character deserves to be noticed; not only as some curiosity to the rising generation, but as it records an æra of improvement in the interior arrangement of the Stage.

Previously to this period, Macbeth used to be dressed in a suit of scarlet and gold, a tail wig, &c.

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in every respect like a modern military officer. Garrick always played it in this manner; and the fine picture of him and Mrs. Pritchard, in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, after the murder, painted by Zoffani, exhibits him in this dress. Barry and Smith dressed it in a similar manner; and it long stood as the general *costume* of the stage. Macklin, however, whose eye and mind were ever intent on his profession, saw the absurdity of exhibiting a Scotch character, existing many years before the Norman Conquest, in this manner, and therefore very properly abandoned it for the old Caledonian habit. He shewed the same attention to the subordinate characters, as well as to the scenes, decorations, music, and other incidental parts of the performance.

So far was useful reformation acknowledged as such, and has ever since become general, not only on the London boards, but in all the provincial and country Theatres. Of his performance, we cannot give the same eulogium. His figure (even from his boyish days) was never calculated to impress the character of a dignified warrior; and in his first scene, when the audience saw a clumsy old man, who looked more like a Scotch Piper than a General and Prince of the Blood, stumping down the Stage, at the head of a supposed conquering army, "commanding a halt upon the heath," they felt it under an impression of

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of absurdity and ridicule. His address to the witches, and his reflections on their prophecies, however, were given with such a knowledge of the character as to redeem the first impression; and his subsequent interview with Lady Macbeth was very much in the spirit of the author; but when he came to the dagger scene, which requires both a marking eye, as well as grace of action, he failed, at least in representation.

In his clamour against the King's death, and his hypocrisy in concealing it, he very much arrested the attention of the audience, as he likewise did in his interview with the three murderers. In the banquet scene he failed—he wanted both the dignity of hospitality, and those quick and reiterated impressions of fear which Macbeth should have on seeing Banquo's ghost. In many passages of the fourth and fifth acts, he had alternate merits and defects. Of the former may be classed his reply to the messenger who tells him that he thought he saw Birnam Wood move towards him:

——— "If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
'Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be true,
I care not if thou dost for me as much."

The first part of this speech was delivered in a tone and look of such terrible menace as almost petrified the audience; while in the last line he fell in-

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to such an air of despondency, as shewed the effect of contrast in a most masterly manner. In short, this little speech might be classed amongst the *chef d'œuvres* of general acting, and as such was applauded by the whole of the audience.

His performance, on the whole, though there were passages that shewed the force of observation, and a sound judgment, may be classed more under the head of a *lecture on the part*, than a *theatrical representation*. The scene demanded the *embodying* of the character; and he was constantly giving the Author, which, though he often did very judiciously, it still was not sufficiently dramatic.

To speak candidly of this performance, it was lucky (at least for the fame of Macklin) that it was frustrated in his first attempt. Had he been permitted to go quietly on, his vanity would have imputed the indulgence of the audience (or the love of novelty which might have aided that indulgence) to superior abilities, and he would have gone through the whole of his design, by which he would have lost in a great degree (at least with the rising generation) those laurels which, in other walks of his profession, he had so long and honourably earned.

During this period, much theatrical whisper, and green-room report, were afloat relative to the

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spleen and industry of Macklin's enemies. It was said Garrick was in this list, and that he was jealous of being obtruded upon in those parts in which he had so long stood without a competitor; and that Reddish (a performer of some eminence then at Drury-Lane Theatre) actually refused paying a fine imposed on him for non-attendance of his duty by the Deputy Manager, "because he was with Mr. Garrick upon this business." That such an Actor as Garrick should be jealous of such an Actor as Macklin in Macbeth, &c. exceeds all power of belief; but that he might not like such a man as Macklin, or any other man of such high character on the Stage, and of so restless and enterprising a temper, offering improvements in the dresses, scenery, music, and readings, in such parts as he (Garrick) was celebrated for, may not be so incredible. In many things of less notoriety, he was observed by the critics of his day, to be tremblingly alive to fame, and in circumstances where he could not possibly dread any degree of rivalship; such as generally selecting persons of the most *modiocre* talents to play in the same scene with him, in order to hold out to the audience, in a more obvious degree, the immence difference of talents. This the performers themselves frequently felt, and, in the language of Cato, exclaimed, "Painful pre-eminence!"

Foote believed the report of Garrick's jealousy, and used to tell many stories, and particularly the following,

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following, in confirmation of this being his general temper.

At the time Foote was preparing his puppet-shew at the Haymarket Theatre, he enjoined all those concerned to keep it a profound secret; other than to circulate a whisper, that something very *novel* was about to be produced. Garrick, who, according to Murphy, seemed to live in a *whispering gallery*, soon heard this report, and was on tip-toe to get at the secret; his emissaries were constantly about the Green Room at the Haymarket, but to no purpose. At last, Foote, taking compassion of his uneasiness, told him, "if he would dine with him on such a day, he should know all." Garrick attended on the day appointed with great impatience, when, soon after dinner, Foote told him, "it was a performer of most singular talents which he was going to introduce on the Stage, who was to do every thing in a *new way*." "What's his name?" says Garrick, with some surprise. "That I'm not at liberty to mention yet; but he's a near relation of your old friend Dr. *Birch*. Will you be introduced to him? He is now, I understand, in my study. But ask him no questions, for he'll *make you no answers*." Garrick bowed compliance; and John, who previously had his cue, was ordered to introduce the young Roscius, who soon returned with a large well-dressed *Punch* in his arms." Ah!" (said Garrick, a good deal relieved

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lieved from his fears,) "now I understand you—What, a puppet-shew, I suppose."—"Nothing more or less."—"Well, but,"—rejoined Garrick, "let me see—(still uneasy.)—What are these puppets to do?"—"Why, d—mn it, David," says Foote, (looking him full in the face,) "you are not jealous of *Punch* already? Come, part the *rivals*, John, as I am determined to have no noble blood spilt in my house." Here *Punch* was remanded, and Garrick felt the laugh of the company.

But, to return to Macklin. Though foiled in his attempts at a new line of acting, neither advancing age, or a temporary disappointment, could check the ardour of profession. If he could not play Richard or Macbeth to any advantage, Shylock was exclusively his own, beside a number of other characters, where he had few competitors, and no superior. He had to console himself too, under his late disappointment, that the Manager lost no money by him, (the house being crowded every night he appeared,) as well as his leaving to the Stage several improvements in the minor arrangements, which have been since felt so appropriate, that they have been continued to this day—and are likely to continue whilst a good taste for theatrical representation remains. In short, the whole may be considered as an effort

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of mind labouring for the progress of science in his profession, but failing in the mechanical part of the execution.

Cleared of all the embarrassments which this last attempt drew him into, he fell into his old line of acting, and occasionally performed each season, visiting, at intervals, Scotland, and the provincial Theatres. In the course of this peregrination, he made an engagement, about the year 1775, to perform in Dublin and Cork during the spring and summer of that year, which he accomplished; but as he seldom was without some project in his head, a new plan of life now suggested itself to him, which, after digesting for some days, he at last proposed to his then Manager, Mr. Tottenham Heaphy.

Macklin's interview with Heaphy on this occasion was curious; and as we have often heard an account of it from the latter, we shall endeavour to recollect it as nearly as possible.

He first wrote a note to Heaphy, informing him, he had some business of importance to communicate, and begged he would fix some morning for that purpose. The next day was appointed; and Macklin waited on him with all the gravity of a projector. The first question he asked him was,

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was, "Pray, Sir, how does land turn out at Blarney?" (a little village about three miles from Cork.) "Why, Sir, pretty well: I have got a house and farm there." "Yes, Sir, I know it, and that made me ask you the question; which being answered, I now proceed. Hitherto my theatrical life has not been altogether as I could wish. I do not mean to say but that I have had the favour and countenance of the public sufficiently, but it has not been so *systematic* as I could wish; sometimes living in Ireland, sometimes in England, sometimes in Scotland; and sometimes, Sir, doing nothing at all; so that I have hitherto not been able to calculate on my time, my profits, or expenditure. Now, Sir, I want to cure all this, and I think I have found a remedy."—"Pray, Sir, what is that?" "You shall hear, Sir. In the first place, I want to take a farm of between *three and four hundred acres* in or near Blarney, and stock it so as to give me and my family employment, and make it produce, in the agricultural line, something between a gentleman farmer and a real farmer, but more inclining to the latter. Here, Sir, I mean to fix my head quarters, with a good, clever, intelligent bailiff at the head of my affairs, who, under *my direction*, shall be able to turn the ground and the markets to the best advantage. (Here Heaphy could not forbear smiling.) O yes, Sir, you may smile; but, by G—d, what I say is very true. I

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have read books on agriculture, and know the *theory* of farming better than half the bailiffs in England, though, perhaps, not so well the practice of modern improvements. But to proceed. Having sufficiently stocked this farm, and given my bailiff *instructions about ploughing, seeding*, &c. &c. I shall set out for England in the spring of the year, and make my engagements at one of the London Theatres for a certain number of nights, and a clear benefit. This being concluded, I shall return to my farm, see how things go on there, and meet you in Cork, as usual, towards the close of the summer, which will save me the expence of lodgings in town, and enable me at the same time to carry on my business.

"Now, Sir, you see here is the spring and the summer fully and profitably employed. Then as to the winter, there being little done in the farming line, these months I shall be able to play in Dublin with you—So that the whole of the year will be occupied *systematically*. I shall have the benefit of a good air, the benefit of campaigning, and, above all, *the profits of a good farm*, beside a nest-egg for my family, whenever it shall please God to take me out of this world.

"Now, Sir, this is my plan: what do you think of it?" "Why, Sir," said Heaphy, "in respect to filling up your time in your theatrical engagements,

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engagements, I think very well of it—but as to *farming*, I'm much in doubt, particularly *at your time of life*." At this last word Macklin took fire, replying, with some heat, "And why at my time of life? Can you tell me, Sir, when I shall die? and if you could, I would not be obliged to you for it—as I love to be amused, no matter, wrong or right. But come, you don't want me so near a neighbour—two of a trade might not so well agree. Well, there may be *prudence* in your opinion as it respects yourself; but I'm determined to be a farmer for all that—and so good morning to you, Sir?"

Here the conversation ended; and Macklin designed to be as good as his word, as he applied to several Gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Blarney for such a farm; but they either not having any such to dispose of, or perhaps thinking, with Heaphy, that Macklin's *season for sowing* was past, he could get nothing to suit him; and so this project,

"Beside ten thousand others, died in thinking."

The disappointment of a man not getting a farm at the age of eighty-five, (or at the lowest computation seventy-five,) in order to lay a foundation for the future benefit of himself and family, can, perhaps, only be equalled by a Noble Lord in

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Queen Anne's time, who went down to Scotland at the age of eighty-two for three years, in order to clear a mortgage on his estates. Both made calculations in favour of themselves above the common estimation of life, and such must, of course, be subject to great disappointments, whatever enjoyments they might anticipate in the confident strength of their constitutions.

Whether this disappointment might have decided Macklin to quit Ireland sooner than he intended, we do not know; but this is certain, he did not return to Dublin with Heaphy that winter; but came over to England with another project in his head, as extraordinary in some respect as farming, but founded on a greater certainty of profit and reputation.

This project was nothing less than producing a new Comedy, at his very advanced time of life, to the English Stage, where he himself was to perform the principal character. This Comedy was the now well-known "Man of the World," brought out, as we have before stated, in Ireland, about the year 1764, under the title of "The True-Born Scotchman," in three acts, which met with so much applause as to render it one of the principal stock plays of the Theatre he belonged to, and occasioned a principal clause in all his engagements with the Irish Managers, "that he should

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should play in this, or his other farce of "The True-Born Irishman," at least once or twice in every week."

The remarkable success of the first of these pieces, on every revival, in Ireland, induced Macklin to bring it forward on the English Stage; but, strange to tell, he could not at first obtain a licence for it; though there was nothing seemingly objectionable in it, either as to morals or politics, except the degree of cunning and duplicity attributed to the principal character, who is a Scotchman. To meet the wishes of the Licenser, however, Macklin softened a little the asperities of his hero, and extended the piece to five acts: when in that state, it at length came out at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 10th of May, 1781.

The announcing a new Comedy, written by a man considerably above fourscore, and who was himself to perform a principal character in it, was a *phænomenon* hitherto unknown to the Stage. When Cibber, at a very early age, produced his Comedy of "Love's Last Shift," in which he played the part of Sir Novelty Fashion, the following compliment he received from the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Chamberlain, was highly flattering, viz. "That it was the best first play that any Author in his memory had produced; and

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that for a young fellow to shew himself such an actor, and such a writer, in one day, was something extraordinary." What then must that noble personage say (if living in the year 1781) to such an undertaking as Macklin's?—when the great play of life, as it respects mind and body, is generally over: but where, if it remains, it lingers but to tell the melancholy imbecilities of human nature.

The plot of this piece is briefly this. A crafty, subtle Scotchman, thrown upon the world without friends, and little or no education, directs the whole of his observation and assiduity (in both of which he is indefatigable) to the pursuit of fortune and ambition. By his unwearied efforts, and meannessess, he succeeds; but, warned by the defects of his own education, he determines to give his eldest son the best that could be obtained, and for this purpose puts him into the hands of a clergyman of learning, integrity, and honour, who, by teaching him good precepts, and shewing him the force of good example, makes him the very reverse of what the father intended, viz. not a man educated the better to make his court to the great, and extend the views of false ambition—but to make himself respected, independent, and happy. Thus he defeats the views of his father, who wants to marry him to a lady of rank and fortune, but to whom he cannot

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not direct his affections, and marries the daughter of a poor officer, little better than a dependant on his mother, but who has virtues and accomplishments to adorn any situation. In short, the latter feels the just consequences of an overvaulting ambition; whilst the son, seeking his own happiness independent of fortune or honours, in the concluding lines, thus avows and rejoices in the principles he is governed by:

"My scheme, tho' mock'd by knave, coquet, and fool,
To thinking minds will prove this golden rule:
In all pursuits—but chiefly in a wife,
Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life."

The performance of this play in all its principal parts was admirable. Macklin's Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant was only equalled by his Jew; neither his age or appearance obstructed the responsibility of the part. As the father of a grown-up family, he did not look too old for it; and the natural impression of his features corresponded with the cunning, hypocrisy and violent temper of the character. Neither did the part, though long, suffer from want of his memory; he was in full possession of it through every scene; and, indeed, on the whole, exhibited a specimen of the human power unequalled in the annals of the Theatre.

The late Mrs. Pope's Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt we have before spoken of when this Comedy was in its infant state of *three acts*; now extended,

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tended, she seemed to extend her powers in proportion. In short, she made it so completely her own, that the Comedy, in this respect, has not yet found any thing like a legitimate successor.*

All the other characters were likewise well performed, particularly Egerton by Mr. Lewis, and Sydney by Mr. Aickin; but, notwithstanding this, the voice of party began to bestir itself on the first night's performance. Some young Scotchmen thought it a libel on their countrymen, and resisted it; but the majority of the audience carried it through with applause, and the next night it had no opponents: the more temperate of that nation argued very justly, "that the character of Sir Pertinax should not hurt the feelings of any good Scotchman; on the contrary, that if it was a true picture, they should laugh at it, and thus encourage a representation, which only exposed the artful and designing of their countrymen."

Some critics, however, start one objection against this Comedy, (and it is the only one we have ever heard objected against it,) which is, that of the Author making his hero a *Scotchman*, or of any particular country, so as to impute national reflections; but this, in our opinion, is being too fastidious;

*. We had the same opinion, after Macklin's death, of Sir *Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, till Cooke, of Covent Garden Theatre, convinced us to the contrary. Difficult and particular as this character is, he is allowed, by the best judges, to be equal to the original.

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fastidious; the principal character must belong to some country; and whatever country that was, it may be equally said to receive a national insult. But the universal rule allowed to all satirists and dramatic writers, only restrains them from not drawing their characters from too limited a source, so as to avoid personality and obscurity; and to say, that any one nation does not produce ridiculous or vicious characters in abundance, is a degree of patriotism founded more in folly than in fact. Beside all this, a character is generally heightened by a peculiarity of dialect. An Irishman would lose half his humour in committing his blunders without his *brogue*, as a Scotchman would his cunning without his *burr*. The dramatist, then, is at liberty to seek his characters (subject to the limitations we have laid down) wherever he can find them; and if he can procure stronger colours in the provinces, he has a right to transfer them to his canvas for general representation.

Beside the merit of this piece in plot, character, sentiment, and diction, it is critically constructed in respect to the three unities of *time*, *place*, and *action*. In respect to *time*, the whole continuance of the play does not take up above eight-and-forty hours; in respect to *place*, the scene is never removed from the dwelling house of Sir Pertinax; and as to the unity of *action*, the whole of the Comedy

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medy exhibits a chain of connected facts, of which each scene makes a link, and each link accordingly produces some incident relative to the catastrophe. If many of our modern *dramatic* writers (as they are so pleased to call themselves) would consult this Comedy as a model, they would be ashamed of dragging so many heterogeneous characters together so irrelevant to the general business of the scene, and which give the Stage more the appearance of a *caricature shop*, than a faithful representation of life and manners.

The Prologue, which is a tolerable good one, was written by a dramatic writer,* (since dead,) who, though he volunteered it, soon after borrowed seven guineas of Macklin, who gave him the money, and afterwards observed, "that if Dryden was alive, he could have bought a Prologue for one guinea less."

Much about this time his daughter died, which gave him a very sensible affliction. The writer of this account met him by accident, as he was coming from taking his last leave of her; and seeing him much moved, returned home, and spent the evening with him. He seemed to feel this little civility with kindness, and talked with great composure, and much sound judgment, on the vicissitudes of life. Amongst other things he observed, "that the shortness of human life, and all

* Frederick Pillon, author of several Farces, &c.

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all its enjoyments, can never be so inculcated by theory as by practice; that in our youth, examples of this sort do not so frequently occur; and when they do, we scarcely notice them; partly from our living amongst younger classes of people, partly from the ardour of our passions, and partly from the intoxicating folly of supposing ourselves to be exempted from those vicissitudes; but as age advances, the examples multiply before us; year after year snatches some relation, some friend, some acquaintance, from us. We are then forced upon a fair estimation of life, and exclaim, with the Royal Preacher, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Ah! Sir, old age is but a melancholy thing at best, which Milton very truly and poetically describes:

> "But even in *this old age*—thou must outlive
> Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
> To withered, weak, and grey: thy senses then
> Obtuse—all taste of pleasure must forego
> To what thou hast, and for the air of youth
> (Hopeful and cheerful) in thy blood will reign
> A melancholy damp of cold and dry
> To weigh thy spirits down; and last consume
> The balm of life——"

From this he adverted to the particular case of his daughter, spoke of the ambition he had to advance her in life, and of her very great docility in receiving his instructions in the art of acting, as well as those of her other masters; talked of

of the great pleasure he had in playing for her benefits; and added, "Wherever I was, either in Ireland or Scotland, I always made it in my agreement, that I should be in London about that period. I will do her the justice to say, she was grateful for these kindnesses, and we lived together in the most reciprocal acts of friendship." —Then, after some pause—"But it is some consolation to me, that she has left no young family behind her, who might want a guardian or protector; for, alas! where would they find one? As for me—if I live a little longer, I shall want one myself, to shelter my *overgrown age* from the exposures of dotage and fatuity."

The above observation he delivered with a firmness of tone, and gravity of deportment, which still leave their impression.

After supper he got into a little better spirits—but still possessed of the same subject, he exclaimed, "O Lord, Sir, I remember so many changes in human affairs, that in some families, and those too pretty numerous, I have almost lost the power of tracing them by descent. An odd circumstance happened a few years ago upon this subject. A party of Irish Gentlemen, who had come over here in the parliamentary vacation, asked me to sup with them. I did so, Sir, and we all got very jolly together; insomuch, that one

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one of them was so drunk, that I made a point of taking him on my back, and carrying him down stairs, in order to be put into his chair. The next day the Gentleman waited on me; and expressing his civilities, said, he was sorry I should take so much unnecessary trouble. Here, Sir, I stopped him short, by telling him, one reason I had for carrying him on my back was, that I carried either his father, or his grandfather, the same way, *fifty years* ago, when he was a student of the Middle Temple." "Very true, Sir," said the other; I remember my father often telling it as a family story—but you are mistaken a little in point of genealogy—it was my *great grandfather* that you did that kindness for."

To return from this digression, Macklin, after a successful run of his Comedy of "The Man of the World," accepted an engagement, about the year 1784, to perform that winter in Dublin. He was then, at the lowest computation, eighty-five, (by strong probability ninety-five;) yet at this extraordinary age, taking it at either computation, did he engage to visit another kingdom, and perform at least twice a week, two of the longest and most difficult parts in his profession, viz. the *Jew* and *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*. It appeared, however, that he was equal to this undertaking; as he not only went through it with health and spirits, but took Liverpool and Man-

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chester on his return, at both of which places he performed a few of his principal characters.

The winter that Macklin happened to be in Dublin, politics ran high; and as his Comedy of "The Man of the World" has some general reflections on Courts and mal-administration, Opposition took him up as favourable to their cause. The Courtiers, on the other side, whose business it is not to think themselves implicated in the general censure, not only attended, and applauded his Comedy, but had him frequently at their tables; so that between the two parties, Macklin was in fashionable requisition: he lived almost every day in public, and exhibited a degree of health and spirits equal to the occasion.

He had likewise other qualifications to ingratiate himself with the people of Ireland; he was their countryman, and had acquired a long celebrity from his professional talents, and even from his longevity; he was, beside this, what he used jocularly to call himself—a *College man*, (being originally a badge-man to the College,) and from this situation could remember the ancestors of most of the people of distinction in and about Dublin.

In these agreeable parties did a man of eighty-five pass his leisure hours; which, though penance to

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to the generality of men of that age, from their usual infirmities, to him, who was capable of reflecting on the past, and enjoying the present with pleasure, they had all the seasoning of youth and festivity. He had an early and a natural turn for *anecdote* and *badinage*, and it continued with him almost to the last; hence he was not only fond of contributing to this turn himself, but drawing it out from others on every opportunity.

Seeing him at these parties in such vigorous health and spirits, sometimes laughing loud, sometimes singing an Irish song, sometimes telling the stories of his youth, and at all times equal to his bottle of claret, his juniors in age were constantly questioning him how he managed to preserve his health in that manner. But as Macklin was never regular, according to the general acceptation of that word, though, perhaps, conformable to the particulars of his own constitution; when he told them of the excesses of his youth, his love of wine, women, late hours, long walks, and athletic exercise, they wondered how it was done, without daring to follow the prescription. "In short, Gentlemen," he used to conclude, "my general rule of life was this, and which I practise to this present moment; to eat when I am hungry—drink when I am dry, and sometimes (holding up his glass) a little more—go to bed when I am weary—and————" concluding with an attention to

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his health very proper to be observed, but too coarse to be repeated.

The Ladies too were not only inquisitive upon the head of longevity, but were likewise very curious to know how he preserved his teeth so well; for though they were not either so polished or so white as others, they *seemed* remarkably strong and even. Macklin carried on the joke for some time, as if they were *real*, and talked of various processes for their preservation; but being one day pressed by an antiquated beauty, whose teeth were fast decaying, he told her the secret, which was, that he bought them in Holborn, a few days before he left London, in order "to come as snug upon the Irish mart" as possible; and then taking the whole set out of his mouth, laid them on the table, and told her Ladyship, "she might purchase just such another set for the sum of seven guineas."

"And so, Sir, (added the veteran in telling this anecdote,) we had a hearty laugh; and it passed off, and I thought no more of it; but a few days before I left Dublin, I received a note from the same Lady, (inclosing me a full bill of directions,) requesting I would buy her such another set of teeth, and send them packed up in a box directed to an obscure house on Usher's Quay, where she would receive them.

Macklin returned to London in the spring of 1785, and instantly mixed in the convivialities of his friends with his usual health and spirits. His Irish expedition furnished him with a number of new anecdotes, which he embellished with much national humour, and told with all the spirit of a young man emulous to please.

In the winter of this year he made an agreement with the Manager of Covent Garden, to perform occasionally at his Theatre; and he went through his usual characters with his accustomed ease and spirit.

Much about this time, his son, John Macklin, died, at not above the age of thirty-four or five, of a broken constitution, brought on by early dissipations. He was a young man of good talents, and received from his father a most excellent education, which would have fitted him for any situation of life, had he been governed by the rules of common prudence, or discretion; but he was unfortunately one of those who considered his education and parts as exceptions against the censure of the world; and the indulgence of his parents, instead of inducing obedience, and being a spur to his industry, only made him the more careless in the economy of his health and fortune.

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Macklin at first designed him for the law, and for this purpose entered him in the Temple, where he furnished him with chambers, a library, &c. &c. rather above what he could afford, considering the casualty of his income. "And what book, Sir, (said the veteran, in telling this circumstance,) do you think I made him begin with? Why, Sir, I'll tell you—the Bible—the Holy Bible."—"The Bible, Mr. Macklin, for a Lawyer!"—"Yes, Sir—the properest and most scientific for an *honest* lawyer—as there you will find the foundation of all law, as well as all morality. And for this purpose, Sir, I bought him a Polyglot Bible, which cost me twenty pounds; and the dog knew how to make use of it, if he had had a mind—but he was idle and unmanageable—he had the early dissipations of his father about him—but his education ought to have taught him better."

Left to his own government in chambers, he soon gave up what is called the dry study of the law for the more flattering amusements of Covent Garden—and after a certain time, the only use it appeared he made of his books was, to give them a better chance of being better used by somebody else. In short, he not only run out the little money his father gave him, but sold his library, and every thing else he could lay hold on; apologising to his father, "that the study of the law was not suited to the versatility of his temper;

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per; but that if he would get him any situation in the army, he would use his utmost endeavours fully to atone for all past miscarriages."

The fondness of a father accepted this apology; and Macklin, using his interest with the Marquis Townshend, got him upon the establishment at Woolwich, where he soon distinguished himself in the several branches of mathematical knowledge preparatory to a military life, and for which this academy is so justly distinguished.

When he had finished his studies at Woolwich, he was appointed a *cadet*, and was sent out to India in this capacity, where, soon after his landing, he obtained a commission in the army. He was now on the high road to preferment, at a time of life best calculated to lay the foundations of a fortune, and with an appropriate education to further it to any extent which reasonable hopes might expect; but all these availed him nothing (to speak figuratively) *whilst Mordecai stood at the gate*—his passions stood in the gate of his reason before him and his fortune, and turned aside every thing which talents, education, and high recommendations, might naturally lead him to expect.

Many are the mad and unaccountable frolics told of this unhappy young man whilst in India:

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the following, however, will serve to shew the strange eccentricity of his temper.

In the course of some convivialities with his brother officers, he happened to have a quarrel with one of them, which was taken up so high on both sides, that nothing less than a duel was to determine it. Accordingly, it was agreed the parties should meet the next morning, at an appointed place, with seconds and pistols.

When Macklin came upon the ground, he appeared wrapped up from head to foot in a loose great coat, so that no part of his figure could be distinguished but his head. This was thought an odd dress for a man to fight a duel. However, it passed without notice till the ground was measured, and the antagonists were desired to take their different stands; when, to the surprise of all, Macklin, throwing off his great coat, appeared in a perfect state of nature, without any article of dress about him than a pair of morocco slippers. His antagonist, alarmed, asked him the cause of so odd an appearance. "Why, Sir, (says Macklin very coolly,) I will tell you with great candour, that, in order, if you please, you may take the same advantages yourself. It is this—I am told, that most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen, or linen, which a man generally carries

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about him in these encounters, being forced into the flesh along with the ball, and which occasions, in this very hot climate, a speedy mortification. Now, in order to avoid this, I am determined to fight quite naked, just as you see, that, if I should have the misfortune of being wounded, I shall, at least, have a better chance of recovery.

The firmness of this declaration, and the savage figure which presented itself before him, deterred his antagonist from proceeding any further—his second declaring they were not on a par for safety; and the alternative of fighting a duel naked, was neither agreeable to the laws of honour or of decency.

Thus ended this strange affair, which, with many other pranks of a more serious nature, obliged Macklin to leave the army; and soon after, finding himself deserted by his friends, he set sail for England, and once more threw himself upon his father for support.

And here it is necessary, in justice to his father's memory, to say, that no man took more pains to strengthen his son's mind, both by education and good advice, than he did. In the early parts of his life, he took uncommon pains to give him an excellent education, which, to do the son justice, he had parts sufficiently to culti-

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vate. He had, beside being a good Greek and Latin scholar, some considerable knowledge in the Hebrew, and in the French and Persic languages; the last of which might have been very serviceable to him in India, if he had the disposition to bring it to its proper use. He had likewise read the English classics with considerable attention; and, on the whole, could support, when he thought proper, a share in conversation with very considerable ability.

His father, therefore, knowing what he could do, and likewise what his propensities led him occasionally to commit, constantly interested himself in securing him the best interest he could in India, as well as giving him the best advice for his general conduct: he pointed out to him the superior advantages he had over himself in point of education, protection, and outset in life, and conjured him, by every sentiment which he thought could arouse his feelings, to avail himself of those flattering assistances. Many of these letters (as well to his daughter as his son) do great credit to the experience and paternal affection of old Macklin: they do more; they shew a man not only interested in the affairs of his children, but in the moral duties of life; pointing out those duties with great force of expression, as the only sure foundation of future happiness.

Judge,

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Judge, then, what he must feel, in having all his tender and unceasing solicitations for his son's honourable advancement in life, repaid by so disgraceful a return! a return which not only frustrated the present object, but cut up the last hope of serving him in any future situation.

His father's kindness, however, still prevailed; and he again took him under his roof and parental affections. Here he continued for some time a mere walking gentleman. At last the father, by way of giving him some employment, as well as some means to live by, proposed his translating some book, and pointed out to him *Le Monde Primitif*. He accepted the proposal, and the father soon after got him an engagement for this purpose. He proceeded on this work for some time; but his early dissipations again broke out, so as to impair his constitution, and of course unfit him for business.

It was in vain that his father threatened and remonstrated—sometimes actually turning him out of the house, and then taking him in again, trying every possible method to reclaim him. The consequence of repeated irregularities at last produced a locked jaw, and it was with some difficulty he was enabled to swallow his victuals. In this wretched state he languished for some time, and,

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and, happily for him, died a few years before the father.

Macklin was now arrived at that æra when the generality of men so advanced in age begin to feel its miseries, viz. in seeing the great majority of their contemporaries, relations, friends, and acquaintances, dropping off around them, leaving them every day more cheerless, and more incapable to minister, either to themselves, or others, the pleasures or comforts of life. He, however, had this melancholy scene more in prospect than in sensation; as, though now at the age of eighty-six, he walked firm and erect, conversed familiarly and pleasantly with his friends, and had in his profession, as well as looking forward to the duties of it, at least, the hope and cheerfulness of middle age.

He continued in this manner, with scarcely any visible declension in his powers, till the 28th of November, 1788, when, for the first time, in Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, he began to lose his recollection. The audience were kind enough to impute his want of memory as much to the extreme length of the part, as to the very advanced age of the performer; but he felt something more serious within himself, than a casual lapse of memory, and addressing the audience in a short speech, told them, "that, unless he found himself

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self more capable, he should never again venture to solicit their attention."

He, however, rallied after this, so as to gain not only his usual applause, but encourage a hope, that his theatrical labours were not as yet at their final close.

In the beginning of the next year (10th January, 1789) he attempted Shylock in the Merchant of Venice—a part, though full of bustle, distinction, and attention, yet not by any means so long as that of Sir Pertinax—but here his recollection again failed him. He made a very forcible apology to the audience on account of his great age, and assured them, "it should be the last time of his appearing before them, if he did not find his health fully re-established enough for that purpose." The applause of the audience to this speech seemed to rouse him, and he finished the part with tolerable success.

His last attempt on the Stage was on the 7th of May following, in the character of Shylock, for his own benefit. Here his imbecilities were previously foreseen, or at least dreaded, by the Manager; but who, knowing the state of Macklin's finances, gave, with his usual liberality, this indulgence to his age and necessities; and, to prevent the disappointment of the audience, (who he

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he knew, from long experience, were always ready to assist in those liberal indulgencies to an old and meritorious servant,) he had the late Mr. Ryder under-studied in the part, ready dressed to supply Macklin's deficiencies, if necessary. The precaution afterwards proved so.

When Macklin had dressed himself for the part, which he did with his usual accuracy, he went into the Green Room, but with such a "lack-lustre looking eye," as plainly indicated his inability to perform; and coming up to the late Mrs. Pope, said, "My dear, are you to play to night?"—"Good God! to be sure I am, Sir. Why, don't you see I am dressed for Portia?" "Ah! very true; I had forgot—But who is to play Shylock?"—The imbecile tone of voice, and the inanity of look, with which this last question was asked, caused a melancholy sensation in all who heard it. At last Mrs. Pope, rousing herself, said, "Why you, to be sure; are not you dressed for the part?"—He then seemed to recollect himself, and, putting his hand to his forehead, pathetically exclaimed, "God help me—my memory, I am afraid, has left me."

He, however, after this, went upon the Stage, and delivered two or three speeches of Shylock in a manner that evidently proved he did not understand what he was repeating. After a while, he

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he recovered himself a little, and seemed to make an effort to rouse himself; but in vain—Nature could assist him no further; and, after pausing some time, as if considering what to do, he then came forward, and informed the audience, "That he now found he was unable to proceed in the part, and hoped they would accept Mr. Ryder as his substitute, who was already prepared to finish it." The audience accepted his apology with a mixed applause of indulgence and commiseration —and he retired from the Stage for ever.

Though Macklin had thus retired from his professional business through an incapacity of memory, he was far from feeling the infirmities of so advanced an age in the private habits of life: he lived much abroad, as usual, took his long walks, told his anecdotes with tolerable recollection, and almost every night frequented a public-house in Duke's Court, Covent Garden, where numbers used to resort to hear a man of the *seventeenth century* relate the wonders and curiosities of past times.

It was at this æra that many stories and anecdotes of the theatrical characters in days of yore, have gone abroad in the world, very little founded on facts. Not that we believe Macklin ever meant to deceive; but, as he depended on his chronology more from some corresponding facts than

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than the dates of years, (a most deceptious mode of computation, which many people fall into from laziness and inattention,) he was often inaccurate; and sometimes in very essential parts of his own history.

For instance: whenever he spoke of his first performance of Shylock, he fixed the period in the year 1735; and though this part was so remarkable an instance of the rise of his theatrical fame, that one would suppose his *ipse dixit* must be the highest authority, yet the fact was otherwise, as there are written documents, both by the playbills of the day, and other vouchers, which ascertain his first appearance in this character to be on the 14th of February, 1740-1. Such is the neglect of a little arithmetical knowledge, which the vulgar are mostly deprived of from early ignorance; but which the learned too often ridiculously despise, as unworthy to mingle in their higher researches.

He was, notwithstanding, at this period, often a very curious, entertaining, and informing person to spend an evening with—to those who knew his temper, and would not draw him into long arguments and contradictions, and could sometimes bring him back to his recollection about public events. If he was not always exactly right about names, dates, or places, he could tell many details, and little circumstances, which none

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none but living witnesses can so well relate: he could likewise tell the temper of the times when such things happened, and prove it by corroborating events. These he often accompanied with such shrewd remarks, as shewed he was never an inattentive observer of what was passing before him.

Meeting with the compiler of these anecdotes in one of his morning rambles, he asked him where he usually spent his evenings, as he should be glad to mix with some of his old acquaintances. The ensuing Saturday evening was appointed, at the Fountain in the Strand, where not only several of his old friends met, but two or three others (one of them a learned and respectable Dignitary of the Church) who were curious to hear the conversation of a man that had lived so long, and bustled so much in the world. On the morning of that day, however, the Gentleman who made the appointment with him received the following note:

"DEAR SIR,

"I am so ill with the rheumatism that I cannot leave my bed. Our mutual friend, Dr. Brocklesby, has confined me there for this morning; so that I am afraid the morning and the evening will not only be the *same day*—but that I

shall find myself in the *same way*. However, if otherwise, I shall be with you.

"Yours, sincerely,

"CHARLES MACKLIN.

"P. S. My respects to your associates—they know the business of life must be attended to, or we shall certainly have a *whereas* against us."

This was a discouraging note to those who had set their hearts upon this evening's exhibition, and who had fixed the meeting for this purpose. However, we were not disappointed, as before the company were half met, the few who were assembled heard his voice on the stairs, very far from the tone of a sick man, giving directions about his supper.

When he was announced, and had taken his seat, he told us, as the pain had left him, he thought he was authorised, like the man in scripture, "to take up his bed and walk."—Exercise always did him more good than physic, and society had always a double charm on him." Then turning about to the waiter, "Well, Sir, have you recollected what I ordered for supper?"—"O yes, Sir, perfectly well—*Lamb's fry*."—"I thought so, by G—!—No, Sir, (with a voice like Stentor,) *Lamb's boil*—that is to say, those parts of

of the lamb which you usually fry, I must have boiled, with a little parsley and butter; for I have no teeth for your damned hard frys." His supper soon after was served up according to his directions, which he seemed to like, and eat with a very good appetite.

It was previously settled by the company, not to draw him into long stories, nor to contradict him; as it was found, by the sad experience of many then present, that this precaution was necessary. The plan succeeded; when feeling himself at liberty to be "the hero of his little tale," he went into a number of anecdotes of past times, which, in many instances, compared with the present, formed a contrast scarcely credible; particularly in the general article of living; where board and lodging did not exceed thirty pounds per year, and where the best apartments on the first floor about Covent Garden, run from eight to ten shillings per week. Very creditable tradesmen, at that time, used to purchase their steaks or chops at the nearest market themselves, and have them dressed for nothing at the public-house they resorted to; and this, with a pint of porter, or a glass of punch, formed the expences of the evening, which generally did not exceed above sixpence or eightpence. They had the use of the newspaper, too, at the same time, which was generally read by some one man *self*-appointed for

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that purpose, who read, or thought he could read, much better than his fellows*.

In the course of conversation, he was asked, whether Mr. Macklin, the late print-seller in Fleet-street, was any relation of his? To which he answered, rather shortly, "No, Sir—I am the first of my name—there was no other Macklin before me—as I invented it merely to get rid of that d—ned Irish name, M'Loughlin." "But might not such a name exist without your knowing it?" (said a Dignitary of the Church present.) "No, Sir," (growlingly). "Why, now I think of it, (replied the other,) there was a printer towards the close of the sixteenth century, near Temple Bar, of that name:" and appealing to a Gentleman present, very conversant in black letter learning, "I believe you might have seen books of his printing." "O, yes! (says the other,) several with the name of Macklin at the bottom of the title-page." Upon this most of the company exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Macklin, what do you say now? Here is proof positive."—"Say, now, Sir, (says Macklin;) why all I have to say is this, (looking the two Antiquarians full in the face,) that black-letter men will *lie* like other men." This *grossier eté*, however, did not interrupt the harmony

* This comparison was made 16 years ago—What a still greater contrast must appear now, when almost every article of life has risen double!

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harmony of the company—and Macklin fell into his good-humoured way of talking again, which he continued to the end of the evening; exhibiting a very uncommon specimen of spirits and conversational talents for the age of ninety-one.

Notwithstanding Macklin's very advanced age, it made very little impression on his understanding in the proportion; he still continued his morning rambles, his occasional visits to the Theatre, and his afternoon club at Covent Garden; where, though he drank little, and by rule, yet he enjoyed and promoted conversation and hilarity.

Those who knew him most intimately at this period, never once had in idea, but that a man of his longevity, his high situation in the Theatre, and, above all, his intimate knowledge of the world, had sufficiently provided for his independence; but the fact turned out otherwise: with all the advantages he possessed of making a provision for old age, he either altogether neglected it, or depended too much on the continuance of strong health to economise in time: perhaps, like the French wit, "he had lived so long, that he thought Death might have forgot him, and was loth to take precautions, for fear of putting his adversary in mind of him." The fact was, though Macklin was always well paid for his talents, both as an actor and a writer, yet he never continued

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long in any one engagement. He was reckoned to have belonged to more Theatres than any one man of his time; and though he might often get an advance of salary by this transition, the intervals of being unemployed, the expences of travelling, shifting of lodgings, &c. &c. made heavy drawbacks on his fortune.

He was, beside this, fond of *law-suits*. Not that he was a litigious man upon tricking, or interested principles, but he ever had a jealousy of being imposed upon by Managers. He often did not see things in the clearest light: he thought too, that he understood law better than he really did: so that, from a combination of all these circumstances, Macklin was seldom out of the Courts—a situation that generally leaves a man considerably out of pocket.

In the management of his private affairs, he was always a reserved man: his engagements, his disbursements, &c. were all of his own arrangement, without any permitted interference of his family; and as he paid all his expences punctually, and never seemed to want money proportionate to the scale he lived on, his most intimate relatives and friends took it for granted, that he was far from a state of indigence: but the calls of life cannot long go on (particularly as they relate to an honest man) without money. This first sound-

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ed the alarm to his wife, who, upon inspection into his affairs, (which he, perhaps, for the *first time* permitted,) found his whole remaining fortune did not consist of above sixty pounds in money, and a trifling annuity of about ten pounds per year.

Friends were immediately consulted on what was best to be done. It was at first proposed to procure a benefit-play; and the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, with that liberality which has ever distinguished him, at once offered him his house free of all expences. It was, however, very prudently re-considered, that a benefit could not possibly embrace the gratuities of all his friends scattered in different parts of the three kingdoms. The plan was therefore changed to that of publishing his two celebrated pieces, "The Man of the World," and "Love à la Mode," by subscription; and Mr. Murphy, who suggested the plan, followed it up by the offer of becoming the Editor, from motives which he thus feelingly describes in his advertisement to the publication.

"I look back with inward satisfaction to the share I have had in serving Mr. Macklin's interest. As soon as I was informed that he was so far impaired by years, as to have no prospect of appearing again in the exercise of his profession, I made it my business to visit an old friend, whom

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I had long known and valued. At that interview I proposed to him the plan of publishing by subscription; convinced, as I was, that a generous public would take into consideration the case of a veteran Actor, who had exerted his talents, during a series of near seventy years, to promote useful mirth, and the moral instruction of the Stage."

That Mr. Murphy did not overrate the claims which Macklin had on the protection of the public, we subjoin the following letter from the late Sir Joseph Mawbey, as a specimen.

"To Doctor Brocklesby.

"Dear Sir,

"Having heard, last night, that a plan had been adopted for the relief of Mr. Macklin, I have sent five guineas, which I desire you will apply as my subscription.

"Independent of the pleasure I have received from the writings and action of that celebrated comedian, Mr. Macklin has a peculiar claim on me from the following circumstance.

"On the death of Hesiod Cooke,* about the end of the year 1756, at South Lambeth, myself, and

* Usually called so from his being the translator of Hesiod.

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and another gentleman, set on foot a private subscription for burying him, and for the relief of his wife and only daughter. Whilst he yet lay dead in the house, I related to a friend at the Bedford Coffee-house an account of his death, and the distress of his family, in the hearing of Mr. Macklin, then standing near the bar; immediately after which, though I had never spoken to him before, nor have at any time since, Mr. Macklin addressed me in words to the following purport:—"I am much concerned, Sir, at hearing the melancholy account you have given of poor Cooke and his family: I had a respect for him whilst living, and you will therefore oblige me very much, if you will permit me to add my mite to the subscription you have so laudably set on foot;" and he gave me two guineas.

"Such an unexpected act of genuine benevolence has ever since impressed my mind with a most favourable opinion of the goodness of Mr. Macklin's heart; and I have scarce ever heard his name mentioned in private companies, without telling it to his honour.

"If you should think the publication of this anecdote, at this time, would be useful to Mr.

Macklin, you have my leave to make it known in any manner you shall choose.

"I am, dear Sir,

"with much Respect,

"Your faithful humble Servant,

"JOSEPH MAWBEY.

"*Great George-Street, Westminster,*

"*Nov.* 25, 1791."

In short, this plan succeeded to the wishes of his friends. A subscription was set on foot, under the patronage of the late Dr. Brocklesby, John Palmer, Esq. of Bath, and the late Mr. Longman, the bookseller, who kindly acted as trustees on this occasion, which produced the sum of 1582l. 11s. with part of which they purchased an annuity of 200l. for Macklin's own life, and 75l. for that of Mrs. Macklin, if she survived him; which came to 1052l. 12s. 6d. The remainder was applied to his immediate relief, under the direction of the trustees.

The books were delivered to the subscribers early in 1793, in a quarto edition, very elegantly printed, with an engraved head of the Author, dedicated to the late Earl Camden, which, as we are informed it was written (or at least rough drawn) by Macklin himself, we shall insert as a specimen how strong his intellect must have been at so very advanced a period of life.

"To

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"To Earl Camden.

"My Lord,

"The permission with which your Lordship has been pleased to honour me, calls for the warmest acknowledgments of respect and gratitude. The polite condescension with which, before that time, I had been admitted to your Lordship's presence, was always considered by me as the happiest incident of my life. I knew from what a height your Lordship beheld me in my humble station—you looked, I may say, from Shakespeare's cliff, and saw, more *than half way down, a man gathering samphire.* Repeated obligations taught me to flatter myself, that in the evening of my days I had obtained a Patron; and what at first was vanity, soon turned to gratitude.

"I will not attempt, my Lord, to disguise, that, in my ambition to prefix an illustrious name to this edition, there was a secret tincture of self-interest. Under your Lordship's patronage, I had no doubt of success. The facility with which my request was granted, shewed with what benevolence you were ready to relieve the wants, and sooth the languor, of declining age. But I forbear to enlarge upon the subject. I am allowed to inscribe such works as mine to your Lordship, but

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but not to speak the language of my heart; and thus, whilst I know what is due to your virtues, I am bound to consider how little your ear will endure.

"But, my Lord, since truth itself is suspected in a dedication; since, as your Lordship is pleased to say, it is seldom read, and never believed; I hope I may be permitted to descend to an humbler subject. Old age is narrative, and delights in egotism: I beg leave to avail myself of the privilege. The honour of being distinguished by Lord Camden, has put me on better terms with myself; and though I feel the symptoms natural to a long life, I can boast with pride, that I know the value of the obligation, and to whom I am indebted.

"My memory is not so bad, but I can still remember the eminent Lawyer who figured at the bar forty years ago, and soon became the chosen friend of the great Earl of Chatham. I remember him in the office of Attorney General, supporting at once the prerogatives of the Crown, and the rights of the People; a friend to the liberty of the Press, yet a controller of lincentiousness, and a firm defender of the principles of the Revolution. I remember the same great Lawyer presiding in the Court of Common Pleas; and I was present, on a great occasion, when *general warrants*,

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rants, that subtle invention of a former age, died at his feet.

"I remember the same great Judge in the highest Court of Judicature, deciding, like Lord Hardwicke, with *even-handed justice;* and, after a regular gradation of honours, I now see him President of the Council, where he sits in judgment, dispensing law and equity to all his Majesty's foreign dominions, and, as Shakespeare says, "bearing his faculties so meek, so clear in his great office," that a pure administration of justice is acknowledged to flow through all parts of the British Empire.

"My memory, my Lord, is not exhausted, but I hasten to a recent fact. When the Libel Bill was depending in Parliament, I know who was the orator in the cause of the People and the Constitution. By that Bill, which, with your Lordship's support, has happily passed into a law, I saw it determined, that when a jury is sworn to try the matter in issue, craft and chicane are no longer to teach twelve men to perjure themselves, by resigning the chief part of their duty to the discretion of the Court—which has been emphatically called "The Law of Tyrants."

"But it is not for me to spread the canvas, and impair the portrait by such weak colouring as mine.

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mine. History, my Lord, will have a better memory than I have. In that page, posterity will be taught to honour the Statesman whose comprehensive mind embraces the light of reason, the principles of natural Justice, and the spirit of the British Constitution.

"These are the things, my Lord, which, with every Briton, I remember with pleasure. In such a case it is natural to boast of my memory, that I may, for the same purpose, retain that faculty to the end of my days; and that the memory of Lord Camden, and the obligations which he has bestowed upon me, may be the last to fade from my mind, is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

"I have the honour to remain,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most grateful

"And most devoted humble Servant,

"CHARLES MACKLIN.

"10*th December*, 1792."

Macklin being thus freed from the wants of old age, it seemed to have some immediate effect upon his spirits. His friends endeavoured to divert his mind from projects, (which he was always more or less driving at through life,) and turned it merely to amusements, which he seemed to catch with more appetite than generally belongs

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longs to old age. In the summer of that year he was often found at Sadler's Wells, Astley's, and Hughes's, seemed much pleased with the entertainments of those places, and sometimes drew comparisons between the present and past state of public places with great pleasantry.

Being met one night at Sadler's Wells by a friend, who afterwards saw him home, he went into a history of that place with an accuracy which, though Nature generally denies to the recollection of old age in recent events, seems to atone for it in the remembrance of more remote periods.

"Sir, I remembered the time when the price of admission *here* was but *three-pence*, except a few places scuttled off at the sides of the Stage at sixpence, and which were usually reserved for people of fashion, who occasionally came to see the fun. Here we smoked, and drank porter and rum and water as much as we could pay for; and every man had his doxy, that liked it, and so forth; and though we had a mixture of very odd company, (for I believe it was a good deal the baiting-place of thieves and highwaymen,) there was little or no rioting. There was a *public* then, Sir, that kept one another in awe."

Q. "Were the entertainments any thing like the present?"—*A.* "No, no; nothing in the shape

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shape of them: some hornpipes and ballad-singing, with a kind of pantomimic ballet, and some lofty tumbling—and all this was done by daylight; and there were four or five exhibitions every day."

Q. "And how long did these continue at a time?"—*A.* "Why, Sir, it depended upon circumstances. The proprietors had always a fellow on the outside of the booth, to calculate how many people were collected for a second exhibition, and when he thought there were enough, he came to the back of the upper seats, and cried out, "Is *Hiram Fisteman* here?" (this was the cant word agreed upon betweeen the parties, to know the state of the people without;) upon which they concluded the entertainment with a song, dismissed that audience, and prepared for a second representation."

Q. "Was this in Rosamon's time?"—*A.* "No, no, Sir; long before. Not but old Rosamon improved it a good deal, and I believe raised the price generally to sixpence, and in this way got a great deal of money. Sir, I'll tell you an anecdote of him. When Rosamon began to *scratch* together some cash, he lodged it in the Bank of England; and as he increased it, did the same to a considerable amount. His friends knowing him to be a rich man, and finding how he put out his money,

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money, remonstrated with him on it, by telling him he could lay out his fortune with at least equal security, and get an interest of four per cent. He at first doubted the security; but they making it plain to him, he was determined, as he said, to be *fobbed* no longer. He accordingly went next day to the Bank, and, rather in a coarse way, demanded his money. The Cashier referring him to another office to have his voucher examined, he took fire at this, and called out before them all, "Holloa! *Muster!*—you with a pen stuck behind your ear—(one of the orderly and familiar habits of those days)—you have been robbing me of the interest of my money for several years, and now you want to take the principal—It won't do, my knowing one; I'll have my *tots*—(a cant word for money)—D—mn me I'll have my *tots*—so look to it." The Cashier instantly saw what sort of a man he had to deal with; and immediately sent one of the clerks round, to have his note examined, and paid off. Rosamon then invested his money in the three per cents. and on his first dividend, he was so pleased at the circumstance, that he gave his friends a public dinner on the occasion."

When Macklin alluded to the mixture of company which resorted to Sadler's Wells at this time, viz. "that it was the occasional baiting-place of thieves, highwaymen, and disorderly persons," he

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he was not much out in his reckoning; as in the Parliamentary Debates somewhat subsequent to this period (1751) it is stated, 'That the profligacy of the common people called for some legal restraint, not only in the metropolis, but every city and town; nay, almost every village had assemblies of music, dancing, and gaming. This occasioned a prodigious dissipation of the time, money, and morals, of the lower orders of people. Robberies were so frequent, that the enormity of the crime was almost effaced in the minds of the people; and nothing was more common than to advertise in the newspapers, an impunity to any person who could bring to a party that was robbed, the effects that had been taken from them, and that too with a reward according to the value.

"Those disorders were very justly ascribed, in a great measure, to the extravagancies of the common people; and therefore a Bill was brought in for the better preventing thefts and robberies, and for regulating places of public entertainment, and punishing people keeping disorderly houses. The operation of this Bill, when it passed the House of Commons, was confined to London and Westminster, and twenty miles round; and all persons within that circuit were required to take out licences from the justices of the peace of the county, assembled at their quarter sessions, before

fore they could open any room or place for public dancing, music, or any other entertainment of the like kind. Several other regulations, regarding idle, disorderly, or suspected persons and houses, were inserted in the same Act, and pecuniary as well as corporal penalties were affixed to the transgressors."

When we thus describe the state of Macklin's mind, and his occasional pleasantries, it was in the summer of 1793. Soon after this, a visible change took place, both in mind and person; the ravages of time now began visibly to appear; and as when *men*, as well as things, tend to ruin, (which cannot be repaired,) the devastation spreads rapidly, his face no longer preserved any degree of character—his eye had lost all the use of describing the movements of his mind—and, instead of that erect form, and firm step, which, to follow, seemed to describe a man of fifty, he dragged his legs leisurely after one another, as conscious of his state of debilitation.

Still he occasionally frequented the pit of both Theatres, but seemingly insensible of what was passing before him. Even his favourite part of Shylock, the part which first established and supported his fame for above half a century, he did not know it when it was represented before him, but frequently asked, "What was the play? and

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who was the performer?" without any other single remark, than a repetition of the same question.

One of the last efforts of his mind was on the appearance of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Theatre soon after their marriage. When the company rose to salute them, and Macklin amongst the number, the Prince recognized him, and, with his usual politeness, bowed to him—and afterwards the Princess did him the same honour. The veteran felt this like an electrical shock; and could talk of nothing else, when he went home, but the distinguished honour that was paid him by his Prince—He eat his supper with greater glee, and detailed the circumstance, in a confused kind of narration, for a few days—and then, when asked about it, entirely forgot it.

How melancholy, yet how truly, does Swift describe this state of nature in his account of the *Struldbruggs!* and what a lesson does it hold out for human vanity at any time of life, but more particularly to the impotent and irrational desires of those who are constantly wishing for the extremity of old age!

"When the *Struldbruggs* come to fourscore, (says he,) which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies

follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opiniative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seemeth principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine, that others are gone to an harbour of rest, to which they themselves can never hope to arrive at.

"They have no remembrance of the truth, or particulars of any fact; it is safer to depend on common traditions, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable amongst them, appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories. These meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"As soon as they have completed the term of *eighty years*, they are looked upon as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates; only a small pittance is reserved for their support;

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and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At *ninety*, they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect, they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"In their persons, they were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described.*"

Such

* However melancholy, this is certainly a correct picture of Macklin at this period. The debility of his frame seemed daily more

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Such is the condition of extreme old age! and nearly such, at the period of *ninety-five*, was Macklin! He lingered, however, near three years after this, crawling about the vicinity of Covent Garden, sometimes visiting that Theatre, which he seemingly went to more from the force of habit than any gratification, being totally insensible of every thing—but the music between the acts.

The audience on these occasions venerated his condition. On his appearance at the pit door, no matter how crowded the house was, they rose to make room for him, in order to give him his accustomed seat, which was the centre of the last bench near the orchestra. He generally walked home by himself, which was only on the other side of the Piazza; but in crossing at the corner of Great Russel-Street, he very deliberately waited

more apparent: the imbecility of his mind became daily more obvious. The only gleams of self-possession which he displayed, emanated from irritation. He very frequently thought himself opposed, or injured; sometimes by his friends, and still more frequently by his servants. This idea often impelled him to apply to Bow-Street for redress for imaginary grievances. The Magistrates used to hear him with compassion, sooth him into composure; and very often, before they could point out to him the means of relief, they have discovered that the cause which produced the complaint, the person of whom he complained, and the reason that stimulated his application, were entirely obliterated from his mind.

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till he saw the passage thoroughly cleared of coaches.

He sometimes used to change the scene, by going to a public-house in the neighbourhood, where he took his pint of ale warmed, and well sweetened with brown sugar, "to lubricate the lungs," as he called it. Here he met with equal indulgence as at the Theatres, every body striving to accommodate him; whilst some frequented the house merely for the purpose of seeing and conversing with a man who was so long an actor upon the great stage of the world: but in this last they were always disappointed: he now told his anecdotes so confused and interrupted, often beginning with one thing, and ending with another, that he fully justified Swift's observation on this very advanced time of life, "that men in this condition have no remembrance of the truth of a fact; and it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections."

The hour at last arrived, which was to number the days of this extraordinary old man. Some little time before this took place, he grew weaker and weaker: he was unable to go down stairs, and contented himself with walking about his room, and resting himself on his bed; (or rather his couch, where he generally slept with his clothes on, night and day, for many years.) In one of

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these reposes, some friends were talking of him in the room, thinking, from his state of insensibility for many days before, that he was incapable of hearing or understanding them, when he suddenly started up, and answered with some sharpness. This was thought to forbode some recovery—but it was only the last blaze in the socket. The evening of that day he composed himself, as it was thought, for sleeping; but in this sleep he made his final exit without a groan.

Thus died, on the 11th July, 1797, Charles Macklin, by his own computation only ninety-eight—but on very strong and probable circumstances (related in the early part of these Memoirs) at the very advanced age of one hundred and eight. He was buried on the Sunday following in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, attended to the grave by several of his Theatrical Brethren, and a great concourse of others, whom curiosity had drawn together to contemplate on the last remains of a man who had nearly seen *three*, and had actually touched the extremities of *two centuries*.

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STRICTURES ON THE CHARACTER OF MR. MACKLIN, AS AN ACTOR, AN AUTHOR, AND A MAN.

In the delineation of a public character, there is nothing by which we can estimate it so accurately, as taking in the early advantages, or disadvantages, it had either to support or depress it. Patrimony and family connexions often leave little for fortune to do; they vegetate progressively of themselves, and a degree of ordinary prudence finishes the whole; but when a man is obliged to lay the foundation of his future situation for himself, frowned upon by fortune at his birth, unassisted by friends, relatives, or education, the first step becomes a mountain, where, out of the many adventurers who strive to scale it, the far greater number perish in the attempt.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Few men, who have risen above the ordinary level of mankind, have had greater difficulties to struggle with than the object of these Memoirs. Born in the obscure part of an obscure county, under the recent depression of a civil war, his parents poor and uneducated, and himself formed of those strong and turbulent passions, which too often mislead the mind under the happiest situations, his outset in life afforded no prospect of future celebrity. To be enabled to live on the soil which

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which produced him, in humble mediocrity, must be his highest rational expectation; and to obtain and support even that, required rather uncommon exertions.

"But there is a divinity which doth often shape our ends, rough hew them how we will." Macklin might for ever be chained to the spot where he originated, but for the circumstance which we mentioned before in the beginning of these Memoirs; that of his being selected by a lady of fashion in his neighbourhood to play the part of *Monimia* in the Orphan. This first seduced his infant mind to the love of the Stage; a profession the most distant from his original expectations as can well be imagined; but being once shewn it, his ardent mind grasped it as the grand object of its future pursuits. "Such are the accidents (says Dr. Johnson) which sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called Genius."

We have a right to draw such a conclusion; as it was this play, in all probability, first inspired and directed his flight to Dublin, leaving his mother's house, and all the associates of his youth, (which are more or less dear to us all,) for a precarious subsistence in a distant place: it was this that

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that led him to haunt the one shilling gallery of the Theatre as soon as ever he was able to afford that shilling: it was this that made him afterwards scrape an acquaintance with the Ashburys, the Elringtons, the Watsons, and other Irish Players of that day: in short, it was this which, like the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, "marshalled him the way" to the profession of an Actor.

And here a question arises—What were his requisites for this profession? To those who had never seen him, and knowing that he had once played *Monimia*, they would be led to conclude, that his form was genteel, and his features innocent, graceful, and feminine; but the very contrary of all this was the fact: his figure, "even from his boyish days," must have been coarse and clumsy; his eye, bold and determined; with strong-marked, masculine features.—Why then single him out for Monimia? Though we cannot precisely answer this question, many probable reasons may be assigned for it. In the first place, *real Monimias* must have been very scarce in the family and neighbourhood of a Lady, buried in the recesses of the North of Ireland towards the close of the seventeenth century. Amongst her own domestics, the probability was, there was not one who could articulate a word of English. They might not likewise be young enough for the

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the part; or might, from nature, and their country habits, be too indocile to receive any kind of instruction. Macklin, therefore, who, by his own account of himself, "was always a *'cute* lad," might have become the favourite candidate from *imperious necessity*, which often constitutes high official characters, with as little preliminary talents or education for their parts, as Macklin had at that time for playing Monimia.

But whatever degree of merit he might have possessed, (and we are willing to believe it very *mediocre*,) he must have some claims to superiority over his fellow actors, from the applause which he often said he received, and from giving the play a run for several nights. He was, beside, domesticated with the Lady, in a great measure, after this, who took some care of his education, and his morals.—"Though, G—d knows, (said the Veteran) I took little care of either at that time myself."

All this, however, only shews the tendency of his inclinations for the profession. What were his general requisites? They were not evidently in his person—In his education they could not be, for he had little or none; and, except being able to read English badly, and having his young mind sharpened by the controversial heats of his parents—the one a furious Presbyterian, the other a bigotted Catholic, (the stock-fish and sword-fish of

of discordant sects)—Macklin had to look upon the Stage, as a pauper looks to the accumulated hoard of another, wishing to be the possessor, without any reasonable means of acquiring it.

A persevering determination to an observing mind, gifted with strong common sense, will, however, do wonders. Macklin had these qualities in a very considerable degree; it is therefore to be presumed, that when he arrived in Dublin, and had soon after got into the College as a Badgeman, that he availed himself of this opportunity of improving his mind: for though his situation was humble, and totally out of the classes of literature, he had opportunities of picking up some intelligence in various ways. It is highly probable, that he was taught to write about this period: for though Foote, and the jokers of his day, used to say, that Macklin was *forty* years of age before he could write, we always thought the fact to be otherwise; as he was long before that age in a respectable line of his profession; and how could he get his parts (which are all written from the Prompter's books) without understanding writing?

It is said of the famous Joe Miller, of punning memory, that he could neither read or write; and that he had no other method of getting his parts, but by his wife reading them to him, and which he used jocosely to urge "as his only reason for committing so rash an action as matrimony."

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matrimony." But, be this as it may, Macklin was not married at a time when he was pretty forward in his profession, therefore could not have the assistance of a wife. Beside, we have no *proofs* of this defect in his education from the records of any Theatre, or the sober and positive declaration of any theatrical man; and he that knows the Stage intimately, must know how willing many of his brethren would be to *remember* defects in an actor who had such various merits to create envy. To *level*, is often the only industry of this base and vulgar passion; for though it cannot partake of the talent it wishes to crush, yet

> "So wild a Tartar, when he spies
> "A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
> "Thinks, if he kills him, to inherit
> "His wit, his beauty, and his spirit."

But allowing Macklin the full extent of his qualifications when he came to England, they only amounted to this—a little common reading and writing, with a *quantum sufficit* of the Irish brogue —a strong, clumsy figure—without friends, connections, or recommendations whatever—and, according to the latest register of his birth, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

And at this period (which was about the year 1726) it will be found incidental to these Memoirs, as well as curious to the amateurs of the drama, to review the state of the English Stage.

State

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State of DRURY-LANE THEATRE *in the Year* 1720.

Men.	*Women.*
Messrs. Wilks	Mrs. Oldfield
Booth	Porter
Cibber	Booth
Mills	Hafter, afterwards
Johnson	Mrs. Clive
Miller	Thurmond
Roberts	The. Cibber
Williams	Heron
Bridgewater	Horton.
Harper	
The. Cibber	
Griffin	
Wetherelt	
W. Mills.	

State of LINCOLN'S INN THEATRE *in the same Year.*

Men.	*Women.*
Messrs. Quin	Mrs. Younger
Ryan	Seymour, afterwards
Boheme	Boheme
Spiller	Bullock
Hippesley	Laguerre
Milward	Eggleton
Hulitt	Chambers.
Walker	
Hall	
W. Bullock	
Laguerre	
Eggleton	
Chapman	
Leveridge.	

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It is difficult now to say which of these actors Macklin made his model. From the accounts that are transmitted down to us of their merits, he appears to be no exact copyist of any. The fact, we believe, was, that he might have benefited in a degree from all of the best description, by ingrafting such parts of their excellence as suited best to his conception of the characters—and this, after all, is the true study of an artist; for, with all the benefit of great masters, and all the advantages of high education, the pupil at last must depend on his own taste; and it is this happy selection, blended with natural energies, that constitute true greatness of character.

We have a happy illustration of this in the following anecdote told of Booth. This actor was remarkable in reading over several of the parts of his great archetype, Betterton, to excel in a fine imitation of his manner; and one day, when he had read a scene in this way, to the admiration of all his friends, and one of them asking him, Why he would not represent the character throughout so on the stage? he, as modestly as ingenuously, replied, "the *whole* is too much for me: I shall be content with taking from this great exemplar what I think best suited to my general powers."

The

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The actors that Macklin used to talk most of, and with whom he seemed most pleased in discussing their merits, were Wilks, Booth, Mills, Johnson, Quin, Boheme, and Ryan; and as in the younger parts of his life, he himself played characters of all descriptions, it is probable that he selected more or less from these models. A brief inquiry, therefore, how they stood as actors of reputation (which we shall give from his opinion of them, as well as from other authorities) we trust will not be thought irrelative in this place.

Though we have no very favourable account of Wilks from Colley Cibber, who hated him personally, as well as Dogget, (though he had more prudence in concealing it during Wilks's life;) and though he always preferred Powel to him, "who," he says, "excelled him in voice and ear in Tragedy, as well as humour in Comedy;" yet he, on the whole, is obliged to allow him qualifications which leave him a very considerable actor; particularly in his Sir Harry Wildair, Essex, Mark Antony, Valentine, Plume, &c. &c. To these he adds his uncommon attention to be perfect in his parts, which he was so exact in, that "I question," says Cibber, "if, in forty years, he ever five times changed or misplaced an article in any one of them."

Of

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Of his determined perseverance in this exercise of memory, he adds the following curious instance: "In some new Comedy he happened to complain of a crabbed speech in his part, which he said gave him more trouble to study than all the rest; upon which he applied to the author, either to soften or shorten it. The author, that he might make matters perfectly easy to him, fairly cut it all out: but when Wilks got home from the rehearsal, he thought it such an indignity to his memory that any thing should be too hard for it, that he actually made himself perfect in that speech, though he knew it was never to be made use of."

Wilks's general merits as an actor, may be divided into the gay and fashionable characters of Comedy, and the animated pathetic scenes of Tragedy. As a lover, no person since the death of Mountford, who was his predecessor, could reach him; nor was he, perhaps, ever equalled, till the laurel descended upon Barry; and Davies, who had seen him act, speaks highly of his *Edgar*, *Macduff*, *Mark Antony*, *Prince of Wales*, &c.

Of *Mark Antony*, he says, "As soon as Wilks entered on the stage, without taking any notice of the conspirators, he walked quickly up to the dead body of Cæsar, and knelt down: he then paused for some time before he spoke, and, after

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surveying the corpse with manifest tokens of the deepest sorrow, he addressed it in a most affecting and pathetic manner."

Of his *Prince of Wales* he speaks in still higher terms. "The Prince, by Wilks," says he, "was one of the most perfect exhibitions of the Theatre, who, with great skill and nature, threw aside the libertine gaiety of Hal, when he assumed the princely deportment of Henry. At the Boar's Head, he was lively and frolicksome: in the reconciliation with his father, his penitence was gracefully becoming, and his resolution of amendment manly and affecting.

"In his challenge of *Hotspur*, his defiance was equally gallant and modest: in his combat with that Nobleman, his fire was tempered with moderation; and his reflections on the death of the great rebel, generous and pathetic. The Hotspur of Booth, though a noble portrait of courage, humour, and gallantry, was not superior to the Prince of Wales by Wilks."

Macklin used to praise him in three parts, which, perhaps, were the only characters he might have seen him in; and these were, his *Mark Antony*, *Captain Plume*, and *Lord Townly*. He spoke highly of the first, but with the most unqualified applause of the two last, which were perfect models

dels of ease and good breeding. To these testimonies we shall add that of an Irish Barrister of great eminence, who died about thirty years ago, and who was always considered not more eminent in the walks of his profession, than in those of dramatic criticism. From him we have been informed, " that whatever Wilks did upon the stage, let it be ever so trifling, whether it consisted in putting on his gloves, or taking out his watch, lolling on his cane, or taking snuff, every movement was marked with such an ease of breeding and manner, every thing told so strongly the involuntary motion of a gentleman, that it was impossible to consider the character he represented in any other light than that of a reality."

" But what was still more surprising," said the Gentleman, in relating this anecdote, " that the person who could thus delight an audience from the gaiety and sprightliness of his manner, I met the next day in the street hobbling to an hackney coach, seemingly so enfeebled by age and infirmities, that I could scarcely believe him to be the same man." Such is the power of illusion, when a great genius feels the importance of character!*

* The above event took place in the year 1729, two years before the death of Wilks, who, as Cibber tells us, " was much more enfeebled by the constant irritations of his temper than he was by his declining years."

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We cannot conclude the character of this great Actor without mentioning the following circumstance, which does him great professional honour, and which, considering the general irritability of his temper, shews with what moderation, and even good-breeding, he could bear reproof, when it came from the mouth of a judicious friend.

With Wilks's general talents for Tragedy, there were some parts that he was unequal to; and in particular the *Ghost* in Hamlet. One day at rehearsal, Booth took the liberty to jest with him upon it. "Why, Bob," says he, "I thought last night you wanted to play at fisty cuffs with me, (Booth played Hamlet to his Ghost,) you bullied me so, who, by the bye, you ought to have revered. I remember when I acted the Ghost with Betterton, instead of my awing him, he terrified me—But there was a divinity hung round that man!"

To this rebuke, Wilks, feeling its propriety, modestly replied, "Mr. Betterton and Mr. Booth could always act as they pleased; but for my part, I must do as well as I can."

Booth, who was the next model after Wilks in the old School, of which Macklin is supposed to have drawn his information from, we have already touched on in the course of these Memoirs; and,

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and, indeed, his general life is so well known, and spoken of by so many Theatrical Writers, that it would be little curiosity, to the *connoisseurs* of the drama at least, to reiterate the whole of it; but aswe are exhibiting a critique on the character of Macklin as an Actor, Booth forming one of the great examples of his time, some anecdotes relative to him, not generally known, and some observations on his talents and natural powers in the parts he was distinguished in, we think will not be found irrelative to the subject; nor, perhaps, wholly unprofitable to the rising critics and performers of the present day.

The sciences, as well as the arts, have their æras of *alterations*—some evidently to their improvement, and some to their disadvantage. The Stage partakes of this fluctuation; and the *cant* of the day, amongst too many of the critics and sons of the buskin, is all for *new readings*, and new methods of *giving the part*, without considering, that if these *new readings* were always *given* with the most consummate judgment, (the very reverse of which is the case,) they will not constitute the whole of an Actor, whose business is, "to hold the mirror up to *Nature*;" who requires voice, figure, energy, taste, &c. &c. who must, like the Poet,

——"now give my breast a thousand pains,
"And make me *feel* each passion that he feigns."

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Without this—he is a mere *reciter*, "full of sound and fury—signifying nothing."

Booth, with a very classical and highly improved judgment, possessed all the natural powers of an Actor in a very eminent degree. "He was of a middle stature, five feet eight; his form rather inclining to the athletic, though nothing clumsy, or heavy; his air and deportment naturally graceful, with a marking eye, and a manly sweetness in his countenance.

"His voice was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute to the extent of the trumpet: his attitudes were all picturesque: he was noble in his designs, and happy in his execution."*

To this testimony, Aaron Hill (a writer of great theatrical knowledge) adds, "It was this Actor's peculiar felicity to be heard and seen the same, whether as the *pleased*, the *grieved*, the *pitying*, the *reproachful*, or the *angry*. One would be almost tempted to borrow the aid of a very bold figure, and, to express this excellence the more significantly, beg permission to affirm, that the *blind* might have seen him in his *voice*, and the *deaf* have heard him in his *visage*.

Though

* Victor's History of the Theatre.

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Though Booth, from the possession of these qualifications, must, by attending to them, have necessarily reached the top of his profession, it was not till the production of *Cato* that he gained this eminence; and as the manner by which he obtained this part shews ingenuity and address on his side, as well as judgment on the side of the Managers, we shall here relate it.

When Mr. Addison carried this admirable Tragedy to the Green-Room, he of course, as the Author, read it first to the Players: but being a man of uncommon bashfulness and diffidence, after this, he desired Cibber would supply his place, who read it so much to the satisfaction of the Author, that he requested him to perform the part of *Cato*.

Cibber, though otherwise a vain man, knew his own *forte* too well to risque his reputation in a character so much out of his way; he therefore prefered the part of *Syphax*, whilst Wilks took that of *Juba*. *Cato*, however, still remained undisposed of, till they both agreed, that Booth would be the most likely representative, from figure, voice, and judgment, of this virtuous Roman: but Wilks, fearing that Booth would think himself injured in being cast for so venerable a character, (he being then a young man,) had the good nature to carry the part to his lodgings

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himself; to inform him of its importance; and to persuade him, if necessary, to accept it. Booth, who told this anecdote to Victor, said, "that he sunk the importance of the character, and seemed to accept it entirely at the Manager's desire; which condescending behaviour, with his performance of the part so much to the delight and admiration of the audience, gave both Wilks and Cibber the greatest pleasure." However, when the consequences began soon after to appear, viz. a reputation and interest to obtain a special licence from the Queen to be included as fourth Manager of the Theatre, this pleasure was converted into remorse and disappointment, and ended with one of the Managers (Dogget) retiring in disgust from the Stage for ever.

The parts which Booth principally distinguished himself in, beside Cato, were *Pyrrhus*, *Othello*, *Brutus*, *Lear*, *Marc Antony*, *Aurengzebe*, *Jaffier*, *the Ghost in Hamlet*, *&c.* and, for the entertainment of our readers, (which at the same time tends to illustrate Macklin's stage history,) we shall collect the various critiques which have been made upon those parts, as they lie scattered in a variety of Theatrical Authors, now not very easy to come at, together with some traditionary accounts from the *Spectatores temporis Acti.*

PYRRHUS.

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PYRRHUS.

Though Pyrrhus is a part now rejected by the principal Actors, it demands a great deal of theatrical talents; and Booth saw enough in it to make it one of his most distinguished performances. "His entrance in walking up to the throne, his manner of saluting the ambassador, his majesty in descending from the throne, his leaving the stage, &c. though circumstances of a very common nature in theatrical performances, yet were executed by him with a grandeur not to be described, and never failed meeting with the most distinguished applause.

"Through the whole part, his dignity and love were so gracefully blended, as made him at once awful and amiable; for while he expressed the utmost tenderness of the lover, he never descended beneath the monarch."

To this eulogium we have the following from Macklin. He had the happiness of seeing this great man in a few of his characters; *Pyrrhus* was amongst the number; and it happened just as he was going into the pit, that Booth was making his approach to the throne; which struck him so powerfully, from the grandeur and dignity of

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of his manner, that he thought himself in the royal presence: but when he came to that line,

"Am I, am I the last of all the scepter'd heroes,"

he repeated it so awfully impressive, and accompanied it with such an air of majesty, that he stood fixt with amazement; nor could he take his seat till Pyrrhus left the audience-chamber.

OTHELLO.

In Othello, though Cibber was always sparing in Booth's praise, yet he admits it to be his best part. "The master-piece of Booth," says he, "was *Othello;* there he was most in character, and seemed not more to animate himself in it than his spectators."

Other contemporaries are more lavish in their praises of him in this part, and particularly in the following passage, which, no doubt, is the touchstone of a great Actor:

"This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
"And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
"Of human dealings."

This he spoke with his eye fixt upon Iago's exit, after a long pause, as if weighing the general cha-

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racter of the man in his own mind, and in a low tone of voice. Then starting into anger,

"If I do find her haggard,
"Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
"I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
"To prey at fortune."

Then a pause as if to ruminate:

——"Haply, for I am black,
"And have not those soft parts of conversation
"That chamberers have."

Then a look of amazement at seeing Desdemona, the voice and countenance softened into love:

"If she be false, O then Heaven mocks itself!
"I'll not believe it."

"In this, and all the distressful passages of heart-breaking anguish and jealousy," says Victor, "I have frequently seen all the men, susceptible of the tender passions, in tears."

Yet, though Booth must be conscious of his great excellence in this part, he had the modesty never to compare himself with Betterton, (whom, perhaps, he might have excelled, from possessing a greater union of *strength*, and *melody* in his voice.) On the contrary, when this comparison has

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has been attempted by his friends in company, he would not only confess his inferiority, but break out in the rapture of Pierre,

"Oh! could you know him all, as I have known him!
"How great he was," &c.

Macklin, however, with all his partiality to Booth, gave the preference to Barry in Othello. So did Cibber, (as Davies tells us,) accompanied with the best vouchers of his veracity—*his tears at the representation of the part.* But Barry was naturally so much the lover, with the advantages of so fine a person, and so musical a voice, that the strong probability is—he has never been equalled *in* Othello.

BRUTUS.

Booth's excellence in Brutus was the effect of a fine study of the part, which he acquired by his taste, and intimate knowledge of the classics. This outline he filled up with all that colouring, of which his powers gave him so great a command. Hence, though Brutus is, in many parts of the play, warm and transported beyond the bounds of his level temper, it is still the choler of a *patriot* and *philosopher.* In the celebrated quarrel scene between him and Cassius, when the latter reiterates,

"What

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"What durst not tempt him?"

and Brutus, in reply, says,

"For your *life* you durst not:
"No!—for your *soul* you durst not;"

Quin spoke the last lines with a look of anger, and a tone of voice, approaching to rage; but Booth, on the contrary, looking stedfastly at Cassius, pronounced these words not much raised above a whisper, yet with such a firmness of tone, as always produced the loudest effect.—Again, when Brutus says,

"When I spoke this, I was ill-tempered too,"

he prepared the audience so for the cause of his *ill-temper*, by shewing he had some private griefs at heart, as to call up the utmost attention: but when he afterwards acquaints them with the cause,

"No man bears sorrow better—*Portia is dead;*"

the expressive pause before he spoke the last words, and his heart-piercing manner in speaking them, forced every auditor to be a participator of his sorrows.

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It is remarkable, that in this scene, the players, from time immemorial, have made a small alteration in the text, (of their own accord, without the seduction of any commentator,) by adding after the line,

"For your life you durst not,"

the following, *No, for your soul you durst not.* They might imagine by this, that the sentiment is conveyed with a stronger emphasis. But, abstracted from the restriction they are impliedly under, of not adding or retrenching from any Author, the first line, in our opinion, conveys the *spirit* and *firmness* of the character who speaks it fully sufficient: the other may serve an indifferent Actor, or an indifferent Critic's, purpose better, being more of a *bullying, pompous* nature; but he that would exemplify the firm, independent spirit of Brutus, will find ample scope for that display in the first line.

Of all the performers who have distinguished themselves in this part since the death of Booth, perhaps the late Mr. Sheridan was entitled to the bays. He was a good scholar, had a fine classical taste, and excelling in the level declamatory parts of Tragedy, his *Brutus, Cato, King John,* and a few other characters of this stamp, were fine specimens of the histrionic art.

LEAR.

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LEAR.

Betterton was the predecessor of Booth in this part, but how he performed it we have no very particular critique: we may, however, conclude, that a man of his general genius, who kept possession of the character so long, must have made it at least respectable. Booth, though a professed admirer of his great master, never servilely copied him—though he has often confessed to have studied him, on the whole, so as to transplant what beauties he could from him *after his own manner.* In Lear, we are told, "That his fire was ardent, and his feelings remarkably energetic; but that, in uttering the imprecations in general, he was more rapid than Garrick: nor were his feelings attended with those struggles of parental affection, and those powerful emotions of conflicting passions, so visible in every look and attitude of our great Roscius."

And here let the pen of a living witness throw in his mite in favour of the last mentioned Lear, which, from first to last, was, perhaps, the finest exhibition of the passions since the invention of the drama.

How awful was his preparation for the imprecation on Goneril!—He stood for a moment like one

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one struck dumb at the sudden and unexpected feel of his daughter's ingratitude—then throwing away his crutch, kneeling on one knee, clasping his hands together, and lifting up his eyes towards heaven, rendered the whole of the curse so terribly affecting to the audience, that, during his utterance of it, they seemed to shrink as from a blast of lightning. Indeed, the picture he represented, independent of the language, was worthy the pencil of Raphael in the divinest moments of his imagination.

In the scene where Lear is represented asleep in Cordelia's lap, and where he breaks out,

"Old Lear shall be a King again,"

Booth was inimitably expressive, from the full tones of his voice, and the admirable manner of harmonizing his words.

Upon the whole, Booth rendered the character of Lear less terrible than Garrick; but the latter filled up the whole with a truth, energy, and fire, which all who ever saw him, must remember with gratitude and enthusiasm.

Barry's figure in this part was dignified and venerable; and some passages were so well suited to his voice, particularly the *curse*, as to make a considerable

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siderable impression. Powell caught a good deal of the fire of his master; but both wanted those energies, and exquisite touches, with which Garrick vivified the whole. But he, indeed, was the leading deity in almost all the departments of the drama!

MARC ANTONY.

The play of "All for Love," of which this part forms the principal character, was revived, some years before Booth's death, for the purpose of giving strength and variety to the list of stock plays; and his dignified action, and forcible elocution, gained him so much applause, that the play was acted six nights successively to crowded audiences, without the assistance of pantomime or farce, which was at that time remarked as something very extraordinary.

When Booth and Mrs. Oldfield, as Marc Antony and Cleopatra, met in the second act, "their dignity and deportment commanded the applause and approbation of the most judicious critics; but when the former (addressing himself to the latter) said,

"You promised me your silence, and you break it
"Ere I have scarce begun;"

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the authoritative, yet dignified manner of speaking it, could only be equalled by the respectful manner in which Mrs. Oldfield felt this check—here, in the phrase of Shakespeare, "*her bendings were adornings.*"

We have an account of the *cast* of this Tragedy as it was then performed; and it does honour to the judgment of the Managers, who, without any false pride, or stage vanity, not only came forward themselves, but brought out the strength of their company in support of it.

Marc Antony	Booth.
Ventidius,	The Elder Mills.
Dolobella,	Wilks.
Alexas,	Colley Cibber.
Octavia,	Mrs. Porter.

Here we see two of the most trifling parts of the drama, Dolobella and Alexas, undertaken by two of the Managers; parts that would scarcely be accepted now by third rate Actors, merely to give weight and importance to the whole. Even the little part of Octavia, which only consists of a scene or two, Mrs. Porter, then in the meridian of her fame, did not disdain to accept—Nor was it unworthy of her acceptance, as, with her powers, she drew the most affecting approbation of tears from every part of the audience.

MORAT,

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MORAT, in *Aurengzebe.*

We are told in the dedication of this play, that Charles the Second altered an incident in the plot, and pronounced it the best of all Dryden's Tragedies. Of his rhyming ones we believe the King was right, as the passions are strongly depicted, the characters well discriminated, and the diction more familiar and dramatic than in any of his preceding pieces. Kynaston was the original *Morat* in this piece, and is preferred by Cibber to Booth, for throwing more arrogance and savage fierceness into it than the latter. But Booth's retort to this criticism, which was the opinion of others before Cibber wrote his Apology, we think not only sufficient, but shews the superior taste and discernment of the Actor. The passage particularly alluded to is this; when *Nourmahul* says,

"'Twill not be safe to let him live an hour,"

Morat answers,

"I'll do't to shew my arbitrary power."

"It was not through negligence," says Booth, "but design, that I gave no great spirit to that ludicrous bounce of Morat. I know very well

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that a laugh of approbation may be obtained from the understanding few; but there is nothing more dangerous than exciting the laugh of simpletons, who know not where to stop. The majority is not the wisest part of the audience; and for that reason I will run no hazard.* He therefore suppressed the *rage* of his voice in this line, at the same time that he spoke it with a firmness and decision of tone correspondent to the character.

This play was revived at Drury Lane Theatre, about the year 1726, with the public approbation, and was cast in the following strong manner:

The Old Emperor,	Mills.
Aurengzebe,	Wilks.
Morat,	Booth.
Indiana,	Mrs. Oldfield.
Nourmahul, and Melisinda,	Mrs. Porter.
	The first Wife of Theo. Cibber;

a very pleasing, agreeable Actress, and in private life unblemished. She died in 1733.

JAFFIER.

* Life of Booth, by Theo. Cibber.

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JAFFIER.

This was another of Booth's principal parts, wherein he is said to have excelled. He had likewise a fine representative of Belvidera in Mrs. Porter, who was an *eléve* of the celebrated Mrs. Barry, whom she succeeded when that Actress left the Stage. Booth was no admirer of Mrs. Oldfield's Tragedy, but was in raptures when he spoke of Mrs. Porter in Belvidera. She is said to have particularly excelled in the agony she expressed when forced from Jaffier in the second act, and in the madness of the last. "Nor should ever be forgot," says Davies, "her delicate manner of putting Jaffier in mind of his appointment in the third act,

"Remember twelve!"

Soon after Booth had obtained a share in the patent of Drury Lane Theatre, he thought he could strengthen the cast of this play, by taking the part of *Pierre* himself instead of Mills, who had been in possession of it for many years; but proposing this one day in the Green Room to Wilks, the latter instantly took fire, and throwing down the part of Jaffier, which he held in his hand, solemnly protested "he would never play it again." Mills was an old friend of Wilks;

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and in the warmth of his temper, he might imagine a blow was levelled at him; or perhaps he might be apprehensive, in this change of parts, Booth might carry away the laurels from himself. However, Booth, though vexed and disappointed, suppressed his anger, and submitted to act the part of Jaffier, which he continued in till he left the Stage.

This celebrated Actor, though in general a very liberal regulated man, was not altogether free from that irritation which men in the same walk of profession feel at the success of others. After he had resigned his employment as an Actor in 1729, Wilks was called upon to perform two of his principal parts, Jaffier and Lord Hastings; and though Booth's infirmities would not permit of his performance, his love of the Theatre often carried him to the house, and particularly on those nights when Wilks performed those characters which he himself appeared in with such uncommon lustre. But the display of the boxes, and the overflow of audiences, could not atone for the applause which Wilks obtained in these parts. He found this *severe truth*, (experienced by many in this and other public professions,) that *few* are capable of making judicious distinctions; and that by far the greater part have neither memory, or judgment, to recollect or relish any thing beyond their present enjoyments. He likewise

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found in himself (or at least it appeared so to others) that he was not free from the jealousy of a rival's merit; as, amidst the thunders of applause which Wilks received from crowded and successive audiences, Booth alone sat silent, and seemed insensible to the merits of his brother Manager.

Though we recount this anecdote on the credit of Victor, who told it to Davies in a private conversation, it should not discredit his general character, which was as much esteemed by his brother performers as by the voice of the public, and which the following little anecdote, amongst others, will demonstrate.

Harper, a low Comedian of some merit, remonstrated to him one day in the Green Room, that Shepherd's income was greater than his by twenty shillings per week; though he presumed, he said, "that his own industry, and variety of business, were not inferior to Mr. Shepherd's." "Well then," says Booth, "suppose we should make you both equal, by reducing his salary to your's?" "By no means, Sir," says Harper, with an honest pride of character; "I would not injure Mr. Shepherd for the world; I would only, by your favour, honestly serve myself."

The Manager felt pleased with Harper's frankness, but said no more: however, at the end of

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the week, Harper found his allowance increased according to the sum he demanded.

THE GHOST, *in Hamlet.*

We have no written criticism, that we know of, of Booth in this part, except that it was a character that he stood well in with the town, and that he performed it under the perfect approbation of Betterton, who was his Hamlet for many years: it was, however, the constant eulogy of Macklin, who said, he never was imitated with effect. His tones and manner throughout his conference with Hamlet, were grave and pathetic; his tread solemn and awful; and in the recital of his murder by a brother's hand, and the conduct of "his most seeming virtuous Queen," the audience appeared to be under the impression of seeing and hearing a real Ghost.

He was, beside, always particularly well dressed for the character, even to the soles of his shoes, which, from being covered with *felt*, made no noise in walking on the stage, which he crossed as if he slid over it, and which strongly corresponded with the ideas we have of an incorporeal being.

Whilst

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Whilst we are speaking of the *costume* of the Stage at this period, it may be necessary to remark, that Booth in the Ghost wore a plume of feathers in his helmet; and that Mills and Quin both wore *white hats* in the character of Pierre, in Venice Preserved.

Having now concluded our remarks on some of the principal characters of Booth, as gleaned from a variety of theatrical writers, as well as tradition, it may not be reckoned incurious to look back to the circumstance which first induced him to think of the Stage.

We are told by all his biographers, that his father intended him for the Church; and he was early sent to Westminster School, in order to fit him for the University; but having a natural turn for Latin poetry, and for reciting it with great propriety and modulation of voice, he was early taken notice of by his master, Dr. Busby; and at the accustomed time of performing Latin plays, young Booth was assigned a considerable part. The discerning eye of Busby (who, when young, performed a part in a play of Cartwright's with considerable applause) soon found out the real talent of his pupil; as on that representation he so distinguished himself by the elegance of his deportment, the harmony of his voice, and the justness of his enunciation, that the applauses he received

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received fired his young mind, and irresistibly led him to that profession which nature originally designed him.

Booth was twice married; in the year 1704, to Miss Barkham, daughter to Sir William Barkham, of Norfolk, Bart. who lived with him six years; but dying without issue, he married, some time after he became Manager, Miss Santlowe, a rising Actress, who gained great reputation in the character of *The Fair Quaker of Deal*. With this Lady he got a very considerable fortune; as it appears by his will, "that though he left all his fortune to his wife, it did not amount to more than *two thirds* of what he had received with her on the day of marriage." Now as Booth must have at least died worth between five and six thousand pounds, Miss Santlowe's fortune on the day of marriage, by this computation, must have been between *eight and nine thousand pounds;* a sum impossible for her to have acquired by her acting, both from her youth and theatrical reputation. The question then arises, How could she obtain it?

The answer consists in an anecdote little known to the world, and which we give on the credit of a Literary Gentleman many years dead, who heard it from Tom Chapman the Player, which is this: Miss Santlowe being one of the most elegant and captivating women on the Stage at that time,

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time, attracted the notice of John Duke of Marlborough, who, after some solicitation, persuaded her to go the campaign of 1706 with him to Flanders. Here she continued near two years; and during this time it is highly probable that, she had amassed, or at least laid the foundation of, that fortune which gained her so respectable an husband.

Whether Booth knew this circumstance* or not, it is impossible, perhaps, now to say; but we have the clearest proofs of their living together very harmoniously, and by his will, mentioning her in terms of the highest respect and affection. She likewise gave proofs of reciprocal attachment, as she continued a widow to the end of her life, in privacy and retirement; though she outlived her husband for nearly the space of forty years.†

Next to Booth, in the *Dramatis Personæ* of Macklin's first *entrée* on the London Stage, was the *Elder Mills*, the intimate friend of Wilks, and an actor of considerable merit, particularly in the grave and weighty characters of Tragedy. The

* See Dennis's Character and Conduct of Sir John Edgar, Vol. II. of the Theatre, p. 365. EDITOR.

† Booth is said to have been concerned in the building Barton and Cowley Streets, Westminster; to the former of which he gave his own Christian name, Barton; and to the latter, that of his favourite Poet.

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The parts that Mills generally played in, were Volpone in "The Fox" of Ben Jonson, Ventidius in "All for Love," Leon in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," Falstaff, the old Emperor in "Aurengzebe," Chamont, Pierre, King Henry the Fourth, &c.

The first of these plays, *Volpone*, is well known to be written by Ben Jonson; the plot of which is founded to expose avarice and luxury. In the year 1731 it was revived, and Mills acted *Volpone* with a considerable degree of reputation. About three years afterwards, by way of giving still greater novelty to this piece, Quin played Volpone, and Mills took the part of Corvino, which was originally played by Colley Cibber. Cibber seemed to jest with the character too much; but Mills was in earnest, and had a stronger voice to express passionate and jealous rage than the other.

It was a curiosity to the *amateurs* of the old School, to see the venerable Bowman, at that time verging to his eightieth year, playing the part of the first *Avocatori*, or Superior Judge. This Actor was the last of the Bettertonian School; and even by the *remains* of this man, the spectators might guess at the perfection to which the old masters had arrived; as, when Bowman pronounced the sentence upon the several delinquents in

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in the Comedy, he did it with such a becoming gravity, grace, and dignity, as commanded the attention and applause of the audience.

Mr. Garrick had long wished to revive Volpone, and to act the principal character himself; and the parts were transcribed and delivered to the Actors for that purpose; but the play was superseded by some means not known.

In the play of "All for Love," Mills played Ventidius to Booth's Antony; and he is said to have acted it with a true spirit of the rough and generous soldier. Indeed, the whole of this dramatic *chef d'œuvre* of Dryden's was so admirably represented, that, after the death of these actors, it gradually sunk into forgetfulness, till Barry shewed the public, in Marc Antony, all the grace and dignity of the Roman, and all the pathos of the lover.

We have no particular eulogium on Mills's *Leon;* though the play had a good run at the time of its revival at Drury Lane, when Wilks played Perez, Mrs. Horton Margaretta, and Estifania by Mrs. Oldfield. Booth, it is thought, would have been an admirable Leon, for he had enough of comic humour for the assumed folly of the part, and abundance of manly, fine, and noble action to display, when he broke through the cloud of his disguise, and proved himself

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himself the vindicator of his own honour, and the worthy husband of the lady he had married; but Booth avoided a contention with the impetuous Wilks, the avowed patron of Mills: he was, beside, too indolent to struggle for those parts which apparently claimed his animated exertion.

Mrs. Oldfield's Estifania, too, is regarded as a part of great merit thoughout the whole, and, in particular, her manner of pretending to shoot Perez. In this scene, when she drew the pistol from her pocket, Wilks drew back, as if greatly frightened, and, in a tremulous voice, uttered, "*What, kill thy own husband!*" Oldfield replied, with an archness of countenance, and half shut eye, which at all times had a fascinating expression, "*Let mine own husband, then, be in his own wits,*" in a tone of voice so exactly in imitation of his, that the Theatre was in a tumult of applause. Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Abington, without having ever seen Mrs. Oldfield, gave a lustre to this part that left no wish ungratified, and no legitimate successor ever since.

Garrick revived this Comedy in 1759; and it was then wished by Mossop, and his friends, that the two principal parts might have been divided between him and the Manager; Mossop, Leon; and Perez, Garrick; but Roscius determined otherwise. Before the representation of the play, the public had some doubts of the propriety of his

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his choice; but his performance instantly dissipated every doubt; his disguise of folly in the first part, presented the complete picture of a Wittol; and when he put on the man of sense and courage, and asserted the honest rights of a husband, the warmth of his feelings, and the force of his judgment, cast a spirit of sympathy to the dullest spectator: but when he replied to the Duke of Medina, who desires him to use his wife well, "My own humanity will teach me this," his expressive look, tone, and action, can never be forgot: this single line was a most perfect portrait of true greatness, at the same time that it exposed the little contemptible arts of his *noble* adviser.

Henderson caught a good deal of Garrick's manner in this part, and his own judgment made it a respectable piece of acting; yet, though it had many beauties, it was but the copy of a great original.

FALSTAFF.

Betterton was the first Actor who appeared in this part after the Restoration, which he is said to have supported with all the various requisites necessary to sustain it. On his death, it lay dormant for some time; and probably would have remained much longer on the shelf, if Queen Anne had not, by particular command, ordered Booth

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Booth to be its representative. But Falstaff had qualities which Booth's grave and dignified manner could not well assume; he therefore put on the habit but *for one night only*, and then resigned it. That he did not venture a second attempt, might be owing as much to a predilection for the part of Hotspur, as a consciousness of deficiency in Falstaff: however, the play being once set a going, Mills was cast as the representative of Booth—but with little more success; neither his sober gravity, or judgment, could reach the inimitable mirth of this stage prodigy; and he was, after being applauded in many scenes for his just conception of the Author, obliged to resign the part to Harper, whose fat figure, full voice, round face, and honest laugh, more than made up for his want of intelligence, and at last fixed him in the jolly Knight's easy chair.

Aurengzebe and the Orphan.

The old *Emperor* in the former, and *Chamont* in the latter, were favourite parts of Mills. The first of these pieces, we have before observed, was cast with the whole strength of the company, and Mills is said to have kept his rank, in this distinguished list, with appropriate character. He had likewise long possessed the part of Chamont; but as years grew on, he found himself no longer qualified

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qualified for a part which required a younger man, with much variety of passion, and quick transition from anger to calmness, and from calmness to returning rage.

There are many traits in the character of *Acasto*, in this Tragedy, which are supposed to be drawn for James, Duke of Ormond, that old and faithful servant of King Charles the Second. And when we compare this Nobleman's neglected state with the following character given of him by old Ernesto, a servant in the piece, it will strongly apply to the original:

——" When, for what he had borne,
" Long and faithful toil, he might have claim'd
" Places in honour and employment high,
" A huffing, shining, flattering, cringing coward,
" A *canker-worm of peace*, was rais'd above him.

This canker-worm was the infamous Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who often kept the King, in spite of himself, from doing justice to his own feelings, as will particularly appear from the following anecdote told by Carte.

" The King, who was extremely affable, and made it his constant business to please every man with his conversation at the levee, saw Ormond always ready to pay his court; but, by Buckingham's influence, he never could get to speak to

 him.

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him. This behaviour was copied by all who frequented the Court, with a view to gain employment, or to secure the Minister's favour. But those who had nothing to ask, and went there only to make their bows, however, formed a circle about Ormond, and listened with great attention to his discourse.

"It happened one day, that the King, struck with the respect paid to his old loyal servant, was willing to break through his forced silence, and speak to him; but the favourite's presence embarrassed him so much, that Buckingham, in a whisper, said to the King, "I wish your Majesty could resolve me one question—Is the Duke of Ormond out of favour with your Majesty? or is your Majesty out of favour with the Duke of Ormond? for, of the two, you seem to be in most confusion."

Venice Preserved.

Pierre, in "Venice Preserved," was another of Mills's parts, and in which he principally excelled; his figure, voice, deportment, and study of the character, all conjoined to give him a considerable degree of reputation. "Mills acted Pierre so much to the taste of the public, that the applause bestowed on him exceeded all that was given to his best efforts in every thing else:

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else: the Actors joined their voices to that of the Public, who never saw him in this part without a degree of approbation."

When this play was cast about the year 1706, Wilks played Jaffier; Mills, Pierre; and Mrs. Rogers, Belvidera. This Actress, after standing out a long siege of amorous courtship from Wilks, at last, "to save his life," says Cibber, yielded up the fortress; and the issue of this intrigue was a daughter, afterwards married to Charles Bullock, by approbation of Wilks. However ardent Wilks's passion for Mrs. Rogers was, it proportionally cooled; and the lady's temper not readily submitting to this, produced much bitterness and disagreement. They were, however, obliged often to play the lovers on the Stage, and particularly the parts of Jaffier and Belvidera, in which there are scenes of as much tenderness as in any play upon the stock list. Wilks bore up the character of the lover with much *seeming:* but, (if we can rely upon contemporary writers) Mrs. Rogers was so incapable of stifling her resentment in the embraces which she gives Jaffier, that she "ever and anon" left visible and bloody marks of her jealousy. This, however painful to Wilks, was sport to the audience; and to behold this strange perversion of courtship, where love was turned into spite, and jealous rage took place of

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conjugal embraces, the play, for this reason, was much frequented.

The finest representations of *Jaffier* and *Pierre*, during the course of the last century, were Betterton and Smith; the first of whom, says a contemporary writer, "possessed such tenderness, friendship, and love, conflicting with such rage, tenderness, and remorse, as exhibited the character in the most pathetic and impressive manner. Smith's person in Pierre was grand and commanding, with all the advantages of a fine, manly voice, and great theatrical talents. The audience always felt the force of the character given of him by himself,

"A fine, gay, bold-fac'd villain, as thou see'st me,"

as well as Bedamor's compliment,

"The Poets who first feigned a god of war,
"Sure prophecied of thee."

The figure and manners of the Actor represented the character of the Poet so truly, that both were in unison, and consequently reflected reputation on each other.

Wilks and Mills succeeded them with considerable reputation—To them Delane and Garrick.

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Garrick's Pierre (bating his person, which could never correspond with the Poet's description) was a fine, manly performance, and must have greatly eclipsed the Jaffier of Delane; and for this reason he was fond of the part; but the moment Barry appeared in Jaffier, he declined Pierre. His friends pressed him to know the reason of it. To which he replied, "I will not bully the Monument." Here Roscius acted with his usual Stage prudence: Barry's commanding height must not only have diminished the person of Garrick; but his exquisite performance of the part, through all the scenes of rage, tenderness, and distress, must have thrown him in the back ground; and to a man of Garrick's universal great talents, this could not be either prudent or agreeable.

To them succeeded Powell and Holland. The former, undoubtedly, had considerable talents in parts of love and tenderness, like Jaffier; and whilst he could make way to the heart, was always sure of applause; but having no judgment equal to his pathetic powers, he failed in particular passages.

Holland's Pierre was respectable: indeed, he was so in all the rough manly parts of Tragedy and Comedy; but his study of Garrick, without having a portion of the divine fire of his original, rendered him, at times, stiff and mechanical.

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However, both these performers made the Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* very popular, and deservedly so.

Henry the IVth.

Upon Drury Lane Theatre assuming the firm of Cibber, Wilks, and Booth, the last-mentioned performer played Henry to Wilks's Prince of Wales; and both, as we have before observed, obtained great reputation in their respective parts. To them succeeded the elder Mills in the King, and his son in the Prince of Wales. The first had a considerable deal of merit in this part, from a liberal study of Booth, and an easy, dignified deportment of his own; but the son was a *mere* copier of Wilks, which, to those who did not see the original, appeared respectable. But mere copyists, laying no claim to original talents, have but a secondary reputation, and are always considered as little better than rank and file men in the catalogue of Actors.

It is rather singular, that Henry the IVth was the last part which Mills played: he was taken ill a few days after he acted it; but not so bad, but that his name was announced in the bills for Macbeth. He, however, died on the morning of that day, (November 1736.) The Manager had not time

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time to alter the play, so Quin was obliged to supply his place. "I saw him," says Davies, "hurrying to the playhouse between five and six on that evening for that purpose."

Milward was the successor of Mills in Henry, and was, in the pathetic parts, allowed his superior. His countenance was finely expressive of grief; and the plaintive tones of his voice were admirably adapted to the languor of a dying person, and to the spirit of an offended, yet affectionate parent.

Though Garrick's figure did not assist the personification of this character, the forcible expression of his countenance, and his energy of utterance, made ample amends. To describe the anguish, mixed with terror, which he seemed to feel, when he cast up his eyes to heaven, and pronounced these words,

"How I came by the Crown, O God forgive me!"

must ever be remembered by those who were present, with a feeling as difficult to describe as it is to forget.

Garrick taught Powell to play this part; and, as far as his feelings went, he was very impressive; but those who compared him with his great

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original, instantly saw the difference: he never had science enough in his profession to accompany his natural powers. The latter, it is true, did, and will always do, a great deal; but without the former for their guide, perfection is sought for in vain.

In the last lingering stage of life, worn by complicated distempers, Barry undertook to represent the dying scenes of Henry. It was a part of his in his youthful days, in which he obtained celebrity; and his infirmities, particularly in the last scene, now gave an exquisite sensibility to the character. In person, if we consult history, Barry was better adapted to Henry than any of his predecessors, as almost all the Princes of the Plantagenet line were remarkable for height of figure. But this was one of the least requisites of this great Actor—the fatherly reproofs, and earnest admonitions, from the consequence imparted by Barry's pleasing manner, as well as noble figure, acquired authority and importance.

His feelings were, perhaps, heightened by the anxiety of his mind in the declining state of his health, which was, at this time, so precarious, that he was not sure but each representation would be his last. But from this setting sun emitted a warm, though glimmering ray, by which

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which spectators might form a judgment what he had been in the meridian of his glory.

The two Henrys of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, are at present very respectably filled by Messrs. Wroughton and Murray, who are both Actors of judgment and feeling, and, in parts of this kind, will not be readily equalled.

By the bye, *royalty* seems to be very much degraded by its general representation on the Stage; as some of the meanest Actors, in point of abilities, are shoved on, like Lindimira in the Critic, as Kings and Princes—such as the Kings in Hamlet, Cymbeline, &c. &c. This seems to arise from their being little bustle or business in those parts, so as to be worthy the talents of a superior Actor: but Managers should consider, that if Kings have not a great deal to *say*, they have always a great deal to *look*—there is a demand for manners, deportment, and dignity; which would give the little that is to *say* a conformable importance to the character; and not only to the character itself, but to all the *dramatis personæ*, of which he is supposed to be the head, in point of rank and situation.

This surely ought to be reformed; and which may be done, without losing the value of a first rate Actor in the part of a *mere King*. Let some man

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man of good figure, easy manners, and proper enunciation, be chosen. They are not difficult to be found in any Theatre; and when once found, and properly rewarded for this *mediocre talent*, there would not be wanting those who, in future, would aspire to be as good Kings, as good lovers, good fops, great heroes, &c. when Stage Royalty would not be rendered as cheap as it is at present; we should no longer see its robes disgraced by the awkward strut and air of a mechanic; but he that was set down for this part, would have ambition to attain the character given of Louis the XIVth—"That he was *the best actor of a King* in Europe."

Having now gone into some length on the merits of the contemporary performers on Macklin's introduction to the Stage, the better to shew the state of the Theatres at that period, as well as to examine what opportunities he had under the influence of such examples, we shall now conclude this part of the inquiry, by just touching on two remaining characters, whom he has often acknowledged to have received great delight and improvement from, viz. Cibber and Ryan.

CIBBER.

Of Cibber he has often said, "that Nature formed him for a coxcomb;" for though, in many respects,

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respects, he was a sensible and observing man, a good performer, and a most excellent comic writer, yet his predominant tendency was, to be considered amongst the men, as *a leader of fashion;* amongst the women, as a *beau garçon.* Hence he excelled in almost the whole range of light fantastic comic characters. His Lord Foppington was considered for many years as a model for dress, hauteur, and nonchalance, which distinguished the superior coxcombs of that day; and the picture of him which we have seen in this stage dress, viz. a stiff embroidered suit of clothes, loaded with the ornaments of rings, muff, clouded cane, and snuff-box, would exhibit the best lesson to a modern beau, of the versatility and frivolity of fashion.

His Richard, though it was a part he was much followed in, Macklin did not entirely approve of; he wanted variety of powers, as well as dignity of deportment; and his voice, naturally shrill, did not accord with the deep-minded, heroic Richard. His Iago, and Cardinal Wolsey, he, however, did ample justice to: the former more particularly; it was studied not only in the best conception of the part, but exhibited with singular taste and judgment; and from this model, Macklin has often acknowledged to have received great improvement.

As

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As a reader of plays, too, Macklin gave him great praise, which he had many opportunities of hearing; not only on the stage, but from his often reading, to the first Mrs. Macklin, parts that she wished to have his opinion on. This he condescended to do long after he quitted the Stage, to the delight and improvement of those who heard him.

In corroboration of this last eulogy on Cibber's character, we have the authority of one of the most respectable dramatic writers of the present day, who has often heard him read the Comedy of the Provoked Husband, in order to instruct Mrs. Woffington in the part of Lady Townly. His reading this play was, to use the Critic's own words, "an impressive personification of each part, so that it appeared more like a rehearsal than a mere recitation." He had, he confessed, what sounded like a *quaintness* of voice in his tones, which did not altogether correspond with the reading of the present day; but this he considered as the *costume* of an old picture, which belonged to the character of the times, and gave it the value of an original.

RYAN.

As to Ryan, though he claimed the lovers' parts in Tragedy, and the fine gentlemen in Comedy, and

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and possessed them through a long life, yet he did not rise much above mediocrity: he was, however, a sensible, inoffensive man; and in several parts of Tragedy, such as Hamlet, Orestes, Iago, Edgar, &c. shewed a knowledge of his authors which was well worthy the attention of rising Actors.

The circumstance of his being shot in the mouth by some street-robbers, though in some respect true, was not the cause of that defect in his utterance which the public both gave him pity and credit for. He had a scar ever after upon his upper lip from the wound, it is true, but it did him no farther damage. The story, however, was in circulation, that he had a fine voice before this accident; and Ryan, perhaps, willing to favour this report, did not contradict it. Quin, however, who knew the real abilities of Ryan, and loved the man with a sincere friendship, could not help cracking his joke upon the occasion; for when Ryan was one day complaining to him of the *inabilities* of a young friend of his, whom he could not dissuade from the Stage, "Poh! poh!" says Quin; "try him; perhaps he may yet do something." "I have," says the other, "and nothing will do; he wants almost every requisite." "Why then," says Quin, "burn him in the mouth;

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mouth; and that at least will give him the credit of a good Actor."*

Under such masters, Macklin had to form himself as an Actor. It must be confessed he had good opportunities; and, considering the many impediments thrown in his way from original disadvantages, he availed himself of such masters very creditably, both for his talents and industry. He was a long time, however, before he could make any way on the Theatre. He was, as we have before stated, at first rejected by Rich almost as totally inefficient—a repulse which, to a mind less daring than Macklin's, would have deterred him from a second attempt; but he seemed to know the powers that then lay dormant in his mind; and the perseverance he was master of, and his future success in life, fully answered all his expectations.

When he was first *let in* to the Theatre, (as he himself expressed it)—"For, Sir, my salary was so small I could hardly say I was *engaged*"—his characters

* This sarcasm of Quin is, however, differently told. It should be remembered, that the humour of Old Hippesley was much aided by an accidental *burn* in his face. Talking with Quin about the destination of his son, he said, he had some thoughts of bringing him up to the Stage. "Have you so?" said the Tragedian; "then I am sure it is high time to think of *burning* him."

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characters were very trifling—the mere faggots and subordinate parts of the drama. This must have been very mortifying to a man who, in his probationary country excursions, figured away in Richard, Hamlet, &c. but he considered London as the great emporium for talents, and he trusted to himself for the rest.

An opportunity at last presented itself of taking him out of this drudgery, by being accidentally cast in the Comedy of the Coffee-house Politician, written by Harry Fielding, and brought out in 1730. This part was originally designed for another, who either failed in the representation, or was taken ill after the first night; so that it was on the spur of the occasion Macklin was thought of. He more than answered the Author's expectation; for if we are to believe his own opinion, his performance much contributed to the success of the piece. And, indeed, when we consider that this Comedy had a considerable run, though much under the par of Fielding's general abilities, we are inclined to think Macklin did not over compliment himself.

His next step to preferment was in the Drunken Colonel, in the Intriguing Chambermaid; a part which Macklin valued himself much on, and was well received in; and yet, though he might have considerable practice in the dissipation of those times,

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times, we must, from what we have seen of him in Sir John Brute, think him greatly deficient in the character of a rake of fashion. Woodward, who succeeded him in this part, must have been much his superior—but Woodward was an Actor, amongst some others of that day, who has left his niche in the temple of the drama still uninhabited.

From this period, Macklin's theatrical glass pointed upwards, and he was called into a variety of parts, which increased his salary and reputation, till the full extent of his abilities were discovered in Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice."

From this fixed point of view, we shall now consider him as an *Actor*, and inquire into what qualifications, and in what lines of performance, he was entitled to the praise of this character.

In his person he was above the middle size, rather stout than well proportioned, with a marked eye, an aquiline nose, and a face altogether that expressed more acumen than grace, or even than what we call openness of countenance.

His voice was strong, clear, important, and sufficiently variable for the parts he generally played: he had likewise the peculiar manner of governing it, and hence the terminations of his sentences

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sentences were as well heard, "even in the whirlwind of passion," as in the middle parts—a point of attention which he supported to the end of his stage life, and which he inculcated in all the various pupils he had under his direction; adding, by way of example, "Sir, there is no hearing nine Actors out of ten through the whole of a passage, and it is nine to one but that the tenth man roars like a bull."

With these requisites, he was always perfect in his parts, which talent, he said, he by no means received from nature, (having always what the players call "a hard study,") but strengthened his memory from much private reading in his profession, as well as by attending to as many rehearsals as he could. Rehearsals, too, in his time, were very different from what they are at present. Players were not permitted to "mouth over their parts," and hurry from one passage to another, without attending to the enunciation, or exhibition of the character; almost every thing was demanded at a rehearsal as before an audience; every person did their best to please; and their errors were either modestly reprehended by the Manager, or deputy, or by the mutual correction of themselves.

But hear how a contemporary Author has described these rehearsals, of which he was often a

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spectator. "If a new play (says he, speaking of the period of Wilks, Booth and Cibber's administration) was coming on, the first three readings fell to the share of the Author: if a revived play, it fell to the share of the Manager, who was the principal performer in it. The readings over, there followed a limited number of rehearsals with their parts in the players hands; after which, a distant morning was appointed for every person in the play to appear perfect, because the rehearsals only then begin to be of use to the Actor. When he is quite perfect in the words and cues, he can then be instructed, and practise his proper *entrées*, emphasis, attitudes, and exits.

"Thus the rehearsals went on under the eye of a person who had ability to instruct, and power to encourage and advise, those of industry and merit, and to forfeit and discharge the negligent and worthless. They soon found, by experience, that regularity was the first step to success; and not only the merits of the great Actors appeared by that in their full lustre, but even those of the lowest class acquired a decency that saved them from contempt."*

Macklin, through life, was an hearty *amateur* of his profession, and, of course, was always thinking and observing on what could induce to his own improvement, and the credit of the Stage. Hence,

* Victor's History of the Theatres.

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Hence, the moment he got an ascendancy in the Theatre, which commenced under the management of Mr. Highmore, he began the office of drilling and organizing. "This man (says Victor, speaking of Macklin) was at that time of seeming humble pretensions, but of capabilities to raise himself to the office of Lord High Cardinal." No doubt he was not without ambition, and was fond of shewing the power delegated to him by the Manager: hence he was constantly informing his recruits how the great Actors managed formerly; that they were not only attentive to the performance of their own parts, but to the bye-play, which was always to be expected from persons interested in the scene. He enjoined them to keep their eyes from wandering over the house, either in search of admiration, or the looser companions of their leisure hours; but to consider the audience, as connected with the conduct of the piece, "as so many cabbage-stalks," &c. &c. In short, those who remember him in the latter part of his life at rehearsals, as well as in the performance of plays, must have observed a peculiar decorum, not only in the part he represented, but throughout the whole piece: every thing run more upon all fours than usual, which very much contributed "to the cunning of the scene."

As he grew old, he was, at times, a little too dictatorial in these rehearsals; and when he de-

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sired a thing to be done, which was not readily complied with, he would let loose the natural irritability of his temper, and assume a tone too managerial. He likewise would grow tedious in arranging the *etiquette* of the scene, in respect to sitting or standing; crossing the Stage, or remaining still; and many other little peculiarities, that in a great measure must be left to the discretion of the performer. At one of his late rehearsals of "The Man of the World," he was going on in this kind of way, when a performer, not a little goaded at this school-boy kind of treatment, tartly observed, "Why, d—n it, Mr. Macklin, you don't mean to teach me the A. B. C. of my profession at this time of day?" "No, Sir," says Macklin, assuming one of his civil sarcastic leers, "I only wanted to teach you manners."

To estimate Macklin as an Actor, from the various parts he played through the range of his profession, would be injurious to his reputation, as he was for many years the *creature of necessity* in the hands of the Manager, and sometimes of *vanity* in his own hands: we shall therefore only consider him in those parts in which he ultimately settled, and which gave him that degree of fame which he was so justly entitled to on the roll of his profession.

Of his *Shylock*, in "The Merchant of Venice," we have a number of living witnesses, as evidences of

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of its being one of the finest pieces of modern acting; and there are passages in it, particularly in the third act, which exhibit the contrasting passions of grief for his daughter's elopement, and joy at Antonio's misfortunes, which demand an uncommon versatility of powers. This, and the whole of the trial scene, we may safely pronounce, have not been equalled, at least, since Macklin had possession of the part. Many have since attempted it, and with considerable success; such as the late Mr. Henderson, the present Mr. Murray, and Mr. Cooke; each of whom would be principals, but for Macklin's superior abilities, which have placed them in the second class. To Henderson's Shylock, the veteran himself paid this compliment, when asked, Whether he was entitled to that popular applause which he received? "Sir, there is no putting out the light of the sun—the young fellow has very considerable merit." At Murray's Shylock, he was so insensible, (such was the deranged state of Macklin's intellect at the time,) that he frequently asked, in the course of the representation, what play it was? He then seemed to recollect himself, and screw up his attention to the scene; but Nature was too imbecile for any sort of mental combination. All these succeeding Shylocks, though just and pleasing portraits of the character, wanted the original firmness and colouring of Macklin's pencil. There was, beside his judgment,

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which went to the study of every line of it, such an iron-visaged look, such a relentless savage cast of manners, that the audience seemed to shrink from the character; nor could they recover the true tone of their feelings, till the merchant was liberated from the fangs of such a merciless creditor. Cooke seems to be nearest the original of any we have ever seen.

His *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, in "The Man of the World," and *Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm*, in "Love a la Mode—characters both drawn and performed by himself—did equal credit to his pen and performance. They are both cunning, plodding men, of intrigue and knowledge of the world; and they were both given in a fine style of colouring and discrimination. The difficulty of an Englishman keeping up the Scotch accent, through the whole of a five act piece, may likewise be numbered amongst the merits of this Actor.

The above three characters being the only ones that the rising generation can remember him in, we shall now proceed to others (which can be remembered but by a few) in which he had great celebrity; such as his Iago, Sir Gilbert Wrangle, Sir Francis Wronghead, Sir Paul Pliant, Trapanti, Scrub, Lory, &c. &c.

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The first of these (Iago) we have seen him in about thirty years ago, to the Othello and Desdemona of the then Mr. and Mrs. Barry; and it would be difficult for any critic of the first reputation to name a play so strongly cast and represented. The merit of the two former we have had frequent occasions to mention as of the first order—nor did Macklin fall short of such excellence: his gradual disclosure of the character; his seeming openness, and concealed revenge; and, above all, his soliloquies, were so much the natural workings of real character, as to demand the profoundest attention. It was, indeed, a most finished performance; and received the approbation of Drs. Johnson and Goldsmith, Messrs. Langton, Steevens, &c. &c. who composed part of the audience of that night, and whose judgments must be considered as decided reputation.

Sir Gilbert Wrangle was another of the parts he was esteemed in. He generally played it for his own or daughter's benefit, and always drew the attention and applause of the public.

His Sir Francis Wronghead was by far the best of modern times, because Macklin could remember the manners from which the original was composed. Fastidious critics, it is true, sometimes said, the portrait was rather too coarse; but they did not consider the difference of the times, when

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country gentlemen were almost a distinct race of beings from what they are now—their manners, their dress, their ideas, and conversation, all smelt of the honest plain soil they sprung from. The farmers were of a still homelier strain; as *monopolies* had not then given them the means of vitiating the whole course of their original habits, setting a bad example to others, and grinding the face of a laborious poor.

The *Miser* of Macklin gained him a considerable part of his early reputation; and we always considered it as a just and correct draught of the character. Shuter, we must confess, had more mellowness; but it diverged, at times, too much from the chastity of the original. Though Macklin declined this part many years before he left the Stage, he was to the last well received in it; and it was always one of the stock pieces which he engaged himself to perform in his articles with town and country Managers.

He gave a quiet arch dryness to the character of Sir Paul Pliant, which was very congenial to the original, and very properly avoided those buffooneries which Foote, and others, after the example of Foote, had introduced into it. The fact was, the predominancy of Macklin's dramatic character was *chastity*, and he seldom or never played *stage tricks* with any of his parts.

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In the character of *Trapanti*, though he wanted the flippancy with which it is now generally played, he exhibited that low arch comedy and intrigue which belong to the original. Modern Trapantis have the town-bred English Footman too much about them—Macklin was the *Valet de Place*, which is certainly more the Author's meaning: and yet, who that has seen King in Trapanti, would wish him to play it in any other manner than he does?

In the lower parts of Comedy and Farce, such as Scrub, Lory, &c. &c. he had humour, vulgarity, rusticity, and cunning, at his disposal; and he could lay his colours on the character he assumed with singular propriety.

As to the imperial walks of Tragedy, such as Richard, Macbeth, &c. which he latterly performed, (with some abatement in favour of his *knowledge* in the outline of these characters,) they must be considered as the reveries of approaching dotage; and it is to be presumed, that his better powers, and better sense, would have restrained him from the attempt, especially before a London audience, who have greater opportunities of judging and comparing. He met with many rebuffs in this latter attempt, and particularly one day at the rehearsal of Macbeth, from the late facetious Ned Shuter. Macklin had been teazing him about the

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the propriety of some passage for a long time; at last, Shuter could hold out no longer, but exclaimed,

> ——— "the times have been
> That when the *brains were out* the *man would die*,
> And there an end—but now they rise again,
> With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
> And push us from our stools."

The performers on this could not resist a general laugh, which, though Macklin felt for a moment, by growling out the word "*Buffoon*," it was not sufficient to restrain him from his project.

We have now gone through most of the principal characters which established Macklin's theatrical reputation; and taking him on the general scale of his merits, we may fairly conclude him to be an Actor in some parts *original*, in many respectable; and in the walks of low Comedy, and Farce, one of the first in his own times.

Having considered Mr. Macklin as an *actor*, and appropriated to him, in that capacity, such talents as we thought he possessed, we are now to review him as an *author*, and a *man*.

In the first of these characters he is to be sought for in his original situation, in order the

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better to see how far that, connected with his natural abilities, might accelerate or retard his progress. "An author," says Dr. Johnson, "is a general challenger; and every man has a right to praise or blame him, according to the best of his judgment."

If we look round the general circle of authors, we shall find, however defective they might be in genius, the choice of subjects, designation, &c. they have generally some pretensions to literature. The books which they have read at school, or at college, first generally induce them to make books themselves: their learning is the foundation of their knowledge, and furnishes materials not only to the philosopher and logician, but to the poet of the sublimest imagination. But even with the aid of learning, it is no common step to pass from a *reader* to a *writer:* a man must have a feeling within himself to do something, which he thinks, at least, has not been done before; or, if done, not so well as he is capable of performing it: he must possess the art of arranging his matter, and constructing his sentences; have a good ear; and a deference for that public, before whom he is about to appear in the assumed character of a preceptor. In short, insignificant as many who invest themselves with this character of an author may be thought, yet, classed with the general run of readers,

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ders, they rise into a kind of comparative importance.

But, alas! where shall we look for the foundation of Macklin's authorship? We have already sketched his education, which, taken at its supposable extremity, could amount to no more than a capacity for reading some of the commonest English school-books, with scarcely any knowledge of the habits of civilized life. Thrown upon the world, therefore, with this scantiness of information, aided by a vigorous constitution, and strong desires to fill some niche in society, the odds were greatly against him, that he would have run rapidly down the stream of vulgar vice, and be no more heard of; but Nature seems to have kept something in store for him, in order to turn these circumstances to his advantage. With an ardent desire to emerge from his low circumstances, and do something for himself, he took care that this something should not be wrong, or at least not sufficiently so as to hurt his moral character. It is true, when he first entered himself as a performer on the Stage, he was, from his eccentricities, called the "Mad Irishman;" yet no man attended the duties of his profession more than he did, or laid in more observation and remark: so that, though he indulged his passions, in general, his passion for improvement always seemed to claim his principal attention.

What

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What could have at first induced him to commence author, it is difficult to say: if we might venture a conjecture, we should think it might arise from the atmosphere of Trinity College, of which he was for some time a badge-man, or porter: for though he became an author many years after he left this place, and after passing through a great variety of life, yet the seeds, though unknown to himself, might be laid here. In a college, learning is the general traffic of the students; by it the spirit of emulation is excited, and by it the degrees of honour are obtained. Macklin saw all this; and though he saw it at an humble distance, it might have roused some wishes to be entitled to those advantages, which, though his subsequent habits of scrambling for a livelihood might have for a time blown off, were not totally eradicated.

What share Macklin had in the alteration of Lord Lansdowne's play of "The Jew of Venice," and restoring it to the Stage about the year 1740, we do not exactly know; he never claimed any further merit himself, than some suggestions, and the arrangement of his own part of Shylock in point of dress, with other little particulars: he therefore can scarcely be said to have commenced his authorship here: though he did that of an *established Actor;* for in *Shylock* his merit was such, that, whilst ever the English Stage preserves its character, his name will be remembered, as the *original*, in its fullest extent of praise.

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The first evident proof we have of his being an author, then, we are to fix in the year 1746, when he brought out the historical play of "Henry the Seventh, or, *The Popish Impostor*," at Drury Lane Theatre. Though this Tragedy, in the title of *Popish Impostor*, carries a nominal absurdity on the face of it, (Protestantism at that point of time not being known in the country,) and though it was the hasty sketch of a six weeks writing, those who have seen it, have spoken of it with respect, and, in many passages, report they discovered a more than ordinary mind. It, however, met with general disapprobation on the Stage; and he had good sense enough to abide by that determination; though, in most other respects, fully attached to the offspring of his own brain.

He was more successful in his next attempt, which was a Farce, entitled, "A Will or No Will; or, a Bone for the Lawyers." This was very favourably received at that time, and continued to be so for many years afterwards, being acted occasionally at his benefits, but never printed.

The Farce of "The Suspicious Husband Criticised; or, the Plague of Envy," followed next; the idea of which was taken up on the liberal ground of defending the celebrated Comedy of "The Suspicious Husband;" which, like the choicest fruit, tempted some critic flies of that

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that day to peck at. Macklin raised the laugh successfully against those Zoilusses, and had the honour of being aided by the juvenile pen of the late Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, (father of the present celebrated Lord Hutchinson,) then a student of the Middle Temple, who wrote the prologue.

To these succeeded the Farce of "The Fortune Hunters," &c. &c. all of which, though they might be, at that time, of service to him as an Actor, did not raise his reputation as a comic writer; insomuch, that if he had stopped here, his pieces would have only borne their titles in the Dramatical Register, along with the long list of forgotten things that are recorded there; and the still longer list which modern *play-makers* are daily preparing for this literary mausoleum.

Macklin seemed to be the first to feel his insufficiency in these pieces, and very prudently never printed them, (except Henry the VIIth,) to stand on a future day as recorded vouchers against him: he therefore lay fallow for a certain time, in order to correct his former mistakes, and enlarge the circle of his experience. His next attempt at Authorship was not till the year 1760, when he produced his Farce of "Love a la Mode; a dramatic *morceau*, which, though it had many enemies to combat with, from personal prejudices, has

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has long since surmounted them, and given to the author the merited rank of an able comic writer.

Having now produced a piece which would stand the test of time, he was ambitious of producing a Comedy which would carry the same seeds of longevity; and for this purpose, without consulting books, which are very often but the multiplied copies of fanciful originals, he sought his principal characters from his own long experience of life, and of the Stage; and with these aids produced a Comedy, which, considered for regularity of plot, strength of character, and knowledge of the world, will remain a favourite on the stock list, whilst there are performers found capable of supporting so arduous and discriminating a part as that of Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant.

To the praises of this Comedy, the time of life he produced it in should not be forgotten, (near or above fourscore;) an age when the great generality of mankind have long ceased from their labours, and which, if they survive, possess no minds capable of deep reflection and combination: but Macklin's mind seemed to have grown like the oak, long maturing, and long flourishing; as, during the time of his writing it, he wrote with all the ardour and love of fame incident to a young

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a young author, who was to lay the foundation, and reap the benefits, of future celebrity. "When I finish this, Sir, (says he one day, reading some of the loose sheets of his Comedy to a friend,) I have another upon the stocks, which I think will not disgrace me; and then, Sir, you may depend upon it, I shall no longer procrastinate writing my own life." Such was the unusual gaiety of hope that fluttered about the heart of this extraordinary man.

Macklin, therefore, is only to be judged as an *author* by these two last pieces, (for, to say the truth, his former productions should only be considered as so many efforts of an uneducated mind labouring at perfection;) and as such, we must place him considerably elevated on the dramatic scale; for though he does not possess the wit of some, or the classic diaolgue and novelty of others, his characters are drawn with truth and precision; his language is appropriated to those characters; and, in the management of his plots, they are so simply, yet judiciously constructed, that, although we believe he never read Aristotle's Poetics, they partake of many of his best instructions.

Upon the whole, we are warranted in pronouncing him a very respectable author: and had he been early and properly educated, and brought

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out under the auspices of good company, and an easy fortune, there is every reason to suppose (from the uncommon strength of his natural observation) that he would have stood in the very first class of English dramatic writers.

We are now to review this veteran of the Stage in his last, yet most-to-be-esteemed character—that of a *man*—a character compared to which, talents, and the highest literary reputation, "are but as tinkling cymbals."

To the great generality, who only saw Macklin at a *stage distance*, and in his principal character of *Shylock*, we have no doubt, impressions have been ignorantly received against his private character, arising from those combinations, that naturally enough slide into the inexperienced mind, "that he who plays a villainous character so well, must have some corresponding qualities of the heart:" nor is even the applause that an Actor receives under this circumstance (whatever his real merit be) so loud and general, as in the performance of *suffering* or *triumphant virtue*. Cibber accounts for this in the following shrewd observation.

"When virtue is applauded, the spectator gives part of it to himself; because his applause, at the same time, lets others about him see, that he him-

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self admires it: but when a *wicked action* is going forward, when an Iago is meditating revenge and mischief, though art and nature may be equally strong in the Actor, the spectator is shy of his applause, lest he should, in some sort, be looked upon as an aider or abettor of the wickedness in view; and therefore rather chuses to rob the Actor of the praise he may merit, than give it him in a character which he would have you see his silence modestly discourages. From the same fond principle, many Actors have made it a point, to be seen in parts sometimes, even flatly written, only because they stood in the favourable light of honour and virtue."

But, lest any of the film of this prejudice should remain on the public eye, relative to Macklin as a man, we shall review him abstracted from all Stage characters: and here it will be found, that he put off the masks of *Shylock* and *Iago* at the Stage door, entering into the superior characters of the honest and benevolent man on the great theatre of the world.

We have before observed, that he entered into life under an inauspicious planet, which might for some time have hurried him down the stream of vice and dissipation. But whatever lapses he might have made when imperious necessity overruled him, from that part of his life which com-

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menced upon the English Stage, his general conduct has been marked with an integrity and benevolence which do credit to his memory.

In respect to his public situation, he had many trials, as it was his lot (partly, perhaps, arising from natural temper, and partly from the unavoidable accidents of life) to be engaged in many controversies, in which others as well as himself were concerned; and though he might sometimes incline a little too much to *rigid justice*, we believe it arose more from a *self-abhorrence of doing wrong*, than any sinister or disputatious views.

Many proofs might be given of this, and particularly his agreement with Garrick, and other performers, to stand or fall together, in opposition to Fleetwood, the then Manager of Drury Lane Theatre; for though Garrick, from *prudential* reasons, thought fit to break through this agreement, Macklin stood firm to his engagement to the last; nor could the seduction of Garrick's *offered* benevolence, nor the calamities usually attending on a disengaged Actor, nor the forlorn hope of fighting singly, shake him from his purpose—"till, Sir," says he, "the *fears of starving myself and family*, made me stoop to do that which others ought to have rescued me from."

It was likewise to his firmness and resolution in supporting the rights of his theatrical brethren, that

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that they have been relieved from a species of oppression, to which they had been ignominiously subjected for many years, whenever the caprice or malice of their enemies chose to exert itself. We allude to the prosecution which he commenced and carried on against a certain class of *insignificants*, who, calling themselves *the public*, used frequently to disturb the entertainment of the Theatre, to the terror of the Actors, as well as the annoyance and disgrace of the town. His generosity on this occasion should not be omitted, as it shewed the purity of his sentiments in carrying on the prosecution; for no sooner had he established the legal rights of the Theatre, and had his enemies in his grasp, than he let them off for a small remuneration for himself; contented with the higher reward of being serviceable to the rights of his profession.

Indeed, Macklin's character for punctuality and integrity, was so well and long established, that very often, when the Irish Manager's credit was so low, that some of the higher performers would not rely on it, Macklin's verbal security was always accepted as a bond; and he never once gave an instance of its being defective, though often considerably to his own cost.

In the walks of private life, he carried the same justice and punctuality; for whether fixed in

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winter quarters, or strolling through the country, he always discharged every current debt at the end of the season, or his temporary engagement; and for this purpose he had a quarto bound book, in which he entered the receipts of the different tradesmen. Many a time have we seen him trudging through the streets with this book under his arm; and on being challenged on the particularity of his method, he used to reply, "Sir, I keep this as a check upon my tradesmen—for those kind of people are sometimes troubled with *short memories*, and can remember nothing *out of book*—so, Sir, this gives them their *cues* occasionally."

In his private charities, and kindnesses, he was ever prompt, both with his purse and advice, relieving many of the inferior performers in their distress, and recommending them to different engagements. Upon all occasions, he was ready to subscribe to any charity that was recommended, or presented itself to him as meritorious, and sometimes at the expence of his prudence, as was the case on the death of the late Dr. Frederick Glover.

Mr. Glover had been originally on the Dublin Stage, where Macklin knew him; and to know him, it was impossible not to be attached to him; for if ever man possessed the often *calamitous* secret

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cret of being a fascinating jolly companion, it was him—he had wit, reading, anecdote, with a perpetual fund of good humour to set them in motion, and a total absence of all worldly cares. This man, with whom Macklin spent many a joyous night, happened to die suddenly, leaving his family, as is usual with these kind of choice spirits, in great distress. Some friends immediately opened a subscription for them; which Macklin no sooner heard of, than, with a tear of sympathy rolling down his old iron cheeks, he hurried into the city, and paid down his *ten pounds* for their immediate relief. This happened about the year 1786, when his own finances were very inadequate to such a bounty; as in so short a time as *seven years* afterwards, through age and inability, he was obliged to ask the same relief himself. The public, very much to their honour, admitted the justice of his claims: and he had not only the satisfaction of seeing himself respected by this liberal notice of him, but literally to experience the reward held out by Scripture, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," &c.

In respect to Macklin's character, as it stood at the head of his family, (which consisted of a wife, a son, and daughter,) nothing could be more correct and respectable; for though *he would ride before* sometimes, this once understood, and sub-

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mitted to, every thing was conducted with liberality and propriety. His daughter, he rather educated above the par of his fortune, or expectation; but as he designed her for the Stage, this may be his excuse. Nothing was spared to accomplish her in the highest degree—Music, dancing, French, Italian, &c. insomuch that it appeared, on his bankruptcy, no less a sum than twelve hundred pounds had been expended on her education. She had talents to imbibe these instructions with advantage to herself in her profession; which, indeed, were her principal advantages; as her natural genius for the Stage, independent of these qualifications, was not alone sufficient to give her any considerable rank in the Theatre.

His conduct to his son deserves particular notice; as he not only took care to give him the best education, in his power, to fit him for the many situations which the versatility of the boy's temper led him to, but constantly added the best and most forcible advice relative to his *moral character*. Speaking of Macklin as a *man*, there is nothing which points out his innate character more, than his letters to his son on this subject. They are not the letters of a man writing with a view to aggrandize himself or family; they do not consist, either in the frivolous exteriors of education, or the saws and subtleties of mere worldly prudence,

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prudence, or with a view to the parade of literary abilities—they are the warm effusions of his own heart, appreciating the high value of *moral character;* and he inculcates this leading principle with all the authority of his long experience with the world, and the anxious solicitude of a tender, benevolent father.

The world has, from time to time, been presented with letters on various occasions; many of which, though written by men of genius and integrity, smell more of the *lamp* than the *heart;* and are relished more as the productions of a scholar, than the man of long experience. But if all the letters which Macklin wrote to his son and daughter, were properly collected and arranged, we have no doubt they would be found a very useful and entertaining volume. They would tell us, what few men from themselves are privileged to tell us, the many temptations which attach to the inequalities of life—the miseries of poverty, and the vices which sudden and high fortunes are subject to. They would calculate for us the value of time, the riches of health and industry, the pride of independence, the calamities and contempts which follow prodigality; and, above all, the grand secret of being useful and conciliating to our fellow-creatures. From what we have seen of these letters, and from those which we have heard to be in the late Miss Macklin's possession,

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session, we have a right to expect these benefits, as well as to conclude, they might more strongly inculcate this useful and never-to-be-forgotten maxim, "THAT HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."*

As a man of general knowledge, Macklin drew his information much more from the world than from books: not that he was altogether *unread*, being tolerably well versed in history and belles-lettres; but not being early instructed in any species of logical distinction, or educated to any one science, or formed on any basis of progressive school education, all his book knowledge was acquired by snatches (and that too in maturer age) from the duties of his profession. Hence, when he attempted to bring it forward in conversation, at least for any continuance, it was loose and desultory. What he had forgotten in authors, he could not supply from himself; hence he grew embarrassed and confused; and the least rub of contradiction threw him still more off his guard; so that he not unfrequently supplied with rudeness what he wanted in conversation.

It was said of him, that, sensible of this defect in his education, he occasionally *read in the morning*, for the purpose of *shewing off at night*: and Foote, who took upon him to assert this, states the

* For a specimen of these letters, see the Appendix.

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the following instance, which happened under his own immediate knowledge.

Macklin being engaged to sup with some men of science, where Foote was of the party, and being ambitious of cutting a figure independent of common conversation, had prepared himself in the morning, by reading a philosophical treatise on the properties of gunpowder. This, one would suppose, was rather an anomalous subject for common conversation, and rather difficult to be introduced; but whether it was his only book at hand, or whether it was the eccentric turn of his mind, this was the *great gun* he had prepared to fire off that evening. A long time, however, elapsed before an opportunity presented itself; and probably a much longer time would have elapsed, if Macklin had not thought of an expedient, by suddenly starting from his chair, and exclaiming, "Good G—! was not that a gun fired off?"—"A gun!" cried the company, in amaze.—"Aye! there it is again," says he; "and I'm sure some accident has happened below stairs." Upon this the landlord was called up; who soon satisfying the company there was no such thing, Macklin then took up the cue: "Well," says he, "though my *hearing* has been deceived in respect to the report of a gun, yet the *properties of gunpowder* are in many other respects of a very singular nature;" and then went on in that

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that track of reading he had previously instructed himself in, with great parade of philosophical knowledge.

His conversation, abstracted from this, was lively, humorous, shrewd, and generally entertaining—always—save and excepting flat contradictions, or questions that he could not readily answer. These embarrassed him, and he would often reply in the rudest manner.

His best conversation was the *Stage*, and anecdotes of former times. In the first, he shewed himself much a master of his art; and, indeed, the close application which he paid to his profession through life, deserved to have so much attention remunerated with superior knowledge. He had particular studies and annotations, not only on the characters he generally played himself, but on many others; so that he could readily recur to the passages where the poet helped the actor, and where the actor must depend more on himself. He was bred too in a school, where the *chastity* of acting was better understood than it is at present. *Then*, it had its marks and boundaries; *now*, either too much is left for, or too much is assumed by, the actor.

As to anecdotes, he was rich in; not merely as matter of fact, but coupled with observations on those

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those facts, and the difference of times, which rendered his company, occasionally, very entertaining and improving. But man is of that mixed character, that few can escape inequalities of mind. Cromwell, when he attempted to play the orator, was fanatical and confused—when the soldier, and active statesman, clear, bold, and decisive. Macklin, on the same line of inequality, when he attempted to shew off his reading, was tedious, and embarrassed beyond measure—but when he gave us his experience of life, he evidently shewed he did not live inattentively.

But as men are, perhaps, best exhibited by some little familiar strokes in their character, we shall endeavour to recollect some of those sallies of conversation which distinguished Macklin, and which will at once shew the natural strength of his mind, and the coarseness of his original education.

Being refuted in a matter of fact, relative to black letter reading, by a dignitary of the church, and the company exclaiming, "Well, Mr. Macklin, what do you say now?" He growled out, "Say, Sir; why I say, (looking the other full in the face,) that black letter men, by G—d, will *lie* like other people."

A person

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A person praising Garrick's generosity upon a certain occasion, he quickly replied, "Did you see this yourself, Sir?" "No, Sir; but I heard of it." "Aye, hear of it, (sarcastically)—yes, by G—, you'll hear a great many things of this kind of Garrick, for he has *toad-eaters* in every corner —and the fellow will *talk* a great deal himself of charity, generosity, &c. whilst he is at his own table; but let him once turn the corner of Southampton Street, and meet the *ghost of a farthing*, all his resolutions will vanish into air."

A notorious *Egotist* one day, in a large company, indirectly praising himself for a number of good qualities which it was well known he had not, asked Macklin the reason why he should have this propensity of interfering in the good of others, when he frequently met with very unsuitable returns? "I could tell you, Sir," says Macklin. "Well do, Sir; you're a man of sense and observation, and I should be glad of your definition."—"Why then, Sir—the cause is *impudence* —nothing but stark-staring impudence."

A gentleman at a public dinner asking him, inconsiderately, whether he remembered Mrs. Barry,

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ry, the celebrated Actress, who died about the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, he planted his countenance directly against him with great severity, and bawled out, "No, Sir—nor Harry the Eighth either—they were both dead before my time."

An Irish dignitary of the church (not remarkable for veracity) complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a *liar*, Macklin asked him what reply he made him. "I told him," said he, "that a lie was amongst the things I *dared* not commit." "And why, Doctor," replied Macklin, "did you give the rascal *so mean an opinion of your courage?*"

One of the band of Covent Garden Theatre, who played the French horn, was telling some anecdotes of Garrick's generosity. Macklin, who heard him at the lower end of the table, and who always fired at the praises of Garrick, called out, "Sir, I believe you are a *trumpeter*." "Well, Sir," said the poor man, quite confounded, "and if I am, what then?" "Nothing more, Sir, than being a trumpeter, you are a dealer in *puffs* by profession."

One

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One night, sitting at the back of the front boxes with a gentleman of his acquaintance, (before the late alterations at Covent Garden Theatre took place,) one of the under-bred box-lobby loungers of the present day stood up immediately before him, whose person being rather large, covered the sight of the Stage entirely from him. Macklin took fire at this; but managing himself with more temper than usual, patted him gently on the shoulder with his cane, and, with much seeming civility, requested of him, "that when he saw or heard any thing that was entertaining on the Stage, to let him, and the gentleman with him, know of it: for you see, my dear Sir," added the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend on your kindness." This had the desired effect—and the lounger walked off.

Another time sitting nearly in the same place, a Noble Lord, since dead, rather of *a suspicious character in his amours*, placed himself close by him, and entered into conversation with him. After his Lordship went away, a friend of Macklin's was rallying him on the awkwardness of his late situation. "Why yes, Sir," says he, "it was rather critical, I must confess: but what could I do? He offered me the first civilities; and you know there's no *turning one's back* upon such fellows."

Talking

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Talking of the *caution* necessary to be used in conversation amongst a mixed company, Macklin observed, "Sir, I have experienced, to my cost, that a man, in any situation of life, should never be off his guard—A *Scotchman* never is; he never lives a moment *extempore*, and that is one great reason of their success in life."

In a continuation of the same subject, he used to say, with some feeling of his former imprudence, "It is a long time before men learn the art of *neutralizing in conversation.* I have, for a great part of my life, been endeavouring at it, but was never able to act up to it as I wished. I could never sit still, hearing people assert what I thought wrong things, without labouring to set them right; and, often putting myself in a passion, without considering how few people in mixed companies are worth powder and shot, and how difficult it is to correct the errors of others, when we feel ourselves so wedded to our own. But this folly generally attaches to men of inexperience, and lively imaginations: your dull fellows know better; they have little but *neutrality* to trust to, and soon find out the policy of it."

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Discussing one night, at the Globe Tavern, on the merit of some dramatic character, a brother performer present, retorted with some tartness, as if he had said, "he was a better Actor than himself;" upon which Macklin got up, and, with very becoming dignity, replied, "No, Sir, I did not say a *better Actor*—I said an *older Actor*."

Macklin was very intimate with Frank Hayman, (at that time one of our first historical painters,) and happening to call in upon him one morning, soon after the death of the painter's wife, (with whom he lived but on indifferent terms,) he found him wrangling with the undertaker about the extravagance of the funeral expences. Macklin listened to the altercation for some time: at last going up to Hayman, with great gravity he observed, "Come, come, Frank; though the bill is a little extravagant, pay it in respect to the memory of your poor wife: for, by G— I am sure she would do twice as much for you, had she the same opportunity."

When Macklin was in Dublin, on one of his theatrical trips, *Reddish*, a vain, conceited man, belonging to the same company, (and who gave it

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it out he *was a gentleman of easy fortune,)* was playing a character, where, in reading a book, it was necessary, on the approach of another person, to throw it aside. Reddish, however, threw the book into a rivulet, supposed to be at the bottom of the garden. On this, a gentleman in the Pit whispered Macklin, "Is it usual for actors to throw away their books thus?" "Why no, Sir, (replied Macklin,) not for an *Actor:* but a *Gentleman of easy fortune,* you know, can afford it."

But, notwithstanding some biting parts of Macklin's character, his conversation, at other times, was liberal, pleasant, and instructive; and he generally observed upon common things, in his own way, with singular force and perspicuity. Speaking of one of our late Naval victories during the American war, he exclaimed, "Ah, Sir! an English man of war is the thing after all.—She speaks all languages—is the best negociator, and the most profound politician, in this island—She was always Oliver Cromwell's Ambassador—She is one of the honestest Ministers of State that ever existed, and never tells a lie—Nor will she suffer the proudest Frenchman, Dutchman, or Spaniard, to bamboozle her, or give her a saucy answer."

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Such was Macklin! who may be estimated as a *man* by the character given by Dr. Johnson of the late Mr. Thomas Sheridan, "that were mankind divided into two classes of *good* and *bad*, he would stand considerably within the ranks of the former."

The following is a List of the several Characters performed by Mr. Macklin in London, from the year 1734 *to* 1781.

	1734.	2d Grave digger,	Hamlet.
Captain Strut,	Double Gallant.	Peter Nettle,	The What D'ye call It.
Sancho,	Love Makes a Man.		
Clincher, jun.	Constant Couple.	Cheatley,	Squire of Alsatia.
Farmer,	Merlin; or, The Devil at Stonehenge.	Young Cash,	Wife's Relief.
		Davy,	Mock Doctor.
Tho. Appletree,	Recruiting Officer.	Beggar,	Phebe.
Poins,	Henry IV.	Boor Servant,	Burgo Master Tricked.
Ramillie,	Miser.		
	1735.	Ostric,	Hamlet.
Wormwood,	Virgin Unmasked.	Francis,	Henry IV.
Whisper,	Busy Body.	Pierrot,	Poor Pierrot Married.
Petulant,	Way of the World.		
Undertaker,	The Plot a Pantomime.	Jeffrey,	Amorous Widow.
	Tempest.		1737.
Mustacho,	Cure for a Scold.	Peachum,	Beggar's Opera.
Manly,	Merry Cobler.	Sir Hugh Evans,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Snip,	Trick for Trick.	Finder,	Double Gallant.
	1736.	Sailor,	Tempest.
	Connoisseur.	Captain Weazel,	Eurydice; or, The Devil Henpecked.
Drunken Colonel,	Intriguing Chambermaid.	Grig,	Beggar's Wedding.
Snap,	Love's Last Shift.	Razor,	Provoked Wife.
Robin,	Contrivances.	Subtleman,	Twin Rivals.
Lory,	Relapse.	Gibbet,	Stratagem.

Count

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Count Basset,	Provoked Husband.	Mad Welshman,	Pilgrim.
		Numps,	Tender Husband.
Jeremy,	Love for Love.	Morocco Servant,	Fall of Phaeton.
Abel,	Committee.	Squib,	Tunbridge Walks.
Setter,	Old Bachelor.		
Coupee,	Virgin Unmasked.	1739.	
Brass,	Confederacy.	Marplot,	Busy Body.
Poins,	2d Part of Henry IV.	Modelove,	Bold Stroke for a Wife.
Poet,	Mother-in-Law.	Clown,	Harlequin Shipwrecked.
Asino	Universal Passion.		
Beau Mordecai	Harlot's Progress.	Don Choleric,	Love makes a Man.
Lord Froth,	Double Dealer.		
Face,	Alchymist.	Clincher, sen.	Constant Couple.
Cutbeard,	Silent Woman.	Old Mirabel,	Inconstant.
1738.		Mock Doctor,	Mock Doctor.
Quaint,	Æsop.	Tim Peascod,	What d'ye call It.
Jerry Blackacre,	Plain Dealer.		
Pierrot,	Harlequin Grand Volgi.	John Moody,	Provoked Husband.
Bayes,	Coffee House.	Sir Novelty Fashion,	Love's Last Shift.
Orange Woman,	Man of Mode	Sir John Daw,	Silent Woman.
Lord Foppington,	Careless Husband.	Lord Lace,	Lottery.
		Clodpole,	Amorous Widow.
Lord Foppington,	Relapse.		
Scrub,	Stratagem.	Sir William Belfond,	Squire of Alsatia.
Man of Taste,	Man of Taste.	Bullock,	Recruiting Officer.
Roxana,	Rival Queens.		
Tattle,	Love for Love.	Trincalo,	Tempest.
Citizen,	Julius Cæsar.	Mercury,	Hospital for Fools.
Butler,	Drummer.		
Teague,	Twin Rivals.	Bayes,	Britons Strike Home.
Witch,	Macbeth.		
Teague,	Committee.	1740.	
Slouch,	Robin Good Fellow.	Fondlewife,	Old Bachelor.
		Drunken Man,	Lethe.
Ben,	Love for Love.	Miser,	Miser.
Sir Polydore Hogstye,	Æsop.	Tom,	Conscious Lovers.
Trappanti,	She Would and She Would Not.	Trim,	Funeral.
		Sir John Linger,	Polite Conversation.
Foigard,	Stratagem.		

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Sir Jasper Fidget,	Country Wife.		1743.
Sir Francis Wrong-head,	Provoked Husband.	Nol Bluff	Old Bachelor.
		Mr. Stedfast,	Wedding Day.
Toby Guzzle,	Rural Sports.	Gloster,	Jane Shore.
Higgin,	Royal Merchant.		1744.
Petit Maitre,	Enchanted Garden.	Iago,	Othello.
		Ghost,	Hamlet.
	1741.	Loveless,	Relapse.
Malvolio,	Twelfth Night.		1745.
Shylock,	Merchant of Venice.*		Quacks.
			1746.
Macahon,	Strollers.	Huntley,	Henry VII.
Old Woman,	Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.	Sir John Brute,	Provoked Wife.
		Brazen,	Recruiting Officer.
Touchstone,	As You Like It.		
Dromio of Syracuse,	Comedy of Errors.	Stephano,	Tempest.
		Sir John Airy,	She Gallants.
Physician,	Rehearsal.	Sir Roger,	Scornful Lady.
Gomez,	Spanish Fryar.	Storm,	Lying Lover.
	1742.	Capt. Cadwallader,	Humours of the Army.
Clown,	All's Well that Ends Well.	Sir Gilbert Wrangle,	Refusal.
			1747.
Corvino,	Volpone.	Major Bramble,	Fine Ladies Airs.
Sir Paul Plisnt,	Double Dealer.	Gripus,	Amphitryon.
Queen Dollalolla,	Tom Thumb.	Flash,	Miss in her Teens.
Rigdum Funnidos,	Chrononhotonthologos.		
Zerobabel,	Miss Lucy in Town.	Strickland,	Suspicious Husband.
1st Grave Digger,	Hamlet.	Pandolfo,	Albumazar.
			Sciolto,

* This Play was revived the 14th of February in this year. As the cast of the characters may, at this time, be an object of curiosity, we shall here insert it. The 19th night of its performance was for Mr. Macklin's benefit.

Antonio - -	Mr. Quin.	Lorenzo - -	Mr. Havard.
Bassanio - -	Mr. Milward.	Prince of Arragon	Mr. Turbutt.
Gratiano - -	Mr. Mills.	Duke - -	Mr. Winstone.
Shylock - -	Mr. Macklin.	Tubal - -	Mr. Taswell.
Launcelot -	Mr. Chapman.	Solarino - -	Mr. Ridout.
Gobbo - -	Mr. Johnson.	Portia - -	Mrs. Clive.
Salanio - -	Mr. Berry.	Nerissa - -	Mrs. Pritchard.
Morochius - -	Mr. Cashell.	Jessica - -	Mrs. Woodman.

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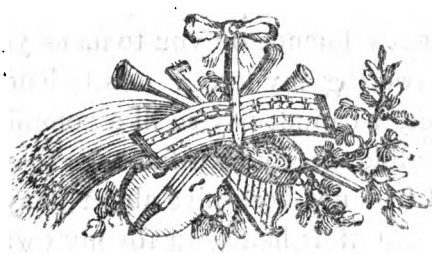
	1748.	Fluellen,	Henry V.
Sciolto,	Fair Penitent.		Covent Garden
Faddle,	Foundling.		Theatre.
	Lovers Melancholy.		1753.
	Widow Bewitched.	Buck,	Englishman in Paris.
	1750.		1759.
Polonius,	Hamlet.	Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm,	Love a la Mode.
Vellum,	Drummer.		1761.
Don Manuel,	She Would and SheWould Not.	Lord Belville,	Married Libertine.
Sir Oliver Cockwood,	SheWould if She Could.		1767.
Mercutio,	Romeo & Juliet.	Murrough O'Dogherty,	Irish Fine Lady.
	1752.		1773.
Barnaby Brittle,	Amorous Widow.	Macbeth,	Macbeth.
			1775.
Lopez,	False Friend.	Richard III.	Richard III.
Sir Wilful Witwou'd,	Way of the World.		1781.
Lopez,	Mistake.	Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant,	Man of the World.



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APPENDIX.

Copy of an Original Letter from Mr. Macklin to his Daughter, dated Dublin, February 21, 1764, and addressed to Miss Maria Macklin, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

Dublin, Tuesday, February 21, 1764.

DEAR POLL,

Yours of the 28th of January I received some time ago, and this inst. that of the 16th inst. and I am glad to find that even the expectation of a new Farce from me, or the hopes of seeing me in London to play for your Benefit, has had sufficient influence on you to make you punctual in answering my letter. As to lending you a new Farce, I cannot pay so ill a compliment to you, the public, or my own fame, as to send you one that I had not been nice about; nay, rather more so than if it had been for my own benefit or emolument as an author. Your character has been nicely conducted hitherto, even in your profession, as well as in that of real life; and I hope you will scorn to offer the public a piece merely to

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to fill your Galleries, or your Houses. No, you have been nicely conducted, I say, hitherto; continue it even about your Benefit. I have always loved the conscious worth of a good action more than the profit that would arise from a mean, or a bad one; and, depend upon it, there is a wealth in that way of thinking; and I feel the value of it at this instant, and in every vicissitude of my life, but particularly in those of the adverse kind. Had it been in my power to have sent you a piece worthy of your Night and Fame, be assured I would, but it was not in my power. I have written a great deal this winter; but I find the more I write, and the older I grow, the harder I am to be pleased. I do not know whether I told you in my last that I am reduced, in my sustenance, entirely to fish, herbage, puddings, or spoon-meat, not being able to chew any meat harder than a French *bouillée*. And now I have told you, what am I the better? But old age, and invalids, think all their friends are obliged to attend to their infirmities. I am mightily glad to think that your House will be tolerable, at all events; for, I would not have you have a bad one for more than the value of it. Pray send me word what you think of taking for your Benefit, and your day, as soon as ever it is fixt. Do not miss a post, and send me an exact account of the fate of Midas. You are the worst correspondent in the world. You sent me no account

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of Miss Davis's illness, and Miss Brent's, nor the causes, or theatrical consequences; nor of Miss Poitier's engagement, Miss Houghton's leaving the Stage, Miss B—'s promotion to infamy with Calcraft. All this is news, and such like; and all the theatrical tittle-tattle and squibble-squabble. With us, Miss Catley is with child; is in great vogue for her singing, and draws houses; has been of great service to Mossop. My "Trueborn Scotchman" is not yet come out: but it is highly admired, both by the actors and some ladies and gentlemen of the first taste and fashion, to whom I have read it, both for its satire, characters, writing, moral, and fable; and, indeed, I think well of it myself, but not so well as they do. On Monday, the 5th of March, I think, it will be out. I have just read the Philaster that was done at Drury Lane; it is a lamentable thing. O, I had like to have forgot—the ship by which you sent the box is not yet come in. Pray in your writing never write *could'nt, shan't, would'nt,* nor any abbreviation whatever. It is vulgar, rude, ignorant, unlettered, and disrespectful; *should not, shall not, &c. &c.* is the true writing. Nor never write M. Macklin: pray who is M? it is the highest ill-breeding ever to abbreviate *any* word; but particularly a name, besides the unintelligibility of it. Pray how does this look?

"I am, Sr,

"Yr mt obt hu'ble Sert."

Mind

Mind—always write your words at length, and never make the vile apologies in your letters of being *greatly hurried with business;* or, *and must now conclude, as the Post is this instant going out.* Then, why did you not begin sooner? You see I am nothing with you, if not critical; and so, at full length, I am, my dear, your most affectionate and anxious Father,

CHARLES MACKLIN.

P. S. Your account that you are in health and spirits rejoices me. I never was better in health or content. If I can contrive it, *I will* be over with you; but do not depend on any body but yourself, C. M.

The Letters of Macklin to his Son, whilst in India, we have seen, and they contain not only the most affectionate regards of a father, but some of the most excellent precepts for the government of human life. What still render these letters more creditable to Macklin, is, his noble contempt for money, when necessary to the honour and interest of his son, and his never-failing advice to him for attaining and preserving the character of INTEGRITY.

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In one of these letters he says, "There is no quality that commands more respect than *integrity;* none *freedom* and *independence*, more than *economy*. They are all I have, with industry, to depend upon; and should you make them the rulers of your conduct, you must be happy; without them, you never can."

And in another letter he says, "Let me repeat this doctrine to you, that he who depends upon *continued industry* and *integrity*, depends upon patrons of the noblest, the most exalted kind; they more than supply the place of birth and ancestry, or even of Royal patronage: they are the creators of fortune and fame, the founders of families, and never can disappoint or desert you."

Printed by T. Maiden, Sherborne Lane, Lombard Street.

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CASE,

MR. MACKLIN.

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CASE,

MR. MACKLIN

LATE OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE,

AGAINST

Messf. Clarke, Aldys, Lee, James, and Miles.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY JOHN AND JAMES AINSLIES
Bookfellers, No 4, St Andrew's Street, New Town.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

[1775]

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CASE.

1773. Nov. 18. MR MACKLIN, who had attempted the character of Macbeth at the Theatre in Covent Garden, having given offence to the Town, by ſome haſty accuſations, without ſufficient proof, againſt two or three brother players, for interrupting him in his performance, was diſcharged from that Theatre, by order of a numerous Audience, aſſembled, as it ſhould ſeem, for that purpoſe. On the curtain being drawn up, the cry was, *No Macklin!* and it increaſed ſo much, that, to prevent the houſe from being pulled to

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pieces, the Managers complied with their desires, and publicly discharged him: after which, there being no play ready, the money was returned, and the people dispersed.

1774. Feb. 11. MR MACKLIN moved the Court of King's Bench, against several persons, for hissing and otherwise insulting him, the last night he appeared in Covent Garden Theatre, to perform the part of Shylock; for preventing his going through the character; and likewise for the loss of his bread. The motion was rejected, it being observed, that as the Theatres were open for the reception and entertainment of that part of the Public who paid for their admission, the Audience had a right to applaud, condemn, nay reject what Performers they thought proper; but if any unjust combination was formed previous to the opening of the

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the houſe, an action at Common Law might be grounded: But in the inſtance then before the Court, there did not appear any room for ſuch plea; and therefore, he was adviſed to make his peace with the Town as ſpeedily as poſſible. Mr Macklin had retained the Attorney and Solicitor-General, beſides Meſſ. Dunning, Wallace, &c.—It is ſaid, Mr Macklin had 74 affidavits ready to produce.

1774. May 2. THE Court of King's Bench was moved by Mr Dunning on behalf of Mr Macklin, for a Rule on ſix Gentlemen, to ſhew cauſe why an information ſhould not be filed againſt them for a riotous conſpiracy to deprive Mr Macklin of his livelihood, by forcing the Managers of Covent Garden Theatre to diſcharge Mr Macklin therefrom on the 18th November laſt; which Rule the Court was pleaſed to grant accordingly.

CAME

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1774. June 11. CAME on before the Court of King's Bench at Weſtminſter, the Complaint of Mr Macklin againſt ſix perſons for a riotous conſpiracy, founded on private premeditated malice, to deprive the ſaid Mr Macklin of his bread, by cauſing him to be expelled the Theatre laſt Winter. The Court was pleaſed to grant an information againſt all but Mr Sparks. The Bench recommended it to the Gentlemen to make reſtitution to Mr Macklin, and to compromiſe the matter without bringing the cauſe to trial.

1775. Feb. 24. CAUSE of Macklin againſt Clarke, Aldys, Lee, James, and Miles, came on to be tried by way of indictment, in the Court of King's Bench, before Mr Juſtice Aſton and a ſpecial Jury. The indictment conſiſted of two counts; the firſt ſpecifying, That on the 18th November 1773, the defendants had been

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been guilty of a riot;—the other, that they had been guilty of a conſpiracy; both in order to cauſe Mr Macklin to be diſmiſſed from their Stage by the Patentees of Covent Garden Theatre. The Judge, after hearing the evidence, and ſumming it up with accuracy and impartiality, deſired the Jury to exerciſe their judgement: And if they thought the defendants guilty of both counts, they were to find a verdict generally; if only of one count, they ſhould find accordingly. The Jury then withdrew; and, in about twenty minutes, brought Clarke in guilty of the riot, and the others of the conſpiracy.—But judgement was deferred till next term.

1775. May. Mr Justice Aston reported to the Court of King's Bench, his minutes of the evidence on the trial of Meſſrs Leigh, Miles, James, Adys, and Clarke, on

on the 24th February laſt; the four firſt of whom were convicted of a conſpiracy and riot, and the latter of a riot only, in Covent Garden Theatre, on the 18th November 1773, with intent to drive Mr Macklin from the Stage.——Lord Mansfield obſerved on the nature of the offence,—called it a national diſgrace,—and, in very ſevere terms, reprobated the conduct of the parties concerned in it. He ſaid, In the firſt ſtage of the buſineſs, he had urgently adviſed the defendants to make Mr Macklin an adequate compenſation for the great damage he had ſuſtained;—that he then particularly pointed out as an adviſeable meaſure, the ſaving of the coſts, by putting an end to the matter at once;--that the law-expences were now ſwelled to an enormous ſum, which ſum the defendants themſelves had given riſe to, by their obſtinacy and want of prudence.——Some time

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was ſpent in the Courts, endeavouring to make an amicable adjuſtment of the matter, and a final concluſion of it. Mr Colman was propoſed as arbiter-general, which the defendants unanimouſly agreed to; but Mr Colman declined the office.——At length Mr Macklin, after recapitulating his grievances, informed the Court, that to ſhew he was no way revengeful, with which he had been charged, he would be ſatisfied with the defendants paying his law-expences, taking one hundred pounds worth of tickets on the night of his daughter's benefit, a ſecond hundred pounds worth on the night of his own benefit, and a third on one of the managers nights when he ſhould play. This plan, he obſerved, was not formed on mercenary views: Its baſis was to give the defendants popularity, and reſtore mutual amity.———Lord Mansfield paid Mr Macklin very high compliments

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compliments on the honourable complexion and ſingular moderation of this propoſal. His Lordſhip declared it did him the higheſt credit;--that generoſity was univerſally admired in this country, and there was nó manner of doubt but the Public at large would honour and applaud him for his lenity. His Lordſhip added further, that notwithſtanding his acknowledged abilities as an Actor, he never acted better in his life than he had that day. The propoſal was accepted by the parties, and the matter was thus ended.—During the courſe of the buſineſs, Lord Manſfield took occaſion to obſerve, that the right of hiſſing and applauding in a Theatre, was an unalterable right; but that there was a wide diſtinction between expreſſing the natural ſenſations of the mind as they aroſe on what was ſeen and heard, and executing a preconcerted deſign, not only to hiſs an Actor

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Actor when he was playing a part in which he was univerſally allowed to be excellent, but alſo to drive him from the Theatre, and promote his utter ruin.

SOON after the above deciſion, the Managers of Covent Garden Theatre met, and generouſly agreed to give up their claim to the hundred pounds worth of tickets.

FINIS.

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